

Women & The Press

A Guardian Probe of sexism in the Press Box. Page 5.

Confessions of a Chronicle editor. Page 1

Alvin Duskin his first Bay Guardian column. Page 21

Xmas Guide what's cheaper, better, ecologically safer. Page 15

Hongisto a candid interview. Page 8

Plus Movies, Small Press, Dance, Humor, Records and Teeny Nora

WHY IS THIS PRESS BOX OFFICIAL MANHANDLING A NEWSWOMAN?



Confessions of a Chronicle editor—

'I don't think there is any hope for the Chronicle.'

By Lance Tapley

Lance Tapley worked for four Eastern newspapers, lastly the Providence (R.I.) Journal, before coming to the Chronicle about 16 months ago and taking over the editorship of the Chronicle's Sunday Punch section (the one with Herb Caen and Art Hoppe on the front).

Tapley made a crucial mistake: he tried to improve the editorial quality of Punch. This is his story of what happened thereafter.

I wasn't overwhelmed the first time I saw the city room of the fabled San Francisco Chronicle. It looked only slightly larger than the city room of the Portland (Maine) Press Herald, where I started out in daily journalism. But the Portland paper didn't have the scruffy, disorderly, anachronistic and juvenile, or more precisely, high-schoolish appearance that so depressed me that first day I confronted the Chronicle.

My perception of a strange mixture of anachronism and juvenility was reinforced when I met the man who interviewed me, Abe Mellinkoff, city editor. He was the image of what I had thought, back in high school, back before I got into the business, a big-time editor should be; curt in his commands—I wondered immediately if he were authoritarian; so terribly busy I felt apologetic for asking for a job—he let the phone constantly interrupt us; and he even wore suspenders!

Everybody knows all big-time editors wear suspenders. Indeed, at the Chronicle nearly all people above a certain level wear suspenders.

This high-school image was created by "Foreign Correspondent" and other cinematic delights I saw as re-runs in the Fifties. (Hopefully, high-school kids have different visions of newspa-

perman nowadays). I was soon to find the image I had long ago discarded is sedulously pursued as a reality at the Chronicle, and this means much more serious stuff than wearing suspenders.

I eventually concluded that quite possible the clock at the Chronicle stopped nearly 20 years ago when the present publisher and editors took over. In fact, it may have been turned back, from a respected responsibility to an almost turn-of-the-century yellow journalism. The city room is now being remodeled, but it'll still be the same old girl. That is, the same aging whore.

SO I was disheartened from the beginning. But I needed money and I didn't really know that much about the paper, so I took a job. Not from Mellinkoff, who offered me one as a reporter, but as a copy editor under William German, executive news editor. He at least presented himself as a liberal (and he didn't wear suspenders), which is something Mellinkoff makes no pretense about.

And, sure enough, things got more depressing right off. The copy, the stories that go into the paper, was edited with no consistency of style (the Chronicle doesn't even have a stylebook), yet there were an endless number of don'ts originating in the whims or mercenary thinking emanating from the top. No one

appeared to be making any objection to this or, more important, to the content of the paper, which I saw was rapidly straining toward what the National Inquirer had already achieved: sniggering, trivial, insufficient, tasteless, dishonest pap suitable for the whole family.

This, the Voice of the West, the Bay Area's major newspaper. My rush to this judgment, thoroughly confirmed in the future, was a rather dispiriting thing for a new, young employee. Even for one already dispirited. I saw why everybody else looked so depressed.

CONSEQUENTLY, I realized I had to save my soul. This in the first month there. I wanted to stay in San Francisco awhile, but I knew the only way I could avoid eternal damnation if I stayed at the Chronicle would be 1) to conduct a campaign of dissent that would have as a stated purpose the amelioration of the paper, though I had my doubts about what could be done, which proved well-founded; and 2) to take notes.

Ironically, about this time I was chosen editor of the Sunday Punch section. German had passed over a host of long-diligent copy editors to select me, and I had to conclude that he did so for the wrong reasons. I was still learning how to write the simplest Chronicle-type headlines, but he must have liked my choice in ties or the college I went to.

This, I think, is typical of Chronicle promotions. Regardless, I was delighted to be in this new, somewhat independent job. I was in daily contact with the publisher and other high muck-a-mucks—all the bet-

ter to fatten my notebook. And I was in a position to dissent on issues more significant than the size of a headline.

Details of my dissent are revealed in the adjacent excerpt intramural memo, which I wrote at a crucial point in my Chronicle career. (The memo also contains many specific complaints against the Chronicle, most important in the area of dishonesty).

As Punch editor I tried to take one small step: I wanted to make the section at least a sop to the Bay Area's serious newspaper readers. That's all, and I started slowly, questioning whether we needed Count Marco, whether we couldn't get better foreign news, asking why I couldn't write an accurate headline instead of one that pleased the publisher, and so on.

FINALLY I out-and-out declared that my prejudice was for

"heavier" material, and that that's what I was going to work for. But I was told that this section had to be, like everything else, "light" and I was repeatedly warned. "If you don't understand what the Punch is about, your position may be imperiled," Gordon Pates, managing editor, told me one day. Soon after, 10 months after I took it over, I was dismissed from the Punch editorship and sent back to the copy desk, "where you can learn more what the Chronicle is about," German told me. I knew what the Chronicle was all about. It was at this crucial point that I distributed and tacked up the memo.

The tale of dissent continues, but I believe it would be valuable to take a look at the power structure of the Chronicle. Valuable

Continued on page 2

THE NEW GUARDIAN

With this issue, the Guardian celebrates its sixth anniversary with a new logo, a streamlined front-page format and several new columnists. Even bigger changes, in format and frequency of publication, will be announced in next month's issue.

Meanwhile, our first book, "The Ultimate Highrise," is now available at Bay Area bookstores and through us by mail (see p.7).

To our regular readers (we hope you like the changes) and our new readers (we hope you feel you've come upon something good): our best wishes for a merry Christmas and happy New Year.

Memo: 'A critical view of the Chronicle'

Lance Tapley, Sunday Punch editor, wrote and circulated this memo inside the Chronicle last summer.

TO: Charles de Young Thieriot (publisher)
Gordon Pates (managing editor)
Stanleigh Arnold (Sunday editor)
Richard Thieriot (assistant to the publisher)
Abe Mellinkoff (executive city editor)
William German (executive news editor)
Ken Wilson (news editor)
& many other members of the staff

FROM: Lance Tapley (Sunday Punch Editor)

The first thing that should be said has already been said: The Chronicle is a bad paper. The necessity of repeating it arises because, by insisting on something they don't like to hear, life can be made more painful for the cynical; because the insensitive need to be awakened to the fact that their paychecks have bought new values; and because the ignorant need a revelation.

But how could anyone remain ignorant of the Chronicle's vast lacks, when a janitor, cab driver or someone in a bar will tell you without hesitation? Not to mention the intellectual community, which keeps turning out magazine articles and books about San Francisco's poor newspapers. Everybody knows the Chronicle is often insufficient, trivial, lacking in taste and dishonest.

The people interested in the business side of the paper--and no one on the editorial staff should be--really ought to consider that improving the content might make the paper more profitable. (New layout and more sensationalism are not the answers to all problems). They shouldn't always be scornful of the little man; credibility will sell him papers, too.

But regardless of the profitability of quality, other values are more important. (And now that there's a newspaper monopoly here, can't the Chronicle be whatever it wants? Do innovations now always have to undergo the final test of profitability?) If the people working at the Chronicle wish to think their careers socially valuable in the least, they should consider that human advancement is not helped by a pandering to the lowest common denominator, which is what the Chronicle frequently does. Even if they think of their jobs only as means to make money, they shouldn't delude themselves into thinking that the job isn't the way they usually are most socially active. You are what you do.

My description of the paper's lacks is admittedly biased--I tend to think largely in terms of the Punch. Someone on cityside, for example, would have a different perspective, but I bet these categories would be on his list:

INSUFFICIENCY. The recent report issued by the Institute of Governmental Studies at Berkeley documented how miserably inadequate the Chronicle is in its coverage of international, national and state news. There is a common belief locally that the Examiner covers the city better. Even in the traditional Chronicle area, the counter-culture, the Examiner seems to be catching up, and there is no question it is ahead in coverage of radical politics and minority groups--and we all know how poorly the Examiner covers everything. The Bay Guardian keeps score on our inadequacy in handling subjects sensitive to the Establishment, particularly the business community. (But maybe this should come under the rubric of dishonesty).

Writing about hippies and putting in photos from topless clubs hardly make for an anti-Establishment paper, as some erroneously believe; being liberal on sex and dope is really unimportant; liberalism doesn't come quite so easy.

Not that I would promote a New York Times of the West; it probably would be unsuitable here. But it seems to me and many others that much more can be done to inform people--say, so they can make intelligent decisions about their government--especially because there are many serious, intelligent people in the community. Liveliness is not incompatible with responsibility.

I tried to get as much meaty stuff for the Punch as I could, arguing that we at least ought to throw a sop to the serious community. But I was told quite firmly the Punch was intended to be "light."

As part of my effort, I would argue that 12 good articles were better than 6 good articles and 12 fluff pieces, especially when in order to get in the 12 fluffs I would have to trim 60 per cent out of the good articles. But I was told quite firmly that the publisher liked lots of short pieces. And I guess everybody who reads the paper has some idea of what happens in the trimming of daily news items.

TRIVIALITY. This is the other side of the coin of insufficiency. The paper has to be filled with something. And I even question whether this something is actually more enticing than news with substance.

I mean, are readers really so interested in whether they use Saran Wrap in Kuala Lumpur? Perhaps their interest is fading in the price of prostitutes in Bangkok and the quality of pornography in Amsterdam. Substitute other cities' names from day to day.

And has not Count Marco become, down to the very last reader, completely inane with its cliched insults? And the Question Man completely dulling with its redundancy? And don't people get enough puffs and plugs for merchandise in the ad space? And shall we assume that all the women in the city are so terribly concerned about the frivolities of a selected number of rather pathetic rich white people?

LACK OF TASTE. Many of the specific faults of the paper I am enumerating can be considered under several headings. For example, it is of questionable taste to me to have a department of the paper wherein is indulged the poking of fun at the quaint, silly customs of funny-looking foreigners (Chronicle Foreign Service). Indeed, I have heard from several people that they thought this

department smacked of racism and at least reflected American feelings of superiority. Another example: Count Marco.

Another example: Are we not aware that so much concern as we show for the semi-clothed female body, as well as other sniggering practices, are offensive to many women? (And I'm not objecting out of prudery.) Also, I think the fabled Chronicle humor is puerile, outmoded and strangely anal.

DISHONESTY. This is the most serious criticism. Like Spiro Agnew, I think "news management" and slanting are wrong. How many times in the Punch were columns killed or headlines I wrote changed so as not to conflict with the political-social-economic views of the publisher!

The Moskowitz column provides a ready example. Many people would agree that he is an eminently judicious--quite cautious, in fact--columnist who is fairly perceptive about business. But a piece describing the alleged duplicities of the Penn Central's executives (the topic was in the main news for days) was killed "because this piece is questioning that maybe other bad things are going on in business," Stan Arnold told me, explaining the publisher's view.

We shouldn't question that? A head I wrote, "Advertising's Value Put in Question," as well as the vital chunk of the column I based the head upon were killed by Bill German. In this area of sensitivity toward advertising, I was criticized for running a column that was at most mildly bemused with certain activities of American Brands, formerly American Tobacco. "We're not paying this guy to kick our advertisers in the groin," the publisher told me.

And even a column describing how pharmacists are becoming more aware of the contradiction of selling cigarettes in their establishments was axed by Arnold, evidently under the publisher's instructions, though this news, too, appeared in the daily paper. Why should we care so much about cigarette advertisers? From the purely business point of view, they now have no place else to go in San Francisco.

To focus on politics, German told me repeatedly about the great concern that we don't cover certain areas of the world when the publisher is "off" on these areas, and of course this results in a form of political censorship, since much foreign news is critical of American foreign policy. For example, the This World section has been forbidden for several months to publish features about Vietnam, and for a long period recently I received no pieces about Vietnam for the Punch. Thus readers had to rely on the Examiner to get any idea what the situation was in Vietnam from their Sunday paper.

In the Punch, all the material I received was first sorted out by the news desk, so that generally limited my awareness of censorship. But a head, "The Budget Multiplied by Nixon Yields 1972" was changed because "let's not throw a pile of shit in Charles Thieriot's face," Ken Wilson said, although I was exactly repeating what Reston was saying in his column. Most recently, my head, "Houston: Rich and Reactionary," was transmuted to "Houston: Rich and Complex," although a large portion of the story dealt with Houston's reactionary tinge.

One of the things that strikes me about the Chronicle is its candor in asking the staff to do tricks. On another paper this might be an unsophisticated mistake--many big papers have to deal with sensitive staffs and develop elegant ways of getting them to do unpleasant things--but I guess the frankness here comes from the assurance the staff will do anything to stay in San Francisco. A small example: My head, "Hatchet Man at the White House," was changed because, German said frankly, it might annoy the publisher, even though he told me he thought it was a fine head, and it of course mirrored the story accurately.

Sometimes, however, some other reason will be given when the object is censorship. I was criticized for putting in a cartoon which showed two figures in gas masks enveloped in a cloud of pollution. One is reading a newspaper and says to the other: "Great news! Another 12 million cars sold this year!" "We don't want any political statements in the cartoons," the publisher told me, indicating he didn't feel they were appropriate there.

And let's deal only briefly with the non-political social-economic censorship that goes on: My head on a Margot Doss walk, "The 'Brilliant' Oakland Museum" (quoting an architectural expert who said this in the story), was made into "The Unusual Oakland Museum" because, German said, "the publisher's family is connected with the de Young Museum and we don't want to give too much to another museum."

Or, in another Doss walk, my identification in a picture caption of several KQED people at Al's Transbay Tavern was killed because "the publisher wouldn't like too much attention given to them," German explained.

I could go on . . . To go into the realm of the staff's organization, what of the stated philosophy of the news desk that treats each specialized job--say, editor of Punch, alas--as something to be performed by any, and perhaps many, copyreaders? The idea of interchangeable personnel went out with the Thirties, except in small-town papers. What this idea produces is blandness, the blandness that comes from no one being allowed to express his personal vision, but only the party line. Of course, it does limit the number of empires that can be built.

The Chronicle is very concerned with guarding its uniqueness, its style, to the point of having codified and made into absolutes all sorts of silliness. And, although people tell me now the paper has only a shadow of its former style, from what remains I tend to think that style was mainly a bag of cheap tricks to sell papers.

Of course, competition I suppose did make for more verve. But style really has to be the shape of content. It isn't enough to say

Continued on page 4

Continued from page 1

because after such an examination the reader will better understand why and how protest at the Chronicle is so consistently suppressed, and thus why your morning paper is so frustrating.

Like many power structures, the one at the Chronicle is based on myths. A major myth is that Scott Newhall, the former editor, saved the paper, and therefore the system of sensationalism he cooked up 15 years ago must be considered sanctified. I doubt if Newhall saved the paper; he probably did put other papers out of business.

I'm not sure if the paper was worth saving, to the detriment of other papers especially, if it had to become a bag of cheap tricks for that to occur. But many would have been put out of a job if the Chronicle had foundered, so you have a staff grateful to Newhall. Yet, even assuming the validity of what Newhall did, why, now that there is a newspaper monopoly in the town, does the staff still have to stay so loyal to outrageous headlines, the jugular instinct for the flashy story, the superficial analysis, endless trivia from around the globe, insulting treatment of women and all the other trash?

The answer constitutes another major myth: The employees believe that they have to do these things because this is the way the boss wants it, and he pays the salaries. Rarely have I encountered such subservience as at the Chronicle. "That's the way the Man wants it" was the final argument to my protests. Rarely does anyone consider that he has the people to serve as well as the boss. And seldom does anyone consider that he might get away with a great deal without being fired. I did. After all, there is a union, the local Newspaper Guild, that has protective power.

It's basically fear that keeps people under the fat ass of authority, but most Chronicle employees aren't trembling every minute. There is some conscious and valid fear that excessive dissent would get one fired, but at the Chronicle the slavishness goes well beyond the caution this fear might dictate and assumes mythic proportions. I mean: People at the paper act as if there's something holy in being abject. They've been well-selected and well-trained.

This myth about authority is especially undermined when we consider who the Man is. The publisher, and with Newhall's departure now editor, Charles de Young Thieriot, a short raspy-voiced, distinguished-looking man, is essentially shy. Why, once I knew he was upset about something in the Punch, and as I was standing in the newsroom I looked up to see him coming toward me. But as I looked at him, he seemed to lose his nerve and turned around and scurried into his office.

In a few minutes, apparently after summoning his strength, he came out of his office and boldly approached me, and we had an inconsequential little chat. A secretary once told me she was forbidden to work in Thieriot's office because Pates told her that she "intimidated" Charles. She is tall, bralessly buxom and definitely not abject.

A strong force, someone who stands on both legs, could rule Charlie, and that may be what Newhall in part did, although the two apparently agreed when it came to all the sensational numbers they performed to sell more papers. (And Newhall literally has only one leg.)

My theory about Newhall is that, first and foremost, he is theater. That explains how a man who has so often expounded on the high principles of journalism could provide the dark genius for

Continued on page 3

The clock at the Chronicle stopped 20 years ago, the style is yellow journalism, the editors wear suspenders

Continued from page 2

the Chronicle's decline. It may also explain his histrionic race for mayor.

Theater of irony, you see. Maybe even theater of the absurd. The joke's on you, John Q. Public. People with missing limbs tend to be ironic. Yet Newhall had, metaphorically, two legs when he confronted Charlie, and that may account for his sudden exit from the Chronicle last spring. After 15 years, Charlie may have scurried into his office and at last summoned up enough strength to march into Newhall's office and tell Newhall that he, Thieriot, was going to be absolute monarch now.

He may have once liked many of Newhall's tricks, but innovations aren't important now that the paper is supreme, and Newhall probably was much too permissive in letting liberalism creep in. Anyway, Charles may not like people who stand on two legs. He has nothing to worry about on this score with his other editors. They spend most of their time hopping around trying to kiss his ass—again, metaphorically speaking—in new ways, though behind his back they are scornful of him. That, in fact, is a concise summary of how the San Francisco Chronicle is run.

Charlie's a hard man to please, too, for there aren't many left with his freaky tastes. By that I mean his incredible quality of being absolutely out of touch with what's going on outside of the Burlingame Country Club.

He is, of course, terribly right-wing. I feel it's certain that Newhall acted as a buffer between Charlie and a more liberal staff, based on what happened to the Punch after Newhall left. All of a sudden the headlines and stories I had been getting away with I found I couldn't anymore.

Soon Victor Lasky, the old Joe McCarthy hack, replaced Russell Baker as a prominent columnist. Soon I was trying to keep Von Hoffman from being edited to shreds. (Charlie kept insisting we put a cartoon beneath Von Hoffman in his column space, and even without the cartoon I had to cut 50% to squeeze him in.) Soon German was increasing the warnings, which he had often repeated, not to be too hard on Nixon. The publisher likes Nixon.

Charlie is also a businessman, although especially since Newhall left he is playing at being a journalist; he messes around daily with little points of typography (we all know the high standards of Chronicle typography). After a storm occurred when a particular typographical item in the Punch didn't meet Charlie's approval, German said: "Around here it's the little things that count."

But that's not true, for the biggest thing that counts in the paper is Charlie's doing, and that's the Chronicle's commercialism. Charlie primarily thinks of the paper as a means to make money. Not only to sell advertising, but I suspect to promote his family's varied financial interests. (See On Guard, p. 32.) In the end, the Chronicle is a bad newspaper because I doubt the publisher conceives that he has any responsibility other than to his pocketbook, besides of course to his social class.

Commerce in the news columns is rampant. One day on the copy desk I handled a giant, effusive puff about a new shopping center in San Jose, of all places. Big news! But shopping centers are big advertisers. It was stamped "Must Go" and it went on page

three with two photos. I was next dealt a long story about a liquor company's promotional scheme involving putting its booze into figurines instead of regular bottles. "I would guess they're going to put in a big ad," said the man who was chief copy editor that day.

Immediately beneath

Charlie is Gordon Pates, managing editor. To me he seems the most intelligent of the executives, and he is obviously the most powerful—excluding Charlie—but he doesn't give this impression to many members of the staff, mainly because they don't see much of him.

But he's the man who talks to Charlie more than anyone, and he's the man who has to make sure that the war between German, news editor, and Mellinkoff, city editor, doesn't get out of hand. If you want something done, he's the man to see. He does his job well, if you respect his job. But Pates I deem intelligent mostly because he at least seems cynical (not much of a compliment), unlike some of the people who actually believe they are putting out a good paper. He once told me: "Dear boy,"—he likes to say that—"I hope you read other papers and magazines," lifting a copy of The New Republic.

"The Chronicle isn't going to change because this is what the publisher wants." But, with an articulate, mordant weariness, he can argue for whatever he finds it necessary to do to please Charlie.

He said he instituted a ban on This World features about Vietnam to protect that section's editor, Dick Demorest, from Charlie's wrath. "Anyway, the Vietnam situation is dull and depressing now, and we've done all we can as a paper to try to get us out, more won't help." And this ban is only temporary, and Vietnam stuff appears in other sections of the paper. Sounds almost acceptable, doesn't it?

Pates, for all his skill, is a technician. He does what he's paid to do. He's no flashy ideaman like Newhall. He even looks like an engineer: dumpy, dark suits, white shirt, dark, narrow tie.

Pates' appearance contrasts greatly with Abe Mellinkoff's. Besides those suspenders, Mellinkoff is amazingly natty. He favors well-cut, fashionable suits, keeps his tiny frame ramrod straight and shaves his 5 o'clock shadow in the men's room every day at 6:30 after the first edition goes in. Mellinkoff is, as everyone at the paper knows, in competition with German, but I'd give Mellinkoff the inside track for Charlie's favor because his conservatism more nearly approaches that of the publisher.

His authoritarianism,

his inability to see news gathering in modes other than those that went out of style decades ago and his willingness to accept the Establishment's side of everything drove the reporters in 1970 to rebel—no small event at the Chronicle.

Most of them wanted to get rid of Mellinkoff, but they didn't dare ask. The rebellion against his policies was put down by Newhall—to whom the reporters addressed a petition. Newhall arranged a concession, the appointment of Carl Nolte, my predecessor at Punch, as assignment editor. This gave the reporters someone to go to when they wanted to write something they didn't dare take to Abe alone.

Nolte, whom some of them affectionately refer to as "our shuck," could argue for them,

but Abe still made the decisions. After this, interest in more protest seemed to dissipate among the reporters. When I tried to enlist their aid in a newspaper-wide reform group, their support was practically nil.

German heads the news desk, which means he is responsible for the copy desk, which corrects, trims and writes headlines; the wire desk, which handles copy coming in on the teletype machines; the layout staff, who determine what goes where. He also oversees many of the Sunday sections, the Datebook, the business news; the make-believe Chronicle Foreign Service (a bunch of worthless stringers), and so on. He tries to put his fingers in many pies.

German is the house liberal. Indeed, he looks like your typical hard-headed Ivy League liberal of the Fifties. He is a Columbia grad and a former Nieman fellow at Harvard. Button-down shirts, striped ties, profoundly tanned face from much tennis.

He knows academic liberals in the area; he makes sounds about sliding things past Charlie; he is on good terms with Art Hoppe, another liberal at the paper—though he, like other columnists such as Delaplane, McCabe and Caen, doesn't really seem a part of the paper, although they are what makes the paper at all valuable for many of San Francisco's liberal majority. McCabe and Delaplane don't even have offices in the building.

But if German is a liberal, then he symbolizes the failure of liberalism. He was the man I mostly had to deal with as editor of Punch, and he was the man who was most zealous about producing a product that would please Charlie, to the absurd points I mention in my memo.

He also was particularly anxious to preserve the status quo. I once had a conversation with Pates and German in which Pates, German's superior, said he thought it would be all right if the Chronicle abandoned the policy of not having local material in the Punch. But when I tried to do this, German stopped me because "we've always had this policy, an agreement with the Examiner, of not having local stuff in the Punch." When I brought up what Pates had said, he replied: "No, no, this is the way we've always done it."

Now it's true German probably would like to see the paper a bit more liberal than it is, and his week is made if he can get in an anti-war commentary by a New York Timesman, but the thing to remember here is that he seems quite content with what he is accomplishing. (Are you pleased with what the Chronicle is accomplishing?)

I arrived at this conclusion after a long conversation about the paper one day. He seemed astonished, in fact, that I was so critical of his side of the Chronicle. "What about what they're doing over there?" he asked, pointing to the city desk.

I didn't get this conclusion from a similar conversation that same day with Pates; I would bet that Pates' realization that he's partially responsible in the production of an irresponsible product won't let him sleep some nights. Oh, German agonizes, I'm sure, but I believe he actually thinks his agonizing is accomplishing a lot.

Yet the myth remains: Many at the Chronicle see German as the savior. Maybe liberalism itself is a myth. A lot of readers think the Chronicle is liberal simply because it's relatively unrestrained

Continued on page 4



Publisher Charles deYoung Thieriot: "Essentially shy... terribly right-wing... absolutely out of touch with what's going on outside of the Burlingame Country Club." (1965 photo.)



Assistant to the Publisher Richard Thieriot: Charlie's son... the heir apparent... working on the "details of the building's refurbishment." (Talking with Philae Carver.)



Executive City Editor Abe Mellinkoff: "His authoritarianism, his inability to see news gathering in modes other than those that went out of style decades ago and his willingness to accept the Establishment's side of everything drove the reporters in 1970 to rebel..." (1966 photo.)



Ex-Executive Editor Scott Newhall: "He is theater. That explains how a man who has so often expounded on the high principles of journalism could provide the dark genius for the Chronicle's decline." (1971 photo.)



Managing Editor Gordon Pates: "The most intelligent and the most powerful of the executives... he's the man who talks to Charlie more than anyone..." (1968 photo.)



Sunday Editor Stanleigh Arnold: "When I was Punch editor, I generally only saw Arnold when Hip [Dr. Hippocrates] had to be toned down." (1951 photo.)



Executive News Editor William German (left) and News Editor Ken Wilson: After Tapley wrote his memo criticizing the Chronicle, German told him: "I think you have a lot of problems... such as a lack of decency, a lack of understanding what being a professional means, being a horse's ass... I hope we can help you... We've got a long road to go." (1969 photo.)



Chronicle city room, 1957

Memo

Continued from page 2

the Chronicle should have some style. What is important is the kind of style, or in other words, the content, and this it ain't got.

A NEWSPAPER is more than a sausage factory. There is a loyalty to do one's job in a professional manner—to get information to the people in the way that serves them best—which is higher than the loyalty to the publisher because he pays a living wage.

I realize the ideas expressed here will not be endearing to many. I know more than most that the Chronicle is easily threatened by a dissenting view; intolerance is real; pleasing the publisher approaches paranoia (Is there anything some people wouldn't do to please him?); and some others know all this better than I.

I suggest to those who worry about the consequences of dissent that mental security—of one's principles, for example—is more important than physical security—of your job, for example. Mental security provides more happiness and physical security is always illusory. Treating it as if it weren't an illusion is a way people are kept in their place. The world would change vastly if people would fear just a little less. So, in as much as you feel what I've said is foolish idealism, please consider that an indictment of yourself.

Despite my disappointment with the Chronicle, I plan to stay on my high horse, though always ready to compromise where I can, and continue working for a better paper. What can be done next? Well, all of us ought to ask ourselves that question. And, as I've said, the answer has to be: MORE!



Continued from page 3

in covering sex and dope. The only reason for this policy is because these topics sell papers.

There are three other men who count in the power structure of the editorial side of the Chronicle, although they constitute the second string. They are Stanleigh Arnold, Templeton Peck and Richard Thieriot.

Arnold is Sunday Editor, though probably German has more to say about the Chronicle's contributions to the Great Halfbreed (and thus there is some rivalry between them). But Arnold is fairly close to Charlie (and German is not) and is in charge of areas in the Sunday paper that Charlie is especially interested in, or rather, easily provoked by—e.g. Dr. Hip. When I was Punch editor, I generally only saw Arnold when Hip had to be toned down. Arnold, incidentally, is well over six feet, the only top editor who isn't of a height close to Charlie's.

Temp Peck is chief editorial writer, an unenviable position if ever there was one. It is his task to sit down with the publisher every day, generally along with the two other editorial writers, and thrash out the forthright stands the Chronicle has become noted for.

Peck and his colleagues are separated from the mainstream of the news collection, physically and spiritually, but because he sees the Man every day he has definite power. Peck chooses his words carefully in conversation, is scholarly-looking, teaches at Stanford's School of Communications, and I suspect he has liberal leanings, but because of his employer's sentiments he rarely gets a chance to express them,

except maybe when editorializing about politics in Nepal or some other thing far from Charlie's concerns.

For entertainment, notice how flaccidly the Chronicle endorses Reagan and such. Those editorials are not written by someone with a right-wing heart. Yet, Charlie has pretty firm control of the editorials. Ralph Craib, a good re-write man, was an editorial writer until recently. But, as the story goes, in an editorial conference he had the audacity to say: "But, Mr. Thieriot, there is another side to this welfare question." Charlie reportedly turned to him and said: "If you think so, then you better not write any more editorials for me." Back to re-write.

Richard Thieriot is assistant to the publisher, but he is commonly referred to as the heir apparent. He is Charlie's son. However, he and his old man don't get along famously, so he has little to do, recently occupying himself with the details of the building's refurbishment. A balding man in his 30s with a build like a halfback, he is well-liked in the office, is not as conservative as his father and many pin their hopes on him. But Charlie is in his middle 50s and appears in good health, so they may have a long wait.

That's the main power edifice at the San Francisco Chronicle. With that array of talent and its effects through the years on the

staff, you can imagine that the rest of my story of dissent is brief. "Through the years" is no idle phrase. Newhall's departure is the first change in the major lineup since the early Fifties, a record probably unequaled at another big American newspaper. No new blood, and the blood that's there is almost entirely Chronicle-nurtured. Most of the editors have had no experience, or very little, outside the Chronicle.

My memo elicited an encouraging reaction in the lower echelons, though this was to prove deceptive. One reporter came up to me and slapped me on the back in front of the whole city room and said "Right on!"

German called me over to his desk, and said: "I read your memo with interest. I think you have a lot of problems and I want you to know we want to help you straighten them out. Problems such as a lack of decency, a lack of understanding what being a professional means, being a horse's ass, problems with syntax and spelling. . . I hope we can help you. We've got a long road to go."

Me: "I'm sure we have." I got up, barely restraining a grin.

My next step was to attempt to form a Committee for a Better Chronicle, to try to capitalize on the memo's reaction. I put up a couple of notices on the bulletin board and once again received encouragement from my co-workers.

However, besides myself, only three people showed up for the meeting, and they were uniformly pessimistic about what could be done. I was very disappointed, even though not surprised. One of the three, a reporter, said he would try to get together the committee that the reporters organized during the fight against Mellinkoff. He soon reported that there wasn't any interest in this.

My next step was to quit the paper. I had been there 15 months.

I don't think there is any hope for the Chronicle. At least until there is a new publisher. But what really is needed is a new owner—Charlie's family owns it now. As long as the ownership is the same the editorial direction will remain the same, and the selection will continue of safe, conservative journalists who are not going to jeopardize their home in Marin with wife, two kids and two cars under the California sun.

Where are all the tough, irreverent, itinerant newspapermen I've seen while working on four other papers? Where are the intense, bright young men and women who were forming a reform committee while I was at the Providence Journal?

But I didn't write this because I thought it would affect the Chronicle in the slightest. I simply wanted to show that a

rich man should not have the power of the press, especially a monopoly power, at his disposal. One family owns the New York Times, but its quality is the exception rather than the rule.

The Chronicle is one of the circuses provided for the masses' amusement—political instruction dispensed between acts. The Establishment rules by pap, too. You keep people down if you keep them misinformed and if you pander to the lowest common denominator. At the Chronicle this may not be a conscious motive; but, if not, it's a sure reflex.

I didn't write this, either, to attack the editors of the Chronicle out of some vendetta, because I didn't succeed there. Indeed, I was a young man on the way up, but I had already planned my dissent. I knew I would not be loved and I predicted the outcome and described the battle to my friends. I have nothing against these people personally. They're all Nice Guys. But as a friend says, everybody is a Nice Guy. We just have to go on from there. Like, what kind of work do they do?

Some might object to my disclosure of "privileged statements" these people meant for only my ears. Well, perhaps I am being dis-courteous. But what's most important? Courtesy, which I honor abstractly, frequently conceals evil, frequently is a ploy to maintain the status quo. I kept my fingers crossed every time they gave me that glance of complicity.



The Green Apple Book Store

BOOKS BOUGHT AND SOLD
USED - SCARCE - RARE
PAPERBACKS

506 Clement St.
Phone 387-4918

Oyster Beds

The complete waterbed store.

OFFERING A KING SIZE HEAVY DUTY
MATTRESS, WOOD FRAME, SAFETY
LINER AND FOAM RUBBER PAD FROM

AS LOW AS \$69.95

HEATED BEDS BY INNER-SPACE
AND OTHER ACCESSORIES
AVAILABLE.



Oyster Beds

2021 CALIFORNIA ST.
open seven days a week 822-4746

RIP OFF PRESS

DEPENDABLE LOW-COST
JOB PRINTING
"serving the revolution since 1969"

1250 17th Street
SAN FRANCISCO
863-5359

SUPER-RAPID PRINTING OF
POSTERS, PAPERBACKS,
PAMPHLETS, COMIX, &
SILK-SCREENED TEXTILES.

Male chauvinism at Candlestick Park—

'We don't care what the Supreme Court says. Leave quietly or we'll bump you out on your ass.'

By Helene Lippincott

It's not easy to be a male chauvinist these days. The ladies have invaded his favorite eating spots—the Squire Room at the Fairmont, the House of Shields, Schroeder's. They have run amok with picket signs through the locker room and swimming pool of the San Francisco Press Club. And now there are telephone repairwomen and lady cabbies and even lady bartenders.

In this naked and liberated city, where's a man to go? There's still a sanctuary, a last stronghold of chauvinism, as yet undiscovered and untrammelled by feminists. It's the sportswriters' press box at Candlestick Park.

For it is here, far above the hotdog stands, 100 feet above the astroturf, the world for once stands still. Here, regardless of the 14th amendment, no women are allowed.

September 14 was an unusually hot day in San Francisco. Smog-alert warnings had been called and the air had that eerie dead feeling of the calm before a thunderstorm. I had spent all day working for Newsweek magazine, where I am a part-time reporter, and I jumped at the chance to go to the game when my friend, Peter Barnes, invited me. As west coast editor of the New Republic, Peter had obtained a free pass to the press box.

We picked up Earl Caldwell, a black reporter for the New York Times who was covering the game. At the press box, Earl trundled his typewriter to a seat in the second row. Peter and I moved toward the empty seats in the back and joined the guest of a sportswriter, a middle-aged bathing suit manufacturer. He had just returned from Brasilia, where he had extolled the virtues of his products to the Brazilian Olympic team.

We chatted for a while and then it was eight o'clock—time for the Star Spangled Banner. As the announcer led us, hands across our hearts, a short, round, balding man in his mid-50s came rushing up to me. "Get out! Get out!" he shouted, wringing his hands with displeasure. "You have to get out; no women are allowed here during the game."

I said I wasn't disturbing any of the writers or taking up anybody's seat. Candlestick is public property. I saw no reason to leave. Besides, I was a reporter. He was somewhat taken aback by the last piece of information. Still grumbling, he moved away.

The pitcher pitched the first pitch and we settled down to watch, but our reprieve was brief.

Moments later, the short man reappeared with a younger man who did not give his name but said he was a representative of the Giants. He was modishly dressed, attractive, the kind who probably spends his weekends at Perry's. "You'll have to leave," he said politely. "Ladies are not allowed in the press box."

"But I'm a reporter." I searched around for my press card. "Makes no difference. You'll still have to leave."

I looked toward Peter and the bathing suit manufacturer. "Do they have to go, too?"

He shook his head. "They're guests of the Giants."

"Then why do I have to leave?"

He shrugged. "Because you're a girl. Sure it's discrimination. But it's our rule. We don't care what the Supreme Court says. We don't care what state law says. Women are not allowed in the press box. You may sit in general admission, but not here."

I asked about the lady seated three seats down. Why could she stay? "She's a teletype operator for Western Union. They don't count. Now, please, leave."

What would happen if I continued to sit there?

The Giants man was blunt: "We'll throw you out. Now, you don't want to cause a scene. Leave quietly or we'll bump you out on your ass."

Peter and I got up to leave. Where could I sit? I asked. "Try the photographers' booth," said the Giants man. "Maybe you can sit there." He smiled knowingly.

The photographers' booth was the next door to the right from the press booth. We opened the door and walked three steps inside. The heads turned, the men glared. Another little man came running up. "There hasn't been a woman allowed here in 30 years and we're not going to start with you. Get out before we throw you out."

We beat a retreat, walking the long concrete corridor past the exclusive corporate boxes, the photographers' booth, the press booth, the Curly Greave Room (the all-male press lounge). Two female "hostesses" or rather guards, hired by the Giants, appeared from nowhere and followed after us, telling us to move along, don't come back.

So we left. Peter asked me what I was going to do. He wanted to sit in the press box. Not wanting to sit in the stands by myself, I said I guessed I'd go home. I took the bus home. Peter went back to the press box to watch the game and afterwards drove home with Earl. Later, Earl said he couldn't understand why I was so mad.

Every major sports arena in the Bay Area discriminates against women. In the rare event that the regular press box is opened to a female journalist covering a sports event, she is excluded from usual press privileges, i.e. the press lounge. This is true at the Oakland Coliseum when either the A's, the Seals or the Raiders play, and at Candlestick Park during both the 49ers and Giants season.

And in these stadia, and at Cal's Memorial Stadium, if the woman is not at that moment working on a story, she will be refused a guest ticket to the press box, even though male reporters other than sportswriters—their city editors, lawyer friends, and even the team dentist—will be allowed in the box and the press lounge.

Stanford says it allows no one but working press in its small box and does not discriminate against women. However, a few weeks ago, Newsweek assigned freelance photographer Beth Bagby to cover a game, her second Stanford game.

"There've been some complaints about a girl on the field," said the secretary in Bob Murphy's p.r. office. "We don't like to do it." But grudgingly, she granted Beth a pass.



Photo by Dennis Barloga (and front page photo)

"Next time I'm sure they'd say no," said Newsweek's Jim Wilson. "It does sort of discourage you about sending a girl."

Of all the sports arenas in the area, the most blatantly discriminatory is Candlestick Park, which is owned and operated by the City of San Francisco. During the baseball season, the Giants and the Baseball Writers Association of America run the press box.

At Candlestick, says Gary Shumacher, Giants public relations director, a woman reporter would be given a seat—in the stands. If she needed to teletype her copy immediately, she could not use the Western Union service located in the Candlestick press box. "She wouldn't file from our press box," says Shumacher. "She'd go back home to the office and file from there."

In many cities across the nation, such barriers against women have fallen. In New York, for the past four or five years, the Associated Press has assigned women to cover sports. And in Chicago, a female reporter has covered sports regularly for Chicago Today, and has the same press privileges as the rest of the sportswriters.

But in San Francisco only one woman covers sports regularly—Teresa Zabala, a photographer for the San Francisco Examiner. She has been allowed to take pictures on the field, but she has been excluded from normal press privileges.

never had occasion to cover much sports."

The Raiders claim to be great liberals about allowing women in their press facilities. "It's no sanctuary up there," says Al Locasle, executive p.r. director. "We have female teletypists from Western Union and we employ three women hostesses." That's like the Elks Club saying it doesn't discriminate because it hires black waiters.

Beth Bagby has pushed the issue of her exclusion to a breaking point. As a freelance photographer, her pictures have been sent out on the AP wire and they've appeared in Time and Newsweek, Esquire, Rolling Stone, Playboy and Evergreen and in the Chronicle and Examiner.

She is a slight girl, quite pretty, who looks a lot younger than her 28 years. Her hair is black, lightly streaked with gray, usually tied back in ponytails so it doesn't get in the way of her working paraphernalia: four cameras, a rucksack and a strobe battery belted to her waist.

But more important than the way she looks, she is a good photographer. Perhaps too good. Approaching her work with the determination of, well, a man.

She was in Sacramento last September, at the old fairgrounds, covering a motorcycle race for Scanlan's Monthly.

It was not her first motorcycle race. She'd been at a track the week before, in Tulare. There, race officials had harassed her, almost decided to refuse her admittance despite her press credentials. But eventually they let her in along with the other male photographers. She was there to witness a small riot when the race was finally cancelled and the crowd stormed the announcer's booth.

Because of the riot, the word was out before she appeared at the track in Sacramento: 'Don't come. They won't let women in.'

But she discounted the rumor. She wanted some good pictures. She came anyway.

From the start, she says, the going was rough. "They wouldn't let me in the pit with the racers. The men with press credentials—they were going right in. But not me. I had a press card, a letter from Scanlan's and I had bought a \$15 mechanic's license. That's how the racers' wives are allowed in the pit with their husbands."

"But they said absolutely no women were to go beyond the guards. I went up to the stands, but there was no place to photograph with visibility of the track. I tried to complain but the race officials were inaccessible."

"Then there was an accident. In the chaos, I slipped in and began photographing. I was standing right on the edge of the track when suddenly behind me I heard a voice shouting, 'Get that girl.' I was grabbed from behind and six men were pounding on me."

The men had grabbed her about the arms, neck and shoulders. They were, she thinks, possibly some fans and maybe too, track officials, and one who punched her again and again in the shoulder, was another photographer. She began screaming and then there was another accident on the track.

Just as quickly as they had grabbed her, they let her go.

Continued on page 6

This fall when she covered a 49ers game at Candlestick, another photographer asked her to join him in a meal at the press lounge, the Curly Greave Room. Halfway through the meal, she was kicked out. "This man walked up to me cold and said, 'No women. Get out.' He was not polite. He really hurt me. I wasn't interested in eating and I wouldn't have gone in if I had known. I won't submit myself to that stuff."

Because few women cover sports, the old traditions persist. Thus, each time a woman covers a sports event she must start from scratch and battle her way in or follow the p.r. man out the side door, leaving the same battle for another woman to fight the next time round.

Wendy Regalia hosts a radio talk show for KSFO during the baseball season. She has never been inside the Curly Greave Room, even though male announcers for KSFO and other stations use the lounge. "I have no desire to be there," she says. "Besides, I like hotdogs."

Belva Davis, a reporter for Channel 5, covered the opening game this fall. Rather than let her invade the Coliseum's all-male press lounge, Oakland p.r. men whisked her past the lounge and took her out to dinner.

"I had been warned they didn't want me in and even now, it grinds on my nerves," she says. "But I didn't push it. I've

The anti-monopoly 160-acre reclamation law is still the law of the land

A major court victory for Ben Yellen, the mighty doctor/publisher/warrior from Brawley

By Peter Barnes

Not far to the east of the summer White House at San Clemente lies the Imperial Valley, one of the most miraculous deserts in America.

It's large (about 1 1/4 times the size of Rhode Island), hot (temperatures of 120° are not uncommon in midsummer), dry (total annual rainfall is barely three inches) and flat. It is also one of the richest agricultural areas in the world.

What makes the Imperial Valley rich is water from the Colorado River, water brought through a network of dams and canals built by the federal government in the 1930s and '40s. Thanks to the imported water, what was once a barren desert is now a grower's paradise, producing two or three crops a year.

This spectacular reclamation of arid wastelands would be an unblemished tribute to American enterprise were it not for an important fact: the beneficiaries are a small group of wealthy growers who hold most of their land illegally.

Back in 1902, when Congress passed the Reclamation Act, it sought to assure that the benefits of federal irrigation projects would accrue to small homesteaders, not to land speculators or the holders of vast estates. The law stated that no individual or corporation could receive federal water to irrigate more than 160 acres, and that no one but "an actual bona fide resident" or occupant "residing in the neighborhood" of his farm could receive any federal water at all.

These provisions of the 1902 Reclamation Act were known as

the 160-acre limitation and the residency requirement. They have been widely evaded in California, especially in the Imperial Valley.

According to Dr. Paul S. Taylor of the University of California at Berkeley, an outstanding authority on water law, more than half the irrigated acreage in the Imperial Valley is now held by owners of more than 160 acres, and two-thirds of it by absentees. Some holdings are as large as 10,000 acres. Several belong to such agribusiness giants as Purex, Dow Chemical and the Irvine Land Company.

Most of the large absentee landholdings receive a multiplicity of subsidies. There is, first of all, the water subsidy, in the form of dams and canals largely paid for by the taxpayers. Then there are the crop subsidies, primarily for not growing cotton. Thus, 500 large landowners in the Imperial Valley received \$12 million in crop subsidies in 1969, while 10,000 landless residents of the Valley received welfare payments totalling less than \$8 million.

Another subsidy comes in the form of cheap labor, much of it consisting of illegal entrants from Mexico whose presence keeps field wages below \$2 an hour and impedes the effort to unionize farmworkers.

The biggest windfall of all is in the form of land appreciation. Again, according to Dr. Taylor, the value of land in the Imperial Valley has increased about \$1,000 an acre as a result of the federal water. Thus, a big landowner like the Irvine Land Company with 10,000 acres has reaped an unearned windfall of \$10 million.

Evasion of the 160-acre limi-

tation and the residency requirement in California has been aided by judges and public officials sympathetic to the large landowners. For example, when Interior Secretary Stewart Udall attempted to enforce the 160-acre limitation in the Imperial Valley, a San Diego judge, Howard B. Turrentine, ruled that the Imperial Valley was exempt from the 160-acre law because of a 1933 administrative ruling. The Nixon administration could have appealed the Turrentine decision, picking up the fight for Udall, but it sided with the big landholders and refused to do so.

Late last month another U. S. district judge, this time a visiting judge from Butte, Montana, came down with a simple yet astounding ruling. Judge William Murray held that the residency requirement of the 1902 Reclamation Act is, today as ever, the law of the land, and that it has never been repealed by Congress. The Interior Department, he said, should get off its butt and enforce it, beginning in the Imperial Valley.

In the course of his 11-page decision, Judge Murray noted that the Reclamation Act of 1902 "was enacted after a long history of monopoly of, and speculation in, the arid areas of the West."

"This background resulted in a national policy of anti-monopoly and anti-speculation which found expression in reclamation law. It is this policy which provides possibly the strongest rationale for holding the residency requirement in force."

Judge Murray's decision is the culmination of many years of legal and political maneuvering by Dr. Ben L. Yellen, a physician and publisher of a muckraking newsletter in Brawley in the Im-



Cartoon by Dennis Renault, Sacramento Bee 1971

"We're The Board Of Directors Of Consolidated Capital Investments, Inc., A Division Of Amalgamated Holding Enterprises. Could You Direct Us To The 5,000-Acre Ranch We Own?"

perial Valley. Yellen is one of that rare breed of populist gadflies who keeps on fighting for the little guy even after all the little guys have long given up hope. It was Yellen who conceived and largely financed the legal challenge that led to Judge Murray's decision. His lawyer was Arthur Brunwasser of San Francisco.

Now the question is whether the Nixon Administration will permit Judge Murray's decision to stand unchallenged. If it does, the result could be a far-reaching redistribution of land in Western reclamation areas to

small farmers and farmworkers, and a revitalization of those areas along democratic, as opposed to feudal, lines.

As of last week the Justice Department would say only that it was studying the Murray decision before deciding whether or not to appeal. But there can be little doubt where President Nixon stands. In 1949, in his first race for the Senate against Helen Gahagan Douglas, he assured the big Imperial Valley landowners that he would fight the anti-monopoly provisions of the 1902 Reclamation Act. He's never wavered.

A NEW COALITION FOR LAND REFORM

A new coalition has been formed to seek redistribution of land, wealth and power in California and throughout rural America.

The new organization, called the National Coalition for Land Reform, includes small farmers, farm workers, environmentalists, chicanos, blacks and young people. Its San Francisco office is at 126 Hyde St. (zip 94102).

The coalition contends that the corporate takeover of land in rural areas makes it impossible for poor farmers and farm workers to earn a decent livelihood. The corporate invasion has also forced millions of rural citizens to migrate to overcrowded cities, added to unemployment and welfare costs and contributed to the degradation of the environment.

High on the coalition's legislative agenda is a bill introduced by Senators Fred Harris, Alan Cranston and others (not including John Tunney) to enforce the 160-acre limitation in federal reclamation areas. The bill would authorize the federal government to purchase excess landholdings and re-sell them to resident farmers and farm workers.

Several Bay Area congressmen, including Jerome Waldie of Contra Costa county and Ronald Dellums of Berkeley, have sponsored the measure in the House.

The coalition is also supporting a bill introduced by Senators George McGovern, Gaylord Nelson, Harold Hughes and others that would ban vertically integrated conglomerates from engaging in farming. The bill, called the Family Farm Act of 1972, would force giant corporations like Tenneco, United Fruit and Standard Oil of California to sell their California farms. This would make it possible for more working farmers to become landowners, either individually or co-operatively.

Male chauvinism at Candlestick Park

Continued from page 15

Dazed, she moved back toward the stands, noticing that already the bruises were beginning to rise.

The bruises lasted about a week. And somewhere in the struggle, whether by accident or design, her camera had been damaged. She wanted to press charges—at the least, assault—but gave up. "I didn't know my assailants' names and, naturally, no one would tell me."

The incident in Sacramento is an extreme example, perhaps, but it's the sort of thing women journalists, particularly those who cover sports, have to deal with every day. Rank discrimination.

Ironically, sports officials defend their discrimination on grounds they are protecting the women they exclude. No women are allowed in the main press box or the press lounge of the Oakland Coliseum, says Alan Forbes who handles press for the Oakland A's, because "Being the only woman, she wouldn't feel comfortable." As we talked on the phone, Forbes laughed as he toyed with a new idea: "You get a woman who can swear and yell and, sure, bring her in to the main press box. Otherwise, forget it."

The defense of protecting women from swearing is often reversed to one of protecting the sportswriters' right to swear. Says the Giants' Gary Shumacher, "The ladies sort of curb the language and expressions of the writers. We don't want to inhibit them."

There once was a legitimate rationale to exclude women from press facilities. There weren't any

women journalists covering sports and the sportswriters decided they didn't want wives cluttering up the press box. When the 49ers played in Kezar Stadium, the rules were lax and Ron Bergman, a sportswriter for the Oakland Tribune and president of the San Francisco Baseball Writers Association, recalls the scene with horror: "Every politician would come and bring his wife, or a pair of wives, in furs, and they'd spend the entire game talking. Talking about everything but baseball. It was maddening."

When the 49ers moved into Candlestick, the rules were tightened. Following the example of other local stadia, officials decided to exclude women—female journalists as well as wives.

According to recent court interpretations of the 14th amendment, discrimination either by race or by sex is illegal. And discrimination in Candlestick Park is not discrimination by a private facility. The City of San Francisco leases the stadium to the Giants during the baseball season, and the Giants run the press box in conjunction with the Baseball Writers Association. But because the stadium is publicly owned, the lessee may nowhere discriminate.

City Attorney Thomas M. O'Connor isn't sure about that: "Having leased a facility, the lessees do have certain rights. It isn't like the hallowed halls of Congress. I can't say the city would demand it desegregate."

Nevertheless Fred Hiestand, a public interest lawyer, disagrees. He cites two cases. In *Burton v. Wilmington Parking Authority*, a mid-60s civil rights case, a state-

owned parking lot was leased to a private company, and a cafe on the lot refused to serve Negroes. The U.S. Supreme Court held the discrimination was state action and therefore illegal.

Also this year the California Supreme Court applied the 14th amendment to women. In *Sail-er Inn v. Kirby*, it struck down regulations which prohibit females acting as bartenders, charging that under the Constitution no state shall deny equal protection of the law.

"Discrimination against women in Candlestick is clearly illegal," says Hiestand. "If the state, i.e. the city, leases to a group that discriminates, then the state is implicated. And the guarantee of equal protection of the laws applies."

And if this last sanctuary were to fall? Not all sportswriters would weep. Bergman, local president of the Baseball Writers Association, has fond memories of Linda Norstadt, a "perky little blonde" who desegregated the press boxes of Chicago. "She was a very good-looking girl," Bergman says. "And a very good sportswriter. Everyone was kinda pleased she was there."

But unrelenting chauvinists may take heart in an incident involving none other than Beth Bagby's boyfriend. Ms. Bagby had wanted to cover a track meet and he, a photographer for the Associated Press, had promised to get her a press pass. At the last minute, he told her he had forgotten. "But that's ok," he said, commiserating. "If God wanted women to cover track, they would have been born wearing track shoes."

NOTICE!

FROM YOUR CO-OP HOME ECONOMIST

A collection of Recipes—Economy tips
Nutrition and product information

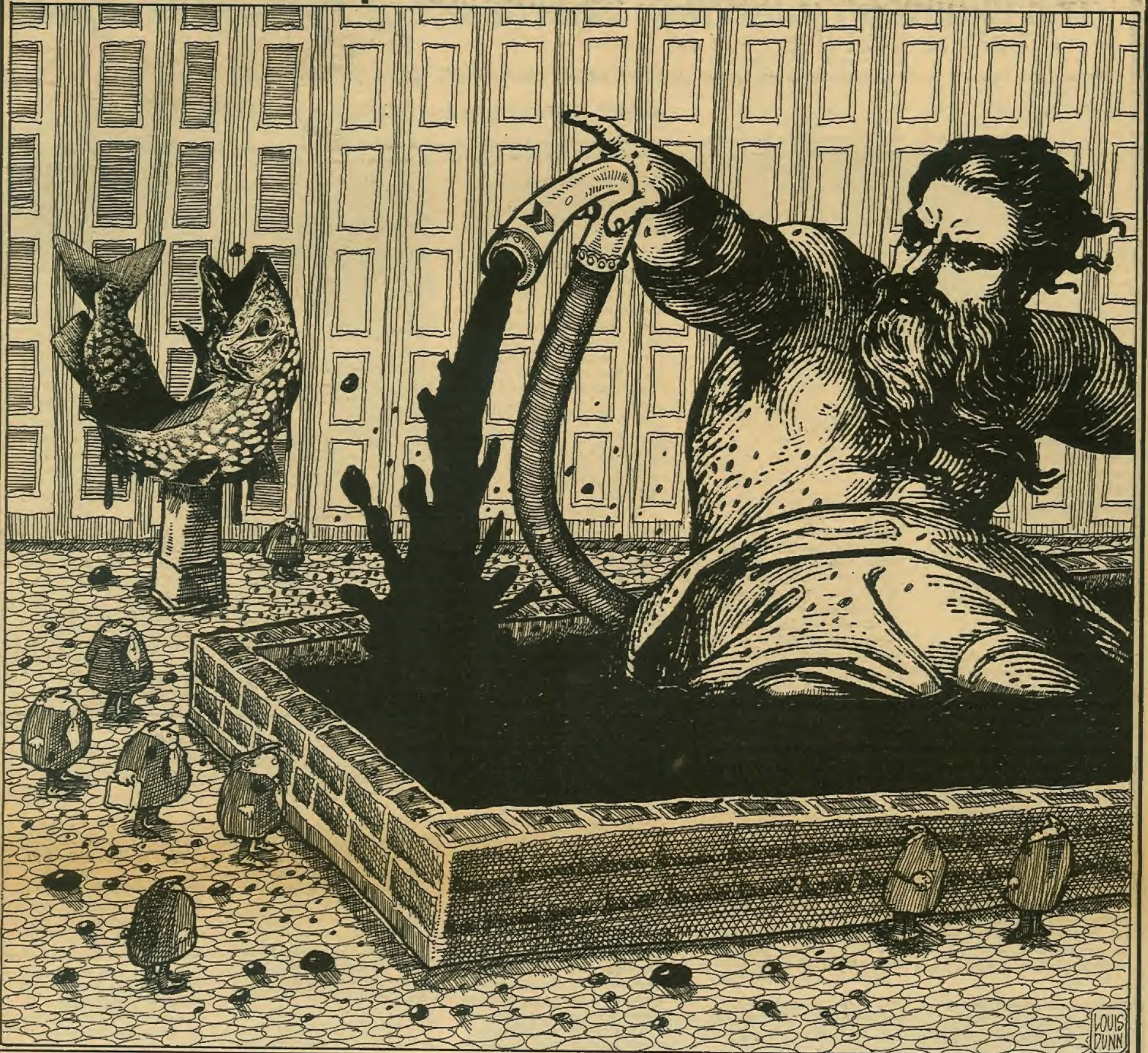
2.00 (tax included)
Send Mail orders to

Consumers Co-op of Berkeley

4805 Central Ave.,
Richmond, 94804

(Add 60 cents for handling charges)

Urban Awards Dept.



The grateful citizens of San Francisco dedicate this fountain to Standard Oil, as a tribute to its monumental opposition to Proposition 18, Proposition T and the Clean Environment Act.

JUSTARRIVED

"If they come in the morning"

by Angela Davis & other political prisoners.

List price \$6.95, or \$6.25 with this ad.

RIGHT ON AT THE BOOK CENTER, 172 Turk, S.F., 94102

Complete line of Marxist literature.

ZIG-ZAG BAIL BONDS



Call collect from jail
Berkeley-Steve-(415)843-2560
San Rafael-Lance-(415)479-6636

Answering Bureau of San Francisco

For quality Telephone Answering Service

CALL: 776-8800 or 752-2131

complete contact lens service

Children's Vision

BIFOCAL CONTACT LENSES

PHILIP SCHLETTER, O.D.

3031 Telegraph Avenue Suite 230
Berkeley / By Appointment Only
Near Alta Bates Hospital 845-2202

PLANET BOOKS



Increase environmental awareness through reading.

For free booklist send self-addressed stamped envelope to:

PLANET BOOKS
Box 26495
San Francisco, Ca. 94126

Books sold at 15% off retail.
Proceeds benefit a non-profit Environmental Center.

PHONE 771-0330

L - S DISTRIBUTORS

WHOLESALE
MAGAZINES - NEWSPAPERS
QUALITY PAPERBACKS
1161 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 94109

New York Times

London Times

Genuine Leather & Brazilian Rosewood

modular design permits joining 2 or more into sofa
also available with arms
low or high-back



Nordica

Scandinavian furniture and rugs

1228 Grant at Columbus, North Beach, San Francisco
Open 12 noon to 6 & 7:30 to 9 pm 781-7841

Our Tenth Year

Bank financing available

The Guardian interview: Sheriff-elect Richard Hongisto

Moments after his upset victory in November, Sheriff-elect Richard Hongisto was hit by one of the shabbiest campaigns of press vilification ever accorded a public official—elect in San Francisco. Guardian Publisher Bruce B. Bruggmann and City Editor Greggar Sletteland interviewed Hongisto in two three-hour sessions to get his views on the election, the Examiner/Chronicle stories and the battles ahead.

Q. Dick, could you explain exactly what the Sheriff's function is? Our notion of this is confused by TV westerns in which the Sheriff plays the role of today's police chief.

A. Historically, the Sheriff has operated the county jail system. The Sheriff's Department has provided bailiffs, or guards, for the courts. It has handled evictions and other civil process such as court closures, serving of subpoenas and so on. I think that's the historic answer. The question of what a more imaginative Sheriff's Department might be, of what a Sheriff might do to help solve the problems before him, that's a different question and I think the answer remains to be seen.

Q. Many veteran observers of San Francisco politics were astounded by your margin of victory in the Sheriff's race. Do you have an explanation?

A. There were a lot of factors put together, an unlikely combination of things. My background with the police Community Relations unit helped a great deal, for example. Many of the people I had helped during my four years with community relations came in to donate money and help with my campaign—mainly just to help since most of them didn't have any money. I guess it was such a shock for them to get help from a police officer that they remembered and came back to return the favor the only way they could.

Q. Could you give an example of this kind of help?

A. I'll give you the classic example. Back in early September, I was sitting in my office on Market Street musing over how to turn that big empty barn into a

rip-roaring campaign headquarters, and most of all how to do it without any money. Then I heard the front door slam and a guy hollering—"Far out, man! Far out!" In stomps this very long-haired guy with a leather stetson and a suede vest and leather pants and beads and medals and fringes. Well, I recognized him right away. I'd talked with him a number of times while I was with community relations in the Haight-Ashbury and we'd done favors for each other once or twice. So, he'd been walking up Market and he saw my name on the front of the building. All he saw was my name, because the "For Sheriff" hadn't been written in yet. And the name was in a field of red, white and blue with stars and everything. So he says to me: "Far out, man—so you're opening a head shop, huh?"

Well, it turned out this guy was now with the Street Artist's Guild, and he helped round up dozens of people who knew how to do silk-screening. We didn't have the money to pay for house signs, so these people he rounded up all volunteered and made them by hand—several thousand in all. I don't think we would have won without those signs. And it all happened because I had gotten to know a person out in the community years earlier.

Q. What else did you get on a personal volunteer basis?

A. Well, just a lot of labor. Most volunteers didn't have special skills, but they handed out leaflets and got a word-of-mouth campaign started. That was tremendously important. In general, I'd say we had two main categories of volunteers, a large number of young people with great amounts of energy and an important contingent of older people with an equal amount of wisdom. The wisdom and energy together made a great combination. Other campaigns had mostly semi-sophisticated middle-aged people who were neither particularly energetic nor particularly wise.

Q. How did you deploy these volunteers?

A. Most of them had never worked in a campaign before, but they really turned on and all we had to do was point them. We did have a volunteer with campaign experi-

S.F.'s new Sheriff discusses the jails, City Hall, the judges, the Chronicle / Examiner, domestic hawks and America's deteriorating criminal justice system

ence from Los Angeles, and he went down to City Hall and analyzed all the precincts in the city for us. He looked at voting patterns for former supervisor Jack Morrison and tried to figure out how people would see us. We had this arranged and calculated to priority places where we should hit first, where we should hit second, and so on. We didn't hit every precinct, but we hit probably half or three-fourths of the city at least once by hand.

Q. How about money? At the end you began to flower out with signs and one or two crucial ads in the Examiner/Chronicle that made you visible in a fairly substantial way.

A. The money really began to come right at the end of October, in the last week or two. We got out 3,000 house signs in the last 10 days. But we waged the major part of our campaign with no money, just hanging on the edge, skirting financial problems all the way. There were donations from the Gay community, for example, that had been forthcoming, but people didn't actually give the money until very late, and we needed it long before that. The Golden Gate Democratic Club gave us \$400, for example, but not until about two weeks before the election. Then at one of the bigger fund-raisers, we picked up \$700, and that was very late too. Altogether we spent \$15,000, which is about 2% of what Alioto spent.

Q. Was there any crucial factor that made all these things come together in the late stages of the campaign?

A. I think I felt a little nudge when I spoke to the Council of Democratic Clubs and got their endorsement by a large margin. It was an audience of people active in politics and concerned about good government and when it came out in the newspapers that I got their endorsement, it began to trigger things.

Q. In past years the Gay community has been regarded as an important factor in supervisory elections, but this probably was the first Sheriff's campaign in which that group has supported a winning candidate or even entered the campaign in a substantial way. How did you get this support?

A. I really haven't emphasized strongly enough the role the Gay community did play. First, indirectly, I think a lot of straight people appreciated my taking the position I took on the Gay com-

munity, the issues of consenting adult laws and so forth. But much more important, in the beginning when I was struggling to get off the ground, when I didn't have any money and didn't have any volunteers, some of the first people to come in and help to get things going were from the Gay community.

Q. Why?

A. I have to go back to late 1966 or early 1967, when I first went in to the Community Relations unit. Dante Andreotti (former head of Community Relations) looked at me sort of strangely and I could sense he was wondering what he could do with me. I looked too straight for the hippies. He had the black community covered by a black policeman and he probably wasn't too anxious to put me into the black community anyways. I couldn't speak Spanish. He had a Chinese officer working in Chinatown. So the question was, where to send me. I ended up working in the Gay community, almost by default.

Well, eventually the word got around that, although I was a policeman, I was still a person they could trust. I wasn't a spy. That way I got to know most of the leaders in the community. Also, I found there were people hanging around the city who specialized in blackmailing homosexuals. The Gay community chose not to go to the police department about this because, first, they thought nothing would happen; second, they didn't want to identify themselves as homosexuals to the police; and third, they were afraid of public exposure, especially because of losing their jobs. I worked privately with the people who had been threatened, and my approach would be to go to the blackmailer and give him the 'leave town by sunset' routine. To my surprise, it worked.

Anyway, this past record of helpfulness is why the Gay community responded so favorably and so unanimously to my candidacy this fall. It's likely that the Gay vote for mayor was split among Dianne (Feinstein), Fred Selinger, Scott Newhall and Joe Alioto. Bob Mendelsohn got some Gay support in the supervisors' race. But I know there was across-the-board support for me in the Sheriff's race.

Q. How many votes did this mean?

A. If it's unified, you could probably figure 30,000 votes or more.

Q. What other groups or areas of the city did you try to reach with your campaign?

A. In past elections for Sheriff there's been a dropoff of 25% between the number of people who vote for mayor and the number who vote for Sheriff. I calculated that if I could stop that drop-off from occurring in

the black community, where I was known somewhat from community relations work; and in the Spanish-speaking community; and in the young community, wherever it was scattered around the city; if I could do that, I would get a 25% jump on my opponents who wouldn't be trying to prevent that drop-off. I felt it was extremely important that the vote be gotten out in these communities.

Q. The minority/youth/gay groups which formed the backbone of your support are often spoken of as constituting the basis of an "Urban Coalition." It's not unlikely that people trying to forge such a coalition in future elections will look upon your campaign as a model. Do you think a coalition of this nature can develop into a strong political force in the city?

A. I think it would be casting my feelings in the wrong light to say I tried to put together a coalition. I was known in these communities. I had worked in them. It wasn't like I was a white middle-class stockbroker who had decided to manipulate these communities into voting me in as Sheriff. I feel responsible for all people, but I think most politicians are overly fond of the Richmond and the Sunset and the business community and that's it. That's not my game. That's not the way I feel. I wouldn't be able to sleep nights if I thought that way. I was very conscious from the start of the coalitional aspect of what we were about, but it wasn't a contrived manipulation of voting blocs.

Q. Earlier this summer, Alvin Duskin, Cecil Williams and a number of others tried to put together a coalition with a more collective approach. Could you give us your reading of why you were able to do it and they weren't?

A. The main reason, I'd say, is that the collective approach to making a coalition is just too contrived, too artificial. The difference was that I could be a kind of one-man coalition because I had worked in all those communities. I had been of service to those communities. I was known there, and that's not the same as trying to get six different people, one representing each community. What you really need for a coalition is six people, each of whom is known in all the communities. You can't take six people that nobody knows, one white, one black, one yellow, one brown, one a woman, one a young person, and then put this patchwork quilt together and say, "This is our coalition"—because so what? That doesn't mean they're going to deliver once they're elected any more than six white middle-class men who smile and get friendly and promise a lot.

Q. How do you explain Alioto's ability to line up large portions of these communities behind him?

A. It helps to have \$500,000 to spend on a campaign, for one thing. But beyond that, Mr. Alioto deserves credit for having delivered on certain promises to those communities. That was remembered and appreciated. For example, I talked with many people in the Mission and they were solidly behind Alioto because he delivered Model Cities, he got them jobs and they felt money was being pumped into the Spanish-speaking community.

That's real. That's what counts. *Continued on page 9*

OPEN SUNDAY 11 to 4

BELL BOTTOMS
Now over **19.99**
pairs in stock for
Guys and Gals
288 up

Kaplan's stocks a great selection of Bell Bottoms, Blue, White, Stripes 13 Button Wool Navy, Levi's, Corduroy and Leather. Great new styles from Live ins, Levi's, Lee, Male and Tabs arriving weekly.

GREAT SWEATER SALE!!

Over 1000 on sale
Turtleneck &
Mock style,
Cardigan, V-Neck,
Vast selection of
styles & models
Values
to \$15.00
Now **\$5.99** ea.

DOWN PARKA
Exceptional
Low Sale Price
\$19.99

100% Shell and Lining
Duck down and small feather insulation.
Warm and comfort without weight.
Ass'd. Colors
Add \$1 Mail Order

CONVENIENT PARKING AT REAR OF STORE

Since 1939 S.F.'s Original Surplus Store

Shop by Mail, add 5% Sales Tax

1055 Market
Between 6th & 7th

UN 3-3486
BankAmericard

KAPLAN'S

FRYE BOOT HEADQUARTERS
X-MAS SPECIAL

from **19.95 up**

Every boot in the Frye Americana Collection is one-of-a-kind conversation piece — yet a finely contrived masterpiece of famous Frye construction, comfort and wear in every stitch and seam the Americana Collection is definitely a thing of the NOW generation.

BIB OVERALLS

For Jr. and Senior
Be in style
Wear bib
overalls

5.95

LEATHER

Just the greatest selection in the Bay Area. Vests, hats, levi style jackets. Many styles in leather pants. For the right style and price it's KAPLAN'S.



Limited Edition Coloring Books

"The Master Meander Coloring Book" - "The Alarmed Lineman & Other Stories"
\$2 Each; \$4 the pair.
The Tide Pool Press
P.O. Box 40342, S.F., 94140

**COMING SOON
INCOME TAXES!**

Gather all and we'll tell you what's deductible. We give personalized friendly service & we try to keep the cost reasonable. Ask for Pat for all out of state returns.

Florence Negherbon
3069 Sacramento St.
S.F. 346-0904

'You opening a headshop, Dick?' 'No, man. I'm running for Sheriff.'



Sheriff Richard Hongisto (right) and his new undersheriff, Reuben Greenberg, the first black ever to be appointed to the sheriff's department here. Both are working on their doctorates in Criminology.

Continued from page 8

In the Black Community, Alioto's seen as the first mayor to put a black man on the Police Commission. He put Rodney Williams, a black, over a sergeant in the Community Relations unit. That's unheard of. I'm not saying having one black on the police commission is an earth-shaking reform, but any fool will tell you it's never been done before in this city. You could easily have doubts about what other candidates might have done if they'd been elected.

Q Do you feel there's any way urban conservationists might be able to put together this kind of coalition in the future?

A If conservationists want a coalition, they have to get out there and work for it. Why should a person in a black ghetto give a damn about a white liberal ecology freak who's eating organic foods and talking about redwood trees and beaches—while this black guy's standing at 3rd and Newcomb watching the Tactical Squad driving by every night and seeing his brother pumping heroin and his sister peddling her body, and his mother's on welfare and his father, he's probably in jail—why should this guy vote for a conservationist? He wants to conserve that?

If urban conservationists want a coalition, they have to get out into the community and find out on a gut level what the problems of those people are—not from a sociology book or a political science book, not out of "Soul on Ice" or "Black Rage" or anything else. They've got to be out meeting people, talking with people, listening to people to find out first hand what the problems are—and then they've got to respond to them.

Each person has his own best possible ways of responding. In my own case, I worked very hard to help create Officers for Justice, for example. We tried to deal with, or at least talk about, get the subject out into the open, racial problems in and by and with and of and around the Po-

lice Department. My role in Officers for Justice was not to be an officer of the organization.

I didn't want to be a white guy leading a black group and I'm pretty sure they didn't want me that way either. The role I played was, "You let me know how I can help you—and here I am ready when you need me." I don't have any magic formula for what a white person in San Francisco can do to help a black person or anybody else. You've just got to be there and figure out for yourself what you can do.

The chances of any coalition forming and winning will depend on whether they can come up with six people who have actually gotten out and done these things.

Q Dick, it's interesting to us that City Hall has been able to work with out-going Sheriff Matthew Carberry without visible difficulty for many, many years, even though his administration of the jails has been strongly criticized by criminal justice experts and the mayor's own Crime Commission, among others. There's never been a strong move by City Hall, or the judges or our local papers to chastise him. Yet only a day or two after your election, you had to contend with a series of critical newspaper stories as well as statements by Chief Municipal Judge O'Gara and others. Why is this?

A Let me deal with that first as it pertains to the judge's statement. This stuff was all stirred up because one judge, Friedman, wrote a letter to another judge, O'Gara, and the newspapers

gave it prominent publicity. My own impression was that O'Gara didn't substantially go along with Friedman. So, essentially, this appears to be a matter of one judge objecting when I say I'll try to provide the people of San Francisco with an over-arching view of how the processes of criminal justice are working in this city.

How could anyone possibly object to that? Friedman said, in effect, that I was stepping out of line. I thought Marshall Krause dealt with this very well in the story he did for "Newsroom." He pointed out how it verged on judicial impropriety for Friedman to make those comments. If a citizen is entitled to make comments about the criminal justice system, why shouldn't the Sheriff be? And why should a judge, of all people, object? It doesn't make sense.

Q What about O'Gara's decision that Chief Scott of the Police Department rather than you should be in charge of courtroom security?

A First, I should point out this. Our courts are divided into Municipal Courts and Superior Courts. O'Gara is the presiding judge of the Municipal Court. Francis McCarty is presiding judge of the Superior Court. Now, Judge McCarty hasn't made the slightest criticism of the way Sheriff's bailiffs have handled courtroom security—in fact, I met with Judge McCarty the other day and had a very amiable chat with him.

Yet it's the Superior Courts that would seem most plausibly

concerned about security. Those are the ones that have to handle the big political trials, the Angela Davis trials. But who has come forward all concerned about courtroom security? The Muni Courts. They handle misdemeanors, shop-lifters, petty thieves, prostitutes and traffic offenses. Has the Muni Court ever had a riot, ever had a judge injured, ever had a complaint about their bailiffs? Never. They don't have a security problem. So I leave it to your imagination what inspires this sudden concern for security.

Q Do you think this Friedman-O'Gara business has anything to do with your opposition to Prop. C? ["C" asked voters to provide funding for new courtrooms which, according to the judges, were desperately needed because of overcrowded court calendars.] You said night courts and harder-working judges could remedy the problem without massive new expenditures.

A Mayor Alioto's Crime Commission said the same thing. The Crime Commission said that judges from other systems were shocked to see what went on in ours, the judges from other jurisdictions work considerably harder than ours do. The hours worked by many of our judges are shocking—just 3 or 4 hours a day in some cases. Those courtrooms just sit empty the rest of the time.

As for night court and weekend court, they are used very successfully in New York and other places. Quite obviously, they not only provide a great savings for taxpayers through more efficient use of facilities, but also they're much more responsive to the needs of people. You shouldn't have to take a day off from work to pay a fine.

Responsiveness of the courts to real needs is much more important than the flap about judges working harder. Undoubtedly, there are judges who see themselves being inconvenienced by night and weekend courts. That's too bad.

Maybe that's the difference between Carberry and me. Sure, Carberry always had amiable relations with the judges and everybody else. First, he was a do-nothing; and second, he always knew who to get along with. That was his priority. My priority isn't getting along with the people downtown, it's clean, honest, responsive government that meets people's needs. In this instance, night and weekend courts are good for the people but not so good for the judges. That's what it really comes down to. That's the difference.

Q Irv Reichert, Executive Director of the Crime Commission, has said that one reason the judges are against travelling, circuit courtrooms was so they wouldn't have to use public restrooms—they each wanted a per-

sonal private restroom. Do you think this was a factor?

A I've heard the same story from Irv and others. I know that even in the colleges the faculty has separate toilets and lunchrooms. This is all a reflection of the system of class distinctions in our society. Obviously, if you're a person who's given special privileges, you're going to want to fight to maintain them.

Q Shortly after the election, both the Chronicle and the Examiner gave prominent play to a story about how you had dropped your application for disability pay in the middle of the campaign. Any comments?

A I'm not a journalist, but from what I know about journalism and from my experience on "Newsroom," it seems to me those stories should never have run. They simply weren't news. I can't imagine stories like those on the front page of the New York Times or the Washington Post or any other major American newspaper. What's newsworthy about my withdrawing a suit asking for disability pay?

Q Why had you originally applied for disability?

A Well, I got a 4-inch deep stab wound in the back. Right after that my back began to bother me, and it still does.

Q How did you get the stab wound?

A It was in the course of making an off-duty arrest of an armed robber down in the Fillmore District. Three guys with a hunting knife had stolen a woman's purse. Her boy friend had run after them hoping they'd throw the purse down, and she was screaming. I was coming out of the Japanese movies and went running over to her. By the time I got there the robbers were long gone, but I went running after them because I was afraid her boy friend was going to get his throat cut. I finally caught up with them at Post and Webster. The boy-friend was standing off at a safe distance and he said there they are, and I said which one has the knife, and he pointed to one of them, and I ran after him. He ran into a vacant lot, I ran in after him. When he started running out, I saw a chance to grab his arm and pull him down. We rolled down on the ground, wrestled around and all this stuff, and in the course of it I got stabbed and it pulled or cut the muscles in my back or something—anyway, it's bothered me ever since.

Q You were decorated for this by the Police Department?

A Yes. I got a medal of valor for that. When my back began bothering me, I wanted to leave the department, but I was very con-

Continued on page 10

"GOLDEN ROAD NATURAL FOODS"

Juice Bar, sandwiches, soups, soy burgers.

1310 - 9th Ave. S.F., 664-3866

CALL 826-8119



770 DOLORES ST.

INTEGRAL YOGA INSTITUTE

HATHA CLASSES

POSTURES, BREATHING, RELAXATION
MON-FRI 9AM, 10:30 AM, 6PM
FREE BABYSITTING 10:30 AM
MON & THUR 7:30PM



Rudolph Schaeffer School of Design

COLOR • DESIGN • INTERIOR

Night school starts January 18th 1972
Three year diploma courses

2255 Mariposa St., San Francisco, Cal. 94110

fine fashion footwear



1409 Polk St.

At the Prune Yard, Campbell



COUPON

Clip this ad, present at the store for 20% discount!

The Guardian interview: Sheriff-elect Hongisto

Continued from page 9
cerned that my back might get worse. The only way to cover myself was to apply for disability.

Q. None of this was mentioned in the Examiner/Chronicle post-election stories. Is it on the public record?

A. Oh, yes. Anyway, to finish the story, I went on and after a while I reached the point where I realized my back wasn't going to get any worse. One day my attorney phoned and said the matter would be coming to trial before long, what did I want to do about it? This was in the middle of the campaign. Things were picking up and I hardly had time to think about a hearing, so I said, oh well, let's just drop it. So we dropped it. I was amazed to find that on the front page of a newspaper a month later.

Q. Could the back injury affect your ability to perform as Sheriff?

A. Well, it does bother me. It's just bad enough that it might act up at any time. But the Sheriff's job is essentially administrative. I hope I'll be able to make it even more cerebral than it's been in the past. If I were still on the beat with the Police Department, wrestling with prisoners and things like that, then I'd be very worried. As an administrator, I don't think I'll be wrestling with prisoners.

Q. There was a third series of stories in the Chronicle and Examiner after the election. These criticized you for a statement you had made during your campaign about contributing a third of your salary to community groups if you were elected. What was your reaction to that?

A. Again, I was amazed to see a story like that in a newspaper. First off, the original article started off with a sentence saying Hongisto's statements had "inspired" some investigation. It never mentioned who was "inspired" or why. I'd be interested to know the answer to that one.

But more important, the article itself showed why the story wasn't newsworthy. It pointed out there are only two ways to violate the election code regarding salary. One is publicly stating during the campaign that, if elected, you'll refuse your salary—this can be construed as bribing the electorate at large. The other is offering specific groups part of your post-election salary if they'll vote for you. Those are the only two ways. I never did either of those things, as the article explained. So where's the story?

Q. Why did you want to contribute a part of your salary to community groups?

A. I wanted to do that, and I'm

going to do it, because I wasn't interested in being Sheriff for the money in it, or the prestige, and I felt other candidates were. It's a real problem in our society to have people seeking office just for the money or prestige involved. So I said I would donate part of my salary to groups generally concerned with social justice and criminal justice and problems of taxation.

Q. Did either newspaper phone you for comment before running the story?

A. No. The first thing I heard about it was when I saw it in the paper.

Q. Have there been any further developments since the story ran?

A. No. But, just as a matter of record, we phoned Secretary of State Brown for his reaction to it, and his reaction was a laugh. He just laughed at it.

Q. How much money will be involved, and how will you distribute it?

A. A third of \$26,000, whatever that is. A private foundation will do the distributing. I won't even be an officer of the foundation; I'll just create some basic guidelines.

Q. Dick, there was a fourth line of press attack. This was the Examiner story, without a byline, about you appearing at an awards dinner with a woman who wasn't your wife. Newspapers don't ordinarily print stories about politicians receiving such awards. When they do, they don't spend most of the article making innuendoes about personal and private life. Can you comment?

A. That was about the banquet given by the Gung Fu society. I walked in with 3 or 4 people I'd come with, and one of them was a young lady. All during the campaign I had invited different workers out to dinner with me, to show my appreciation and also to make them feel they were in on everything, not just the hard work. Anyway, when the 4 of us came in the door, the two others went off to talk with someone they knew and the reporter came up to the girl and me. My wife had filed a divorce motion several months earlier and I guessed that he had heard about it somewhere, but anyway, he asked if the fact that I was with the girl meant my wife and I were splitting up. I told him, yes, we were splitting up, but the girl had nothing to do with it. Which she didn't. But then I realized that, for personal reasons, I didn't want this appearing in the papers. Because of the campaign, my wife and I hadn't had a chance to tell her parents about it yet. I didn't want them to see it in the papers first. So I asked the report-

er not to print it.

Q. Did he say he wouldn't?

A. He just stood there and looked at me. The implication was clearly that he wouldn't.

Q. Who was this reporter?

A. Harry Johansen. A Chronicle reporter, Kevin Leary, was also there while I talked with Johansen. He heard the entire conversation, and he respected my privacy, he didn't do the story. Because, when you get right down to it, it wasn't a story. Why is the state of my marriage newsworthy? What does that have to do with how I perform my duties as Sheriff?

Q. The interesting thing here is how the papers' treatment of you differs from their treatment of the former Sheriff. Carberry's drinking problem obviously did affect the way he did his job. For years the jails had been deteriorating because of this, but the press remained silent, even though most every newsman in town knew about it and its bad effect on jail administration. Finally, Ernest Lenn of the Examiner, to his credit, did a piece on it, but even then the effect of his story was that Carberry had reform and was getting treatment. The story that had been there for many years, that he had allowed the jails to collapse, was ignored. Do you have any further comments on this difference in treatment?

A. Well, a few days ago I went in to have a talk with the Chronicle and Examiner editorial boards. I thought that meeting me in person, they might feel less of a need to explore such matters. I was very favorably impressed by them, and I hope now we've reached the end of that phase. I think there are probably more interesting things for the papers to focus on, even regarding the Sheriff's office.

Q. Do you feel you'll have any trouble with the deputy sheriffs or Sheriff Carberry in trying to implement your philosophy?

A. No, I don't think so. People in jails, in prisons, in corrections, are the least paid, the least trained. Our system has put them on a bottom rung. I've talked with the deputy sheriffs and I've been very favorably impressed. I've talked with many people who used to work at the jail but left, volunteer doctors, psychiatrists, people like that, and they all said the same thing. The problem was Carberry, not the deputy

sheriffs. The deputies themselves are indignant and enraged and frustrated because they've never been trained. Their working conditions are lousy.

Q. Did the deputies get any further than the prisoners who complained?

A. No. They didn't. They got exactly the same treatment the prisoners got.

Q. Dick, during your campaign you often talked on the theme, "The Vietnamization of American criminal justice." What did you mean by that?

A. In Vietnam, we thought we could solve social problems with expenditures of vast amounts of money for superior weaponry. That's also been our approach here. By the time you give all the cops tanks and helicopters and gas and double the number of men and guns and pay them more—well, it's all very expensive. Then you arrest twice as many people, so you have to pay the District Attorney, the Public Defender, the judges, the juries, the investigators, the jailers, the probation people, the parole people. Then you have to put up more buildings which have to be depreciated, maintained and repaired, and the land they were on is off the tax rolls, and you've got to pay more janitors, bigger phone bills—the list goes on and on. It comes to one hell of a bill for the public to pay.

In the meantime, more and more people are being criminalized. There's a criminal record: convicted. Rubber stamp. Follow him everywhere for the rest of his life. More spy systems, more record systems. Meanwhile, we lose our civil liberties, we tax ourselves to death, and economic and social chaos is the result. That's the Vietnamization of American criminal justice. The people who advocate this approach I call Domestic Hawks.

Q. How would you apply your philosophy to dealing with the crime problem we do have?

A. First, you re-order priorities. People are concerned about robbery, burglary, rape, purse-snatching—crimes of violence. For this, you don't need more cops on the beat, you need to deploy the cops you already have in a more sensible way. Don't have them endlessly prowling around Do-

lores Park trying to entrap homosexuals. Police manpower shouldn't be wasted on such things. The Crime Commission reports explain in detail why and how our priorities should be re-ordered.

Q. But most of this re-ordering would involve changes in the Police Department. How will you apply the philosophy within the perimeters of your Sheriff's department?

A. In the larger arena I can pursue legislative changes, more dialogue between separate agencies involved with criminal justice, more dialogue with the public. In my own area there are also a number of things I intend to do. For example, our jails are badly overcrowded, and a large percentage of the people—it's difficult to say just how large—are in there for alcoholism or excessive drinking. I don't think they should be treated as criminals. The question is, how can I get them out of jail? What specific steps I'll take for doing this, I don't want to say just yet. I'm not even in office yet.

Q. You've said several times that you intend to have your office serve as a "watch-dog" on the processes of criminal justice in San Francisco. Just what do you intend to do?

A. One of the problems with American criminal justice is that the different agencies involved, the police, the courts, the jails, etc., usually operate as separate bureaucratic fiefdoms. Together, these agencies make up what we call the criminal justice system, but they don't operate as a system. There's no integrated relationship.

To remedy this sort of thing, there must be an over-view of the entire system. First-off, the Sheriff's Department has to improve its own view of itself, so that others can know better what it's doing. In the past the Sheriff's Department produced a very, very meager annual report—about five double-spaced and poorly mimeographed pages. The Police Department by contrast puts out a thick, well-documented report on what it's doing, how much it costs, how men are deployed and so forth. The Sheriff's Department has a thousand people under its care at all times and the public deserves a complete report of

Continued on page 11

Crafts—Fine Quality—Wanted
San Francisco Montessori School

JUST FOR CHRISTMAS
STORE

Frank Lloyd Wright Building
140 Maiden Lane
Accepting merchandise on consignment
Call Stoney 922-4290 or
SFMS 239-5065

THE
NEW YORK
TIMES
Sunday Edition

DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR
SUNDAY MORNING

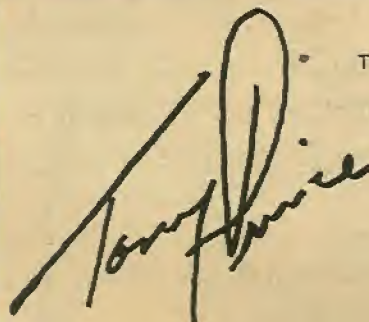
San Francisco, Berkeley,
Southern Marin

Daily Edition

SAME DAY DELIVERY

Financial District & Pacific Heights

Call: MS-III Co.
332-4790 P.O. Box 926
383-4422 Sausalito, Ca. 94965



MEN'S HAIRSTYLIST
THE STYLIST YOU CAN'T AFFORD
(NOT TO VISIT)

LONGHAIRS ONLY NEED APPLY.

511 GEARY ST., S.F.,

771-1370

Organic Foods Co-op

Largest variety
of organic vegetables

Organic Lamb & Beef
raised to our specifications

Our lightweight dehydrated vegetables have "NO CHEMICALS
ADDED." And they reconstitute garden fresh.

15 years experience finding & evaluating organic food

1728 University Avenue • 549-2530 • Tues.-Sat. 11-6



SAM SLICK

WAS A LEGENDARY 19TH CENTURY
AMERICAN PEDLAR. SAM'S SPIRIT
LIVES ON AT 915 IRVING NEAR
GOLDEN GATE PARK

• MEXICAN COTTONS & WOOLENS

CLOTHES & RUGS FROM MARRAKECH & RABAT, MORROCCO • ANTIQUE &

FUNK JEWELRY FROM AMERICA & ENGLAND • ANTIQUE, AMERICAN OLD

WEST FURNITURE • TINS • PATCHWORK QUILTS • MIRRORS • SNUFF

BOXES • CIGARETTE CASES • KNIVES • VICTORIAN DRESSES & BLOUSES

• KITCHEN THINGS •

40'S DRESSES & BLOUSES •

SILVER BOXES & CASES •

FROM ENGLAND

TOYS • BOOKS

• SCARVES

MASON JARS

• BOTTLES

• EUROPEAN &

AMERICAN

POSTERS



SAM SELLS EVERYTHING OLD BEAUTIFULL
FUNKY HIP & INTERESTING

'My priority isn't getting along with the people downtown.'

Continued from page 10

what's happening there. And the same is true of all the other parts of the criminal justice system.

That finally brings me to the watch-dog part of it. I think there should be an overview of all these reports combined. There should be some sense of how the criminal justice system in San Francisco in its totality is working, something like the Crime Commission provided in its report.

Q Would you use public money to pay for these investigations?

A I think that may be what the judges are worried about. No, I'm not planning to take deputy sheriffs off their regular jobs to do this. I'm sure it would benefit them if I did because they would learn more about criminal justice in the doing of it, but with personnel and funding limitations, they've got plenty to do as it is. No, I'm thinking the work would be done by other people not on the public payroll.

The Bay Area has a number of police science departments, criminology departments, not to mention sociology, political science, psychology, law schools, and all of them are bursting with people with advanced degrees, graduate students, faculty members, who would like to do this. Anyway, I'm fully confident such reports can be produced whether judges want them or not. They may try some legal maneuverings to interfere with my ability to inform the public, but we'll get it done anyway.

Q Would you consider doing such a report on the Police Department?

A It's not a matter of doing something *on* the police, but in *cooperation* with the police.

I think the Chief of Police would be very interested in seeing what we produce and having access to our research ability. I don't think Chief Scott feels he's got something to hide.

Q What about organized crime? Would you want to look into that?

A I don't know what position Chief Scott has taken on this matter, so I'm definitely not speaking about Chief Scott. But Chief Cahill said there was no organized crime in San Francisco. That's a little like saying there are no fish in the sea. It's been possible to buy heroin in San Francisco for a long, long time, and everyone knows that by and large it's organized crime that's behind the heroin traffic. It's just too complex and dangerous for individuals or small groups to get into in a big way.

Now whether this is "the Syndicate" we're talking about, I don't know, and it doesn't really matter. In reality there are many syndicates. We do ourselves a disservice by focusing all this attention and fear and paranoia on one group and calling that "organized crime." But regardless of what you call it, there's plenty of it in San Francisco. And of course, these organized groups that exploit people and manipulate money away from them and force them to degrade their bodies must be dealt with by law enforcement people.

Q What about prostitution?

A That's one of the most difficult

questions of all. There's plenty of it in San Francisco, that's for sure. I'm of the general feeling that it's like most kinds of crime, a reflection of our inequities and problems in our social system—the inequitable distribution of law, racism, ghettoization and so on. The way people are exploited by prostitution seems very bad to me.

Q Most of our jails and prisons are packed with minority people. One segment of the left calls these people "political prisoners." How do you feel about this?

A It's always been the case that large numbers of people in this country have been arrested on political charges. It's not generally understood or accepted, but the dimensions of violent social unrest have almost always been far greater than they are now. Still, the meaning of a "political crime" is very hard to pin down, especially for the arresting officer in the heat of the moment. I definitely feel that many of the people in our prisons shouldn't be there, that they are there for crimes which, with the perspective of time, we will see are very clearly political.

There are even more prisoners whose crimes are political in a different sense, by which I mean they may have robbed a food-store, and robbery is not a political crime, but they robbed it because our political system left them starving. The matter's highly complex and difficult. I think the best I can do for now is say, let's avoid easy generalities and slogans and look at specific cases.

Q Let's get back to specifics such as the jails. One Crime Commission conclusion was that the Sheriff's Department was archaic and redundant and should be abolished. What do you think?

A Dianne Feinstein made the same recommendation in her Adult Detention report. I think this kind of suggestion is misleading because it poses as a solution to something, and it's not. We're not going to solve our social problems, the ones that cause crimes, by shuffling bureaucratic organizations and titles. I'm all in favor of making bureaucracies more responsive and efficient, but I don't think those reports actually direct themselves to that concern.

However it's named and whoever runs it, there will still have to be an agency of local government that handles the housing of prisoners.

Q The reports suggest that the Police Department should run the jails.

A Whether the police or the Sheriff operates the jails is a 30th priority problem, largely affecting matters of nepotism and political pay-offs. Sure, I've got a view on it, but I don't think it's very important. Basically, I think it's better not to have the people who do the arresting do the guarding. The policeman is taught to stereotype the criminal and to be extremely wary of him—he might jump you, shoot you, do this or that to you. You develop hate patterns out of that; it's a product of the job. If you put that same policeman in the jails, he's still going to look at the prisoner in the same way. The jail is supposed to be correctional, to provide rehabilitation, at least in part, and as long as you even pretend that's true, you should have different kinds of people serving as guards.

Q What's your first-priority problem?

A People are brought up in this country to think they're equal. They should have equal opportunity, equal employment, share equally in the goods and services, work equally hard and get equally much out of it. Obviously that doesn't happen. The guy making \$6,000 a year won't get all those "equals." This creates hostility and resentment and a whole culture of poverty. And this is the first-priority problem.

Every public official in this country ought to be talking about it. And demanding that every other public official and every other person get to work on the solution. As Sheriff, if all I can do is talk about this, that's what I'll do. If I can do more than that I will. If I can apply to the federal government for grants-in-aid to provide vocational and educational assistance to the people in the jails, I'll do that. That's where the focus ought to be. Not on beating him or starving him so that he'll learn not to do it again, not on some blind, punitive retribution. Because that just doesn't work.

Q Then rehabilitation is a major part of your philosophy?

A Not so much rehabilitation. Habilitation, if you want to call it that. Rehabilitation is an inherently conservative notion because it focuses your attention on the individual rather than the system that produced him. Every day legions of people just like the ones we have in jail are produced by this system. As long as we have this delivery system, it does little good for people like me to be running around trying to band-aid those people by teaching them job skills long after it should have been done in the first place. I'll do that, of course, and it's very important, but the real question is, Why aren't we doing that habilitation when it should be done?



INDISPENSABLE!

For all who love San Francisco.
For all who love the Bay Area.
How power works in the city—
and what you can do about it.

THE ULTIMATE HIGHRISE is a new 256-page book by the Bay Guardian offering ...complete blueprints of San Francisco's Manhattanization...how highrises drive up taxes...a chronicle of brawling developmental politics...neighborhood protection advice. Also: Alvin Duskin's introduction, Louis Dunn's cartoons, photos, earthquake data, much more. THE ULTIMATE HIGHRISE: a landmark in public journalism.

"The Ultimate Highrise" \$2.50 per copy

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed is _____ for _____ books.

Bay Guardian Books
1070 Bryant Street
San Francisco, Ca. 94103

The El Paso Case:

By Robert Sherrill

In his introduction to Morton Mintz and Jerry Cohen's America, Inc., Ralph Nader points out that, while corporations commit far more devastating crimes than do individuals, they aren't treated as criminals. "There is no list of the ten most wanted corporations," he writes; and the same crimes are repeated year after year by the same "blue-chip corporate recidivists," with scant attention from the public.

How do the corporations get away with it? "It is easy to answer," says Nader—"power."

If one were to scan the Wall Street rogues' gallery for the perfect example of what Nader was talking about, one might readily settle on the El Paso Natural Gas Corp. The first qualification, corporate power, El Paso has aplenty. Its assets exceed \$2.5 billion; in terms of reserves it is reputedly the largest gas pipeline company in America;

and the Western states' dependence on El Paso for their gas supply is enough to revive the spectre of slavery.

So powerful is El Paso that, although since 1964 the U.S. Supreme Court has held it to be in violation of the Clayton Act's prohibitions against anti-competitive activities, El Paso is still conducting its business exactly as it was seven years ago.

INDEED, ON three subsequent occasions the El Paso case was returned to the Supreme Court, and each time the pipeline lost. It has suffered no penalties, and now, though thoroughly stamped as an outlaw, El Paso may be retroactively forgiven its transgressions and allowed to go right on operating as though the Supreme Court had never spoken one, two, three, four times.

There is a strong move afoot in the Congress—supported by some liberals as well as by conservatives—to achieve this

forgiveness. If El Paso and its allies succeed in pulling it off, the federal antitrust and monopoly laws will be pretty well laughed off the statute books. For the beginnings of this fascinating tale of rascality, one must go back to a time fifteen years ago in California, that font of fantasy.

In 1956 El Paso had a monopoly grip on the California natural gas market. Until 1954, it had monopolized the sale of gas in all states west of the Rockies, but in that year a new company, Pacific Northwest Pipeline and Gas Co., had tapped into the New Mexico gas fields and built a line to the Northwestern states. It had also tied in with bountiful supplies of Canadian gas, and by 1956 the company was thinking of expanding into California.

AT THAT time El Paso was taking \$400 million out of California, but that state is an insatiable market, well able to absorb the gas from three or four more pipeline companies; so El Paso had nothing to fear in the way of declining profits.

On the other hand El Paso had from the very beginning wanted to swallow Pacific Northwest. The year P.N. was organized, El Paso made its first purchase offer. And then in 1956 something happened to persuade El Paso that it could delay no longer. Edmund G. Brown, then California attorney general, decided that his state's consumers—90 per cent of whom heated their homes with natural gas—would get a better price if there was a competing gas supply, so he assigned a young deputy attorney general, William Bennett (a name to remember in this quarrel), to see if he could recruit the necessary competition.

Bennett went to Ray Fish, president of Pacific Northwest, "and in short an understanding was had," Bennett recalls, "that he would come to California to supply gas to our state." Fish promptly negotiated a major sales contract with Southern California Edison, the biggest buyer in that part of the state.

None of this was secret. El Paso had been listening and watching, and it was unhappy. It moved swiftly. First it sharply dropped its prices to get Edison to back out of its contract. Then it went to



Cartoon by Dennis Renault, Sacramento Bee 1971

"Don't Be Frightened, Lady. It's Only The Gas Man, Here To Fix The Price."

work with the great patent medicine of the corporate world: gold.

Being much richer and more powerful than Pacific Northwest, El Paso struck back with the customary strategy of business imperialism—it paid a \$150 million bonus to P.N. shareholders (that is, \$150 million above the normal market value of their stock) in a stock swap that gave El Paso 98 per cent ownership of Pacific Northwest. As Bennett says, the stock swap "was so far in excess of book value and so far in excess of market value that only a fool who owned a share of Pacific Northwest would not accept the offer."

El Paso claimed, and still claims, that it bought Pacific Northwest as an act of mercy. Howard Boyd, chairman of El Paso's board, said recently, "The company (Pacific Northwest) was headed to immediate bankruptcy. When we took it over by stock acquisition in January of 1957 the company had a \$23 million tax loss. Then from 1957 up until the date of the merger those losses increased to \$53 million."

What he fails to point out is that these so-called tax losses were as good as money in the bank to El Paso, which absorbed them for its own tax-loss bookkeeping. But aside from that, there is good reason to believe that he is distorting the financial condition of the acquired company. As one

oil executive put it, "If a company is failing, you don't rush in and pay them a \$150 million bonus. You let them fail. That way, you get the company anyway and you avoid the antitrust laws." Even more emphatic on this point was Justice Douglas, in the Supreme Court's 1964 ruling:

Pacific Northwest was no feeble, failing company. . . It had adequate reserves and managerial skill. It was so strong and militant that it was viewed with concern, and coveted, by El Paso.

At that point, the U.S. Supreme Court came to the consumers' rescue. It ruled that the FPC had no authority over mergers and had no business butting into the affair. The Supreme Court ruled that El Paso must divest itself of Pacific Northwest.

During the fourteen years since then El Paso has been fighting to keep Pacific Northwest, and in that time it has spent an estimated \$12.6 million on outside law firms and \$1.74 million through the New York public relations firm, Hill and Knowlton.

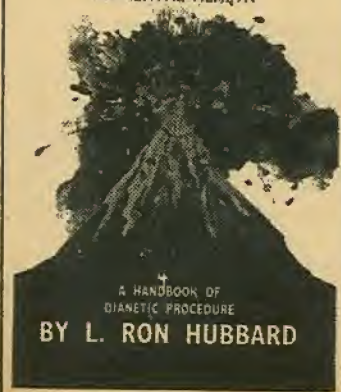
It has been a truly fantastic display of corporate power. In one of its typical razzle-dazzle negotiations to pacify the opposition, El Paso got the state of Utah to withdraw its objections to one of the phony "divestiture plans" by promising to put plenty of deposits in Utah banks, promising to hire Utah people, and promising to let Utah officials have a say in the running of the dummy company chosen by El Paso to receive its old Pacific Northwest holdings.

When he learned the details of this effort to frustrate the Supreme Court, John Flynn, an attorney at the University of Utah Law School, went to the Supreme Court himself and blew the whistle on what was happening at the district court level out West. Flynn, like Bennett, is one of the real heroes of this history. If those two lawyers hadn't kept bitching and making a nuisance of themselves, El Paso would have probably won a long time ago.

Continued on page 13

DIANETICS

THE MODERN SCIENCE OF MENTAL HEALTH



DIANETICS: THE MODERN SCIENCE OF MENTAL HEALTH. Send \$5 and your address to:

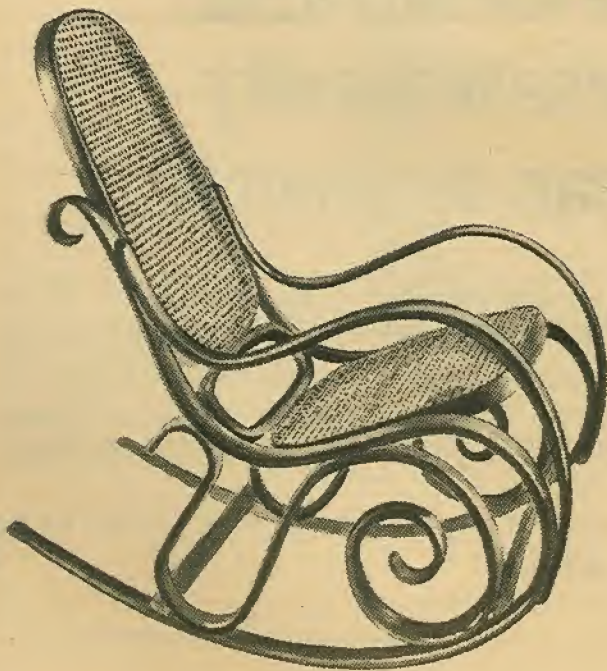
The Church of Scientology of California
Dept. B, 414 Mason St., Rm. 400
San Francisco, Ca. 94102
Scientology is an applied religious philosophy

WE CAN GIVE YOU

1. A higher IQ to handle your problems.
2. Higher awareness to get a better job.
3. More energy to make more money.
4. Better health to breast life.
5. Better morale to handle upsets.
6. Less despair.
7. More life.
8. More years to live.

The way and answers begin in this book. Read it:

SUPER ROCKER



house of Danish furniture
1835 Van Ness Avenue
San Francisco, 94109 • 775-3517

COPENHAGEN

Open 6 days 10-6 • Mon.-Thurs. 'til 9 • Sun. 12-5

Sivananda Yoga Center

Hatha Yoga
Meditation
&
Philosophy

Day & evening classes
1738 1/2 9th Ave.
564-2497
— OM SHANTI —

ORIGINAL CREATIONS

free form gold

RINGS & WEDDING BANDS

- RINGS MADE TO ORDER, OR
- SELECT FROM HUNDREDS OF MODELS IN STOCK
- COLORED GEM STONES

We at AATLO CASTING are unique in that we manufacture our entire stock. Designed & handmade by master craftsmen insures uniqueness & elegance — fitted to individual taste.

PHONE

564-8634

CUSTOM CASTING

1415 IRVING — SAN FRANCISCO

BERKELEY MONTESSORI



2 1/2 TO 9 YEAR OLD
UNGRADED

2030 FRANCISCO ST.
BERKELEY

ART CLASSES

Oil painting lessons

by Warren Brandon, F.R.S.A.

at studio

2441 Balboa St., S.F.

Beginners & Advanced

afternoon or evening

6 lessons, \$35.00

Beginning S.F. Jan. 5, 1972

Beginning Marin Jan. 6, 1972

For information phone

752-7977

NEW PEGGY'S

ANCIENT SUEDE

LEATHER

FUR COATS & JACKETS

1408 Market near 10th

SAN FRANCISCO

Open daily 11-7 p.m.

A study in corporate arrogance & power

Continued from page 12

Sen. Warren Magnuson of Washington and a dozen other Western Senators have introduced legislation that would exempt El Paso from the anti-monopoly statutes. El Paso sees a showdown coming and is pouring everything into the Congressional effort. It is marshaling its captive Western users: chambers of commerce, newspapers, local, county and state officials, school men—the volume of testimonials on behalf of this corporate lawbreaker is awesome.

It has, one way or another, brought around some of its old foes. Pat Brown, who fought the merger as California attorney general and governor, now (as a private attorney) shows up in Washington to testify on behalf of El Paso.

"Questionable lobbying" is a phrase that many would accept. Beverly C. Moore, Jr., of the Corporate Accountability Group, told Magnuson's Commerce Committee recently that he knew of a bank "where it is said that an official was approached by a representative of El Paso who offered to deposit \$100,000 in that bank, interest free, a windfall to the bank of course, if that official would come out in favor of this bill."

Magnuson and other members of the Commerce Committee have begun to look into the charges of shady doings, but they seem to be poking about with great reluctance.

When Bennett suggested that maybe one reason Governor Reagan has been lobbying Congress for the El Paso exemption bill was that he had been generously treated by the pipeline company, Sen. John Tunney, teeth bared and flashing, said: "I just cannot imagine the Governor of California taking a contribution with a promise to support this legislation." The very suggestion, he said, was "one of the worst forms of

demagoguery."

But Bennett is not easily intimidated. He appeared before the Commerce Committee and insisted that El Paso's past performance was so unethical that it bore watching. He cited examples:

When I was a member of the California Public Utilities Commission representing California in this case, I was about to appeal what is known as the third El Paso case. I was called by Mr. Gregory Harrison, personal friend of Brown, attorney for Brobeck, Phleger and Harrison, the attorney for El Paso Natural Gas Company, who asked me if I am about to appeal the case and I said, "I am thinking about it. Why?" He said, "Because if you do, we will have you removed from the case." . . . I filed the appeal promptly. It went in the United States mail. Thirty minutes later I received a telegram from Governor Brown removing me from the case.

None of it penetrated. Magnuson said he wasn't interested "in what happened in the past." Bennett, sometimes stunned by the coldness of his reception, suggested, "You should have a curiosity I would think as to why a governor changes a position, when a public official, bound to uphold the laws to a contrary position, favors a monopoly such as El Paso."

Sen. Daniel Inouye (D., Hawaii) attempted a put-down: "We have the curiosity, sir. That is why we asked you to testify."

Bennett: "I have given you three examples. If that does not perk up your curiosity, I do not know what else will."

Inouye: "We are still listening, sir."

But they are not listening. Barring a major scandal, the Commerce Committee will probably vote to exempt El Paso from monopoly laws. It is embarrassing. Senators who are solid and pro-public on most things are raving corporation lovers all of a sudden. And liberal Democrats who should be leading the way are

instead being shamed by the Republican Administration. Richard McLaren, assistant attorney general for anti-trust, must have enjoyed lecturing them about why the Magnuson bill is aimed solely at benefiting El Paso, not the consumers, who in fact have had to pay \$151,262,810 in rate increases from El Paso since 1968—because of a noncompetitive situation.

To be sure, the Justice Department's piety in this case is hollow. It has fought El Paso, but very feebly. At a typical court hearing, says Flynn, the government has assigned one attorney while El Paso has assigned so many attorneys that they are "the equivalent of a medium-sized convention."

The Justice Department's true sympathies in the case are best revealed by the fact that McLaren is now helping the pro-industry Federal Power Commission write legislation which would guarantee that never again could a pipeline company be subjected to the public challenge that El Paso is enduring.

The proposed legislation would give the FPC original jurisdiction over mergers, and if its decision was not challenged within ninety days by the Justice Department, then the merger would thereafter be exempt for all time from challenges either by the government or by the public. If such a law had been in effect when El Paso bought Pacific Northwest, the merger would have gone through on the spot.

In the present climate of Congress, such a dangerous proposal is not incongruous. Legislation to facilitate the concentration of corporate power, legislation to exempt big business from paying the penalty for wrongdoing—it's becoming routine.

(Excerpted from the Dec. 6, 1971 Nation.)

How newspaper monopoly supports gas monopoly

By Peter L. Petrakis

The Chronicle's blacking out of a critical Jack Anderson column on El Paso—indeed, the Ex/Chron's entire kid glove coverage—exemplifies how a newspaper monopoly and a gas monopoly work together against the public interest.

Sen. Warren Magnuson, author of legislation that would exempt El Paso from the anti-trust laws, made this embarrassing point in arguing for El Paso. "The newspapers violated the antitrust law," he said, "and we exempted them. This is common practice up here (on Capitol Hill). . . we do this all the time."

Magnuson referred to the Newspaper Preservation Act, which monopoly publishers lobbied through Congress in 1970 to retroactively legalize the Examiner/Chronicle newspaper monopoly and permit it and 21 other news monopolies to continue to fix prices, divide profits and allocate markets in evasion of antitrust law. Just like El Paso.

The El Paso bribery story finally appeared in the Chronicle as part of a short Associated Press wire-story on Nov. 10, nearly three weeks after the dramatic allegations and ten days after the Chron killed Anderson's column.

The Examiner ignored the bribery incident entirely, limiting its coverage to a clumsy front-page hatchet job on Bennett by Larry Hatfield on Nov. 7.

On Nov. 14, the Sunday Ex/Chron ran a story on El Paso's fierce lobbying campaign but hedged it with the headline, "Fight to Keep El Paso Alive." Even El Paso officials must have smiled over that one: Standard and Poors reports that, if El Paso loses in Congress and divests itself of its Pacific Northwest holdings, its gas reserves would be 17 times greater than it needs to meet demands. They are now 18 times greater.

• • •

WASHINGTON—Whispers of a \$100,000 bribe offer led to the Senate Commerce Committee's sudden, mysterious investigation of allegations of impropriety by El Paso Natural Gas Co.

We have been working for weeks on the story. The details are still in dispute. However, here's why Chairman Warren Magnuson, D-Wash., began issuing subpoenas:

Two attorneys have sworn they were told by Utah's Democratic Chairman John KLAS that he was offered a \$100,000 interest-free deposit for his bank if he would agree not to testify against an El Paso bill. He turned down the offer and appeared against the bill.

The controversial legislation would nullify the Supreme Court's orders to El Paso to sell the old Pacific Northwest Pipeline Co. Magnuson has held up action on the bill, which he supports, until the alleged impropriety is cleared up.

El Paso, meanwhile, has called the bribe talk "an absolute, unmitigated lie."

We have established that KLAS on Oct. 21 arrived in Washington and joined attorney Beverly Moore Jr. for a drink at the Statler Hilton Hotel. Moore works for consumer crusader Ralph Nader, who is fighting the El Paso bill.

The two men talked over scotch while a chanteuse sang softly in the background. Moore said he had heard that an attorney, acting on behalf of El Paso, had sounded out KLAS about the \$100,000 deposit at a meeting in Salt Lake City. It was reputedly held at the exclusive Alta Club.

KLAS is a vice president of Salt Lake City's Continental Bank and Trust. As Moore heard the story, the El Paso lawyer had offered to deposit \$100,000, interest-free, in the bank if KLAS would call off his appearance before the Senate. The huge deposit would be worth up to \$10,000 a year in loan income for Continental. The offer was made, Moore understood, in front of another Continental Bank executive.

As Moore recited what he had heard, KLAS nodded affirmation. Moore took this as acknowledgement that the bribe story was true. Nevertheless, KLAS said he had no intention of testifying about any bribe offer.

"Why not?" demanded Moore. He asked whether KLAS feared economic reprisals.

"Not really," replied KLAS.

"What is it then?" asked Moore.

"Of course, they (El Paso) would deny it," said KLAS, "and I am worried about my credibility on cross examination."

"Are you sure in your own mind this offer was seriously made?" Moore pressed.

KLAS' spontaneous reply, as Moore recalls it, was: "Oh, absolutely. There is no doubt in my mind at all. In fact, there was another bank official with me at the time, and we both came away with exactly the same impression."

Next morning, KLAS showed up at the Senate Commerce Committee to testify against the El Paso bill. He had an unexpected encounter with Bill Bennett, a feisty California official who has fought El Paso for years.

"I've heard the story about the \$100,000 offer to your bank," said Bennett. "Are you going to tell them about it?"

"No," replied KLAS. "It was made in such a way that it could have been interpreted as a jest."

"You've got an obligation to testify," urged Bennett.

"No," said KLAS.

"If I get up and tell about it, will you back me up?" pressed Bennett.

KLAS again said "No."

"Why not?" pleaded Bennett.

"It would hurt the bank," said KLAS.

Footnote: It was a bribe offer that defeated another natural gas bill back in 1956. The late Sen. Francis Case, R-SD, reported to the Senate that he had been offered a brown paper sack stuffed with \$2,500 in hundred-dollar bills. He identified the bagman as John Neff who had been authorized to make "certain expenditures" by his boss, Superior Oil lobbyist Elmer Patman.

Jack Anderson's column of Nov. 1, 1971 in the Sacramento Bee—blacked out of Anderson's Chronicle column.

The Confederacy



For The
Male Fashion Rebel
2848 Webster Street
off Union

415/921-5254

ALL MAJOR CREDIT
CARDS ACCEPTED

PERSONAL CHARGE
ACCOUNTS INVITED

Mon-Thurs 11:00-7:00
Friday 11:00-11:00
Saturday 11:00-6:00



Plants
3957-24th St.
San Francisco
285-1552



WE OFFER...

MEAD
BARBERA
SAUVIGNON BLANC
CARAFES
WINE-MAKING GEAR
BUNG STARTERS
GLASSES
KEGS

Everything to make most men
happy for life!

Bynum Winery

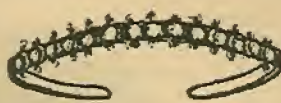
614 San Pablo Ave.

Albany

526-1366

SILVER AND TURQUOISE BRACELET handwrought by the Zuni

Craftsmen of N. Mexico. . . 9.50
Sterling silver delicately set with
about fourteen pieces of genuine
turquoise . . . From our fine
collection of American Indian
jewelry and pottery.



THIRTY RECIPES SUITABLE
FOR FRAMING

A handsome 12"x16" portfolio of thirty recipes of
various sizes suitable for framing. Each is recorded in
the fine calligraphic hand of David L. Guines and
beautifully illustrated in two to eight colors. Included
are recipes for such gastronomical delights as Paella
Valencia, Chicken Breasts Florentine and Popovers
Stuffing. A perfect gift for adventuresome cooks and
art lovers alike. 6.00



The Gamut

1028 Geary, San Francisco, Calif. 94109
776-3420

John Velasquez

HAIRSTYLING
for
LONG OR FULL
HAIR

2351 Powell St.
391-5512

By Dick Meister

The campaign to oust Richard Nixon from the White House next November has been formally and decisively launched, but in a burst of theatrics which has obscured that most important fact—even now, weeks after the event.

It happened back in mid-November, in Miami Beach, at what the AFL-CIO called its Ninth Constitutional Convention. It wasn't really a convention, however. It was a political rally; and it in effect kicked off the 1972 presidential campaign.

Most of the important players took part. President Nixon was there, drawing a frigid reception which has so preoccupied most reporters they seem to have forgotten the significant things that happened.

The President's likely Democratic opponents also were involved. Senator McGovern spoke, and Senators Humphrey, Muskie and Jackson sent messages firmly upholding those things supported by organized labor but not necessarily supported by Nixon.

Then there was the AFL-CIO's crusty president, George Meany, and the other labor leaders whose campaign efforts may well decide the outcome of the '72 election, as they very nearly decided the '68 election in favor of Humphrey.

THE UNION MEN didn't decide which Democrat to back against President Nixon. But they did choose the big issue—the abject failure, as they see it, of Nixon's economic policies.

"Intolerable high unemployment prevails," noted Meany in a report to the convention. "The cost of living has not declined. Poverty has increased. The states and major cities are on the brink of bankruptcy."

Yet, Meany asserted, the President pursues policies designed principally to make the rich richer. They keep down wages, but not prices; they create higher profits but not jobs, and they cut back Federal spending at a time when it is needed desperately to

Labor starts a formal campaign to oust President Nixon from the White House

stimulate the economy.

Convention delegates agreed with Meany's criticism, in a resolution proclaiming that they "have absolutely no faith in the ability of President Nixon to successfully manage the economy of this nation for the benefit of the majority of its citizens."

But, true or false, will this be enough to defeat Mr. Nixon in November?

Yes, says Al Barkan, the AFL-CIO's very able and, above all, very pragmatic political director.

Barkan concedes that any incumbent president is tough to beat and that, for good reasons or bad, Nixon has retained a good deal of public support. But Barkan insists that the President is vulnerable because of the economic issue.

NIXON CAN BE defeated if the AFL-CIO can properly exploit "widespread public concern over rising prices and inflation"—a task that began in earnest at the convention.

Meany spelled it out in his keynote address, in an extraordinarily harsh attack on President Nixon that centered on Phase II of the President's New Economic Policy.

Mr. Nixon's philosophy, said Meany, is that "if you make the fat cats a little fatter, somewhere along the line the poor simpletons are going to profit by it. His slogan is, 'profits, profits, profits.'"

Meany was especially angered over the rulings which had denied retroactive payment of wage increases that had been guaranteed workers in union contracts but which had been denied during the wage-price freeze that preceded Phase II.

Meany complained this violated the basic principle of "the sanctity of contracts" and vowed

that organized labor would not cooperate fully in carrying out the President's economic program until the retroactive payments were permitted.

Nixon had his turn the next day, in the appearance which has dominated most of the reportage that has come out of the convention.

Nixon did not discuss the very specific complaints that were raised about his program. Instead, he made a general plea for labor to support the program.

He did not use the precise words, but it amounted to a presidential pitch for "my program, right or wrong." And it carried a clear implication that it would be selfish and unpatriotic for labor not to support the program, whatever its content.

NIXON APPEALED emotionally to the delegates' patriotism, repeatedly citing their support for his military policies in Vietnam and elsewhere. (Which is "most ironic," as The Nation magazine notes, since "heavy military spending and the war in Vietnam are prime causes" of the inflation which both the President and the AFL-CIO claim to be attacking.)

Nixon also appealed to the delegates' vanity with repeated references to frequent visits with their leaders in "the Cabinet Room." He appealed to their supposed blue collar prejudices with veiled attacks on welfare recipients and eggheads, and he talked about "the dignity of work" and his own humble background.

Nixon did just about everything, in fact, except discuss the specific content of his economic program and the specific labor criticisms of the program. And so he did not really try to overcome labor's opposition.

Nixon knew he couldn't get

the labor leaders to change their position in any case and, actually, he was not even talking to them.

The President was talking to the general public, including rank and file union members. He was banking on the opposition of the delegates to help him get broader general public support for his program, perhaps split the union leaders off from their rank and file and score some important points against the leaders who are his most serious political opponents.

HERE I AM, the President would say, trying to save us all from the perils of inflation, and here are all these selfish labor leaders trying to stop me. (He actually said something quite close to this: "Whatever some of you may think, a great majority of the American people and a majority of union members want to stop the rise in the cost of living, and that is what we are going to do....we want the participation of labor....but whether we get that participation or not, it is my obligation as President of the United States to make this program of stopping the rise in the cost of living succeed, and to the extent that my powers allow it, I shall do exactly that.")

The AFL-CIO leaders were well aware of the President's strategy, and well aware that the public has indeed been ignoring the particulars in favor of generalized promises that somehow the President's program will curb inflation.

The leaders could not deny the President an opportunity to speak, but they would give him as little help as possible beyond that. They would not cheer him, surely, but neither would they boo and help him win public sympathy.

It was to be a coldly polite reception. And it was just that, despite Nixon's attempts to, in Meany's words, "contrive a situation under which he could claim he was unfairly treated."

UNFAIR TREATMENT has been claimed nevertheless, although the fact is that Nixon got nothing worse than a bit of derisive laughter. That came when he declared that his economic program had had a "remarkable success" in cutting prices.

It was great theater. But theatrics aside, the convention delegates decided, in their most important act, that the AFL-CIO would remain within the President's wage control apparatus, despite labor's opposition to how the control is applied.

The delegates decided, in short, that AFL-CIO representa-

tives would continue to serve on the board that regulates pay, and fight from within to change the control system to labor's liking.

Labor's representatives are outnumbered on the pay board, true enough, and feel they are facing a stacked deck. But they have won some important concessions anyway, would be in a greatly diminished bargaining position in seeking other concessions if they left, and would allow the President to make them a scapegoat for failure of his program.

Given the political facts of life, delegates did just about the best thing they could do.

They said the AFL-CIO would remain within the wage control apparatus not because they believe President Nixon is running the economic system properly but precisely because they believe he is not running it properly.

THE AFL-CIO will stay in the system, they were saying, in order to try to get it running right for the benefit of all, despite the great obstacles put in the way by the President.

If the AFL-CIO nevertheless prevails and reforms the system in the way it claims it must be reformed, then the AFL-CIO could be in a good spot to argue for the election of one of labor's Democratic allies to the presidency in place of Mr. Nixon.

Even if the AFL-CIO fails, it could say the same thing—arguing that the country needs a different president if the necessary economic reforms are to be carried out.

All bets would be just about off, of course, if the President's program should actually curb inflation without much evident help from labor.

There are no signs yet of that, certainly. But there have been other developments that seem to have at least temporarily slowed the AFL-CIO campaign against President Nixon.

The most important of these developments was the President's post-convention agreement, under pressure from Congress, that he now will support retroactive payment of wage increases denied during the wage-price freeze.

The President thus has met labor's last major objection to his economic program, and robbed labor leaders of the chance to tell millions of voters that the President's policies had taken money right out of their pockets.

Labor's campaign against President Nixon goes on at great force, nonetheless. For labor's top leaders agreed, as a direct result of the Nixon-Meany confrontation in Miami, that they will supply Meany just about all the money and manpower he wants for the election campaign.

Meany is planning a campaign bigger than any in AFL-CIO history—big enough, perhaps, to unseat Richard Nixon.

ALPHA CONTROL

INTRODUCING THE NEW P.S.I. MODEL 180 FOR UNDER \$100

Now, in response to the demand for a high quality, inexpensive alpha feedback device, P.S.I. introduces its Model 180. Our experience as the pioneering manufacturer of bio-feedback equipment has led us to develop this pocket size, alpha-only unit which meets the requirements of the individual who does not need the more versatile, research oriented Model 360. Like the Model 360, the new Model 180 will amplify and feed back the alpha component of your brainwaves. It is the most basic piece of equipment necessary for brainwave control training.

INTENTION

- P- Phenomenology: the study of experience
- S- System: the ordering of that experience
- I- Incorporation: the gathering together of individuals into a body of action.

P.S.I. is committed to developing systems for exploring the meaning of human experience. Our first area of study has been in the field of brainwave control. Our interests are leading us into the study of blood pressure, heart rate, muscle relaxation, and acid secretion control systems. We will create bio-feedback systems that will enable us to control, analyze, and record the results of our experience. As our customers respond by engaging in dialogue with us, we will find new areas in which to commit our energies. Now P.S.I. introduces its new Model 180.

The benefits of learning to produce the alpha state at will have been conclusively demonstrated. As you become more sophisticated in brainwave control, you will become more discriminating. You may find it useful, for example, to turn alpha off at will to produce the focused state of concentration required for problem solving. The highly portable, simple to operate Model 180 is the alpha monitor which gives you the opportunity to maintain precise awareness of your brain activity and to select the mental state you want at any time. With the Model 180 anyone can have direct access to the inner workings of their own consciousness.

Order Form

Phenomenological Systems Incorporated
72 Otis Street San Francisco, California 94103

Please send the following:

Quantity

Checks may be made payable to P.S.I.
Ten day unconditional guarantee. One year performance guarantee. Supplies and instructional material are included with the purchase of any of the P.S.I. units. California residents please add appropriate sales tax.

- MODEL 360-A Brain feedback device at \$190.00
- MODEL 360-T with Theta (4-7 cps) only switch at \$225.00
- MODEL 180 Alpha only feedback unit at \$97.50*
- MODEL 390 FM Telemetry transmitter and receiver at \$225.00
- MODEL 401 Demodulator at \$125.00
- Current research bibliography \$1.00

*Please write for additional information on the 360-T or the 180.

Name -----

Street -----

City -----State -----Zip -----



WILL HELP YOU
LEARN FASTER
SO YOU CAN EARN MORE

DAY & EVENING CLASSES!

ENGLISH, MATHEMATICS, CLERK TYPIST
TYPING, PILING, LINTON, GREGG SHORTHAND
BOOKKEEPING • TUITION BUDGET PLAN

**LINTON
BUSINESS SCHOOL**

9959 San Pablo Ave. El Cerrito
STATE APPROVED COURSES
ELIZABETH DOWLE
526-2014

CERAMICS CLASSES
Low tuition, Day & Night

The Potters Studio
2397 San Pablo
Berkeley at Channing 845-7471

STAINED GLASS
supplies and tools
instruction

MOLICA STAINED GLASS
1940-A BONITA
AT UNIVERSITY AVE.
849-1591 R-9-M

ALADDIN
DRYCLEANERS

1711 Taraval St. 681-6251



The Guardian's guide to Christmas

Cheaper, better, safer, cleaner, easier . . .

By Vicki Sufian

Events

(Free unless specified)

Two Medieval Plays, Sunset Recreation Center, 23rd and Lawton, 4 p.m., Dec. 19

Clown and Puppet Show, presented by S.F. Mime Troup: Haight Ashbury Children's Center, 3:30 p.m., Dec. 19; Eureka Branch Library, 2 p.m., Dec. 22; Mission Branch Library, 3 p.m., Dec. 23; Western Addition Branch Library, 3 p.m., Dec. 29

Folk Dance Chanukah Party, Jewish Community Center, 3200 California, 8 p.m., Dec. 15 (members, \$.75, guests, \$1.25)

Film Programs: "Dylan Thomas, A Child's Christmas in Wales," Presidio Library, 7:30 p.m., Dec. 15; W.C. Fields Festival, Bernal Heights Branch Library, 7:30 p.m., Dec. 22

Poetry, Drama with Christmas theme, presented by Black Writers Workshop, 394 Hayes, 7 p.m., Dec. 19

First International Book Fair, presented by Friends of Books and Comics, entertainment, exhibits, workshops on phases of book publishing and designing, books for sale by 50 independent book publishers, Hall of Flowers, Golden Gate Park, 11 a.m.-11 p.m., Dec. 16 and 17

"Hansel and Gretel," Leselli Marionettes, presented by Children's Theater Association of San Francisco, Presidio Jr. High School, 450-30th Ave., 11 a.m., 1 p.m., 3 p.m., Dec. 11 (admission, 50¢)

Readings from Frank Baum's Oz Books, readers include S.F. Poet Robert Duncan, Actor Scott Beach, refreshments, Humanist Institute, 1430 Masonic, 2-4 p.m., Dec. 27

"Everyman" Medieval morality play, sponsored by Intersec-tion in conjunction with S.F. State drama dept.: Calvary Presbyterian Church, 1940 Virginia, Berkeley, 11 a.m., Dec. 12; Bethany Methodist Church, 1268 Sanchez, S.F., 7:30 p.m., Dec. 16

"Date with Santa," San Francisco's Children's Opera, Roosevelt School Auditorium, 460 Arguello, 2:30 p.m., Dec. 19, (\$2.00 Adults and children)

Chanukah Preview Family Day, crafts, sports, games, folk dance, refreshments, Jewish Community Center, 3200 California, S.F., 3-5 p.m., Dec. 12

Christmas Nativity Scene, nightly presentation, Lindley Meadow, Golden Gate Park, Kennedy Drive near 30th Ave., 7:30, 8, and 8:30 p.m., Dec. 19-26

Improvisational Theater, Pitschel Players, Intersection, 756 Union, 8:30, 10:30 p.m., New Year's Eve

"The Christmas Star," Morrison Planetarium, California Academy of Sciences, Golden Gate Park, daily at 2 p.m., evenings at 8 p.m., Wednesday through Sunday, extra shows Saturday and Sunday at 3:30 (Adults \$1, Students, 16 and under \$.50)

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" performed by The Children's Theater of Mission

Playhouse, 2 p.m., Dec. 12 and 19, (children \$.75, adults, \$1)

Peter and the Wolf, Julian Theater, 953 De Haro, S.F., 11 a.m., Dec. 11 and 18, (\$1.25, adults, \$.75, children)

"Holiday Market," mistletoe mall, sugarplum shop, entertainment, many specialty booths, an original play for children, sponsored by the Y.W.C.A. to raise money for the World Fellowship Fund: 620 Sutter, 1-6 p.m., Dec. 12

Holiday Festival, Christmas and Chanukah story telling for children, S.F. Main Library, 4 p.m., Dec. 21. Call local library branches for other children's events.

A Reading of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," S.F. State College Readers Repertory Company, Creative Arts Bldg., S.F. State College, 8 p.m., Dec. 13, 14, 15.



Christmas program, recital and party, Community Music Center, 544 Cap, S.F., 7 p.m., Dec. 17

"Native Son," The Boarding House Theatre, 960 Bush St., Opens Dec. 9 (admission: \$4.50 general, \$3.50 students)

Dance Theatre Experience, Stravinsky program, presented by Lone Mountain College, 2800 Turk, 752-7000, Ext. 229, 8:30 p.m., Dec. 15-18. (\$3 general, \$2 students)

Christmas Dance Course: Ann Halprin Christmas Course, Dec. 10-31, call 626-0414, \$125.

Japanese New Year's Celebration: wrestling, battledore and shadowcock tournament (type of Japanese badminton), kite making, stilt walking, mochi pounding (mochi is a pastry eaten during Japanese holidays), drum pounding ceremony, S.F. Buddhist Church, Pine and Octavia, 8 a.m.-6 p.m., Jan. 8.

T.V. Show: Scan, KQED-TV live audience talk-entertainment show, Mondays at 10 p.m., Thursdays, taped at 3 p.m. for evening telecast. Guests on past shows have included California state senators and congressmen, Julia Child, Huey Newton, and Black Light Theater Company of Prague. Order free tickets from Scan Tickets, KQED, 1011 Bryant.

An Evening With William Kunstler, discussion of "prisoner rights/prisoner wrongs; Mimi Farina and Bill Foulke will provide entertainment, Pauley Ballroom, student union, U.C., 8:30 p.m., Dec. 17 (admission: \$3 general, \$2 students)

Gifts

The Liberated Woman's Appointment Calendar and Survival Handbook, Universe Books, \$2.95, includes income tax tips, stickers to paste on sexist ads and actual complaint forms to file with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission; Brentano's, 265 Sutter, S.F.

Wine Making Kit, makes one gallon of red or white wine, includes all ingredients and instructions, \$10, Wine and the People, 1140 University Ave., Berkeley.

Sunday New York Times, delivered on Sunday, \$1.75 per wk., call 332-4790.

Movie tickets, Surf Theater, Irving & 46th Ave., four tickets \$6., good for six months, any time except Friday and Saturday nights.

Sourdough Jack's Cookbook and Starter, \$4.00, Sourdough Jack's Country Store, 2901 Clement, S.F.

Boffers (2 foam swords, 2 hand protectors, 2 goggles), \$11, Jack Nottingham, 190 Emmet Court, S.F., and Whole Earth Catalogue Store, 558 Santa Cruz, Menlo Park.

Earth posters, Celestial Arts, 1345 Howard St., S.F. \$3.

How to Keep Your Volkswagen Alive, a Manual of Step by Step Procedures for the Complete Idiot, by John Muir, \$5.50, City Lights Book Store, 261 Columbus Ave.

The San Quentin News, \$1 per year, order from San Quentin News, San Quentin, Cal., 94960.

Mocha coffee, freshly ground, \$1.40 per pound, Malvina, 1499 Grant Ave., S.F.

Carving, Oil painting, collage classes, \$5 for 2-1/2 hour lessons, Sagittarius Rising, 3681a Sacramento, 387-3446.

Coffee, tea, spices, jams and preserves, Caravansary, 2908 College Ave., Berkeley.

Coffee plant, \$1.75, Plants, 3957-24th St., S.F.

Small bottles of amulets, \$2.50, Nigerian hand woven plaques, \$12., West of the Moon, 3464 Sacramento St., S.F.

Hand carved Indian sandalwood pill box, \$4., baskets made from palm leaves, \$2-\$12., Rani, 3462 Sacramento St., S.F.

Mobiles inspired by Aboriginal Rock paintings, \$60, Dandelion, 3381 Sacramento St.

Classes in hand bookbinding, \$25. per month, \$75. per quarter, 3 hr. sessions, once a week. Capricornus, 3167 College Ave., Berkeley, 658-7930.

Jack Shelton's Private Guide to Restaurants, a critical guide to Bay Area restaurants. Gift package consists of gold-embossed binder containing three issues and a gift card, telling the recipient that he will receive the guide for the next 12 months, Christmas price: \$16.50, Jack Shelton, Inc., 582 Market St., S.F. 94104, or call 421-7262.

Extension class, catalogs available from U.C. Extension, 2223 Fulton St., Berkeley or 55 Laguna St., S.F.; S.F. State Ex-

tension, 1600 Holloway Ave., S.F.

Selected Works of Mao Tse Tung, 4 volumes, \$10; a record, Poetry of Ho Chi Minh, The Prison Diary, \$5.95, China Books and Periodicals, Inc., 2929 24th St., S.F.

Gifts of good newspapers for national news coverage: Christian Science Monitor, \$10 for four months, \$30 per year, call 989-4746, Wall St. Journal, \$9.75 for three months, \$18.50 for six months, \$35. annually, call 433-3200.

Gifts of good newspapers for state news coverage: L.A. Times, Sundays, \$3 per month, daily and Sundays, \$6.50 per month by mail. To order mail first month's check to L.A. Times, 100 California St., or call 421-6643; Sacramento Bee, \$4 per month daily and Sunday by mail, which is 25¢ cheaper than the Examiner or Chronicle. PO Box 15779, Sacramento, Calif. 95813, 442-5011. (Guardian staffers who subscribe get next day delivery.)

Trees



The Berkeley Ecology Center, 2179 Allston Way, is getting its last shipment of live Christmas trees Dec. 10. All about three feet tall, ranging in price from \$8.50-\$18.00, California Blue Spruce, California Christmas Tree, Colorado Blue Spruce, Colorado Green Spruce and Scotch Pine.

Street musicians

Forget about changing records at your next party and hire some street musicians. The groups are professional as musicians and as businessmen, most have their own business cards, preset or negotiable hourly rates, and are eager for "bookings." Good spots around the city where you can personally "audition" a band are Union Square, around the fountain at Ghirardelli Square, the Cannery, Fisherman's Wharf and Union Street.



The All-Oakland Ceili Band plays traditional dance music and songs with concertina, accordion, tin whistle and other unusual instruments. Specializing in Irish music, (Ceili is Gaelic for music) the five-member group has already been booked for St. Patrick's Day by Mooney's Irish Pub. Rates are negotiable, call 548-1817.

The Berkeley Street Ensemble, currently entertaining Christmas shopping crowds at the Stockton Street entrance to Maiden Lane, will provide two or more players in "delicious combinations" (reads their card) of flutes, harp-icord, cellos and a soprano singer. They charge \$25 per musician. Call Peter, 843-0450; Danny, 548-5386; Peter, 848-0101.

Four talented musicians offer a repertoire of chamber music for \$30 per hour, group rate which entitles you to a violin, cello,

oboe and viola. When they play downtown their post is in front of Elizabeth Arden Salon, 230 Post St., S.F. Call Mary Roseberry, 841-5889; Brenda Waters, 834-2415.

Arcangelo, was playing a lively arrangement of the William Tell Overture in front of Saks Fifth Avenue, Grant and Maiden Lane, when I spotted them. The three—oboeist, cellist and flautist—appear regularly at the Wine Cafe, Ghirardelli Square, 6-8p.m., Saturday evenings. For a group rate of \$45 per hour they will play chamber music and orchestral transcriptions. Call 921-2478 or 752-6219.

Pamela Stutzke will add a background of harp music to your next gathering. Rates negotiable, 564-8454.

Berkeley Trio, flute, clarinet, cello players of chamber music, call Jim Dukey 548-1565, rates, negotiable.

Grace Nielsen, sings Appalachian songs and accompanies herself on dulcimer, call 474-2926, rates, negotiable.

Carol Ginsberg, a flautist, 584-9536, rates, negotiable.

Renaissance Trio, lute, rebec (violin ancestor), and vocalist, call Grace Nielsen, 474-2926, rates, negotiable.

Flute duets, call Peter Fisher, 843-0450, rates, negotiable.

Arlene Adams, contralto, call 457-2342, rates, negotiable.

Lyn Elder, Hurdigudi, 332-1886, rates, negotiable.

The Harmony Tycoon with banjos, mandolin and fiddle will bring a little bluegrass music into your home, call 826-2761, rates, negotiable.

Gifts for children

Andrew Lang Fairy Books, (The Violet Fairy Book, Lilac Fairy Book etc.), \$1.50-2.95, The Chankley Bore, 463 Castro.

Magazine subscriptions: Ranger Rick's Nature Magazine, published by the National Wildlife Federation, 1412 Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Monthly except June and September. \$6 membership (in child's name) includes subscription. Recommended ages: 6-12. Recent issues have run articles on why birds sing, how to tell whether your local zoo is any good, what to build in the snow.

The Elizabethan, the Teenage Magazine, P.O. Box 7, Ashford, Middlesex, England. Monthly, \$6 International Money Order. A recent issue had pieces on spiders, meteorites, the poetry of Gerard

Manley Hopkins, and Elvis Presley.

Children's Digest. Published by Parents' Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, 10017. Ten issues a year, \$5.95. Recommended ages: 9-12. Includes reprints—a selection from Kenneth Grahame's The Wind in the Willows; a selection from E.B. White's The Trumpet of the Swan.

Kites including handmade kits in form of bird from Taiwan, \$1-\$25, Chinese Kites—How to Make and Fly Them, by David Jue, \$2.95, materials for kite making, Kite Tails, 2253 Union.

Recorders with playing instructions, \$2.25-\$2.95, Playthings, 393 Sutter.

Dogs, \$8.44 (an additional \$5

The Guardian's guide to Christmas

. . . esthetically pleasing, eco

Non-profit gifts

Combine gift buying with conserving coastal land or supporting a non-commercial radio station. Listed below, non-profit stores and gifts.

The Friends of the Earth offers a selection of books and posters from its Earth's Wild Places Series. Proceeds allocated to conservation lobbying in Washington and other capitals. Books include *ERYI: The Mountains of Longing*, *MAUI: The Last Hawaiian Place*, *RETURN TO THE ALPS* (\$27.50-\$55). Kukui trees, Big Sur Forest and Big Sur Surf are among 12 full color posters at \$2.50 each. Order from Friends of Earth, c/o Western Book Service, 1382 Natoma St., S.F., 391-4270.

"Your Bay Area," a Sierra Club publication (75¢) lists and describes local parks and recreation spots with information on use times and entry fees, route directions and maps. Especially useful for people without cars since it lists bus directions (usually difficult to obtain) to beaches and state parks. Proceeds go to the Sierra Club's Inner City Outings Program Fund, designed to introduce inner city children to park and wilderness areas in the Bay Area. Write, call or visit the Sierra Club Chapter Office, Room 1082, Mills Tower. S.F., 94104, 981-8634, ext. 53.

Etchings, crafts, sculpture for sale, live entertainment at two weekend benefits for Radio Station KPFA, Dec. 11 and 12, Friends and Relations Hall; Dec. 18 and 19, Finnish Hall, Berkeley. Admission free.

The art gallery atmosphere and wide variety of handcrafted items for all ages and interests at the Just for Christmas Store, 140 Maiden Lane, create a fine one-stop shopping place. Benefitting the San Francisco Montessori School, the store offers an unusual selection of rag dolls for \$9, stuffed animals, hand puppets, masks. "Zoodads," a good stocking stuffer, consists of four punch-out bodies and four "lumps" which, when cooked in the oven, become heads for fingerpuppets, \$1. A variety of tree ornaments range from bakers dough snowflakes, 25¢-75¢, to blown eggs covered with Yugoslavian beads. A large selection of Christmas cards includes a "Grow Your Own Tree" card with 7 seeds and illustrated instructions for planting a Monterey Pine Tree 75¢. Imported children's books in 14 different languages feature native country stories, Charles Schultz translated into Spanish, Beatrix Potter in several languages. Most priced \$3.50 to \$4.50. Also: Macrame belts, knitted hats and scarves, batiked wall hangings, paintings, terraria. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., to 9 p.m. on Mondays and Thursdays.



For original paintings, drawings and sculpture priced under \$100 try "Holiday Festival", San Francisco, Museum of Art, Van Ness and McAllister, Tuesday-Friday, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sunday, 1 to 5 p.m.

The Salvage Shop, operated by the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum and Patrons of Art and Music, offers used furniture, glassware, clothing, jewelry, clocks, books, old magazines. All items second-hand but in good condition. Especially useful for gifts for collectors of old 78 records (ranging from Dinah Shore accompanied by Xavier Cougaut to Metropolitan House Opera); old magazines (National Geographic, Time, Ramparts, old opera programs); rare books (while I was there someone purchased a rare Dickens book). 1967 Jackson St., 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Monday through Saturday.

Gift cards from the Institute of Man in Nature help save coast land in the Pigmy Forest Staircase (5 miles north of Mendocino). Each card lists a plant or animal habitat being saved in the recipient's name. Fifty cents saves living space for a cat tail; \$2, a coyote bush; \$7, rattlesnake orchid; and other amounts up to \$5,000 for an entire plant community with animal habitats. The Institute also sells posters of the Pigmy Staircase for \$3. Go to or call: San Francisco Ecology Center, 13 Columbus Ave., Dec. 16; Berkeley Ecology Center, 2179 Allston Way, Dec. 17.

Berkeley Ecology Center sells a wide range of conservation books, handmade puppets of vanishing species such as moose and lobster (\$2-\$4), string and cloth shopping bags (\$1 and \$2.25), 2179 Allston Way.

American Friends Service, gift cards, \$2 each, 2160 Lake St., S.F., 752-7766

Hazardous toys

Etch-a-Sketch, a harmless looking box with two knobs which children turn to "draw" pictures, has been one of the most popular toys of recent years.

It's also one of the most dangerous and one of the most complained about toys, according to the National Commission on Product Safety. Twenty-two law suits for severe injuries to children have been brought against its manufacturer, the Ohio Art Company.

The problem with Etch-a-Sketch? Its glass covering breaks fairly easily and cuts the child user. The aluminum dust contents spill out and cause infections in the child's cuts.

The dangers of Etch-a-Sketch are common in the toy world. Each year toys are responsible for injuring tens of thousands of children. In the last year alone, the U.S. Good and Drug Administration identified and banned almost 200 hazardous toys, including a whistle packaged in "Cracker Jacks" and a teether sold at the reputable F.A.O. Schwarz in New York.

The FDA's extensive list of banned toys also includes "Your Dream Bride" doll (which has a pin in her head band) a stuffed dog (with sharp eyes) and a stuffed porpoise (with sharp wires in its flippers). To get a complete, list, write to Joseph W. Darby, product safety consultant, Food and Drug Administration, 50 Fulton St., S.F., 94102.

On the legislative level, you can urge your government representatives to approve the Consumer Protection Bill which would set up a commission empowered to formulate product safety standards, to remove unsafe toys from the market without immediate judicial review and to require pre-market testing.

Meanwhile, to help improve the odds of choosing a safe toy, the FDA offers the following guidelines:

1. Choose a toy appropriate for the child's age and development.
2. Remember that younger brothers and sisters may have access to toys bought for older children.
3. Check fabric labels for "non-flammable," "flame-retardant" or "flame-resistant" notices.
4. Check instruction. They should be easy to read and understand.
5. Avoid toys that produce excessive noise. (Even toy cap pistols fired too close to a child's ear can cause damage).
6. Avoid shooting games, especially those involving darts and arrows, unless the games are played under parental supervision.
7. When choosing a toy for small children, make sure it: is too large to be swallowed; does not have detachable parts that can lodge in the windpipe, ears or nostrils; is not apt to break easily into small pieces or leave jagged edges; does not have sharp edges or points; has not been put together with easily exposed straight pins, sharp wires or nails and is not made of glass or brittle plastic.

license fee for S.F. residents) and cats, \$3.17, S.P.C.A., 2500-16th St., S.F.

Grammy pins, clothes pins and material to make dolls, set of 4 \$1.95, The Littlest Mouse, 3485 Sacramento.

Russian Wooden toys, \$4-5., West of the Moon, 3464 Sacramento.

El Viento En Los Sauces, (The Wind in the Willows), Kenneth Grahame, \$1.95, and many other foreign languages books for children, Iaconi Book Imports, 300A Pennsylvania, S.F., 285-7393, and Just For Christmas Store, 140 Maiden Lane.

Magic Rocks, \$.85, Early Americana Antique Reproduction Top, \$1.25, Circus Animal Construction Kit, \$.95, Dandelion 3381 Sacramento.

Stocking Stuffers: "glutons" from France, \$.39, paint box, \$.69, wooden trucks, \$.19, The Littlest Mouse, 3485 Sacramento.

Learning Labs of America; each month a new home science laboratory geared to child's age is sent to him or her. 6-month subscription, \$10.95, 12-month, \$19.95, Order from Edcom Systems, Inc., 745 Alexander Rd., Princeton, New Jersey 08540

Guided Tours of S.F. for children: groups of 5, \$9 for first child, \$8 for second, 10:30-3:30, choice of two tours, includes Golden Gate Park, Maritime Museum, S.F. Fire Dept., Chinatown, Mon-Sat, call 474-1684.

After Christmas

Christmas wrappings are not recyclable, Berkeley and S.F. Eco-Ecology Centers recommend that, if you must use wrapping paper, save it and use it again next year. Branches of used Christmas trees can protect other

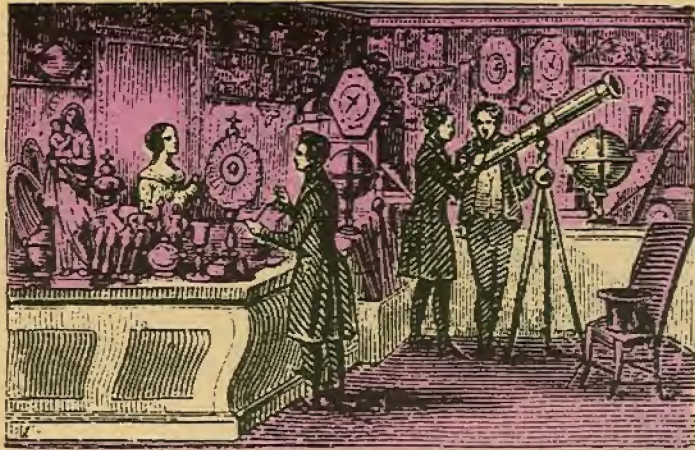
plants from "winter burn." Wood chips from the trees can be used for mulching on evergreens and such plants as boxwood, roses, and holly. (From last year's S.F. Progress).

Comparison shopping for toys

| | Emporium (Downtown) | Macy's (Downtown) | F.A.O. Schwarz | USE (Mission) (Geary) | Sears (Geary) | White Front (Potrero) | Capwells (Oakland) | Berkeley Cycle & Toy | Birdies (Berkeley) |
|--|------------------------|----------------------|-------------------|-----------------------------|------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| Snoopy and the Red Baron | 4.88 | 5.00 | 5.00 | 4.19 | | 3.99 | | | 5.25 |
| Scrabble | 6.00 | 6.00 | 5.50 | 4.66 | 3.92 | 4.64 | 4.44 | 4.44 | 3.99 |
| Monopoly | 5.88 | 4.50 | 6.50 | 4.99 | 3.92 | 4.64 | 4.88 | 6.75 | 3.33 |
| Perquackey | 3.00 | 3.25 | 3.50 | 2.47 | | 2.66 | 2.88 | 2.98 | 3.10 |
| Sizzlers Fat Track, Calif. 500 Layout | 15.88 | 19.75 | | 21.84 | 19.99 | 14.99 | 15.88 | | 23.98 |
| Playskool Lock-up Zoo | | 20.00 | 17.50 | | | 15.97 | 14.97 | 19.98 | 19.98 |
| Playskool Books | 1.50 | 1.40 | | 1.14 | 1.29 | 1.18 | | | |
| Romper Room Catcho | 2.25 | 2.25 | | 1.79 | | 1.88 | 2.00 | | 2.35 |
| Mother Goose Says Talking Toy | 7.88 | 9.20 | 8.00 | 7.24 | | | 6.88 | | 8.88 |
| Fisher Price Play Family House | 15.50 | 12.88 | 13.95 | 11.88 | 13.99 | 12.99 | 12.87 | | |
| Playskool Skaneateles | 14.99 | | 13.95 | | | | 13.99 | | 16.66 |
| Playskool Dressy Bessy/ Dapper Dan | 8.99 | 10.25 | | 8.19 | 6.99 | | 10.99 | 7.77 | |
| Mattel ATV Explorer | | 12.99 | | 12.88 | 14.99 | 15.88 | 15.77 | | 13.00 |



ecologically sound and more fun



Shops

Topeka, 921 Front, Monday thru Sat., 10-9, Sun., 10-6 p.m., Cheap clothes to keep warm with: peacoats, \$14, safari jackets, \$7.98, and flying helmets with furry earmuffs, 99¢. Furnish your kitchen anew: apothecary jars, 39¢-79¢, coke glasses, 25¢-35¢, watch your flower grow—plant it in an acrylic flower pot, \$1.49. Or put it all under glass with terrarium jars, \$6.99, 7.99 and 8.99. Learn about the laws of nature with a toy whale chasing and then swallowing a fish, \$1.49. For collectors: choose from a large rock and mineral collection including amethysts, geodes and agates, \$2 to \$90. Or their fossil collection: fish, ferns, and shark teeth, \$3 to \$10.

Green Store, open just six weeks a year during the Christmas season, features a varied array of low priced handmade cards and folk art tree decorations from throughout the world. An international tree, a musical tree, a peace tree, can be created from the white doves, pinatas, crocheted snowflakes, wool llamas and lambs, colorful knit frogs, turtles, lions from Peru, Greece, El Salvador; snowflakes of reeds from the River Shannon, toy soldiers, drums, ranging in price from 50¢-\$4. A myriad of cards includes a group with handpressed flowers arranged in a delicate design. Open every day, 1-7 p.m. On Sacramento between Baker and Broderick.

East of the Sun, a small two-roomed store, filled with a combination of odors from the incense, scented glycerine soaps and organic shampoos sold here, offers an unusual selection of low priced gifts. Find here books, toys, jewelry, moccasins, shawls. Lining the walls are shelves of miniature carved animals and people, an entire European town with tiny carved trees, \$4.95 and \$2.95, a wooden train set, \$5.95. The many imaginative children's gifts include a Victorian Bisque doll, \$4.95; notched cards to build houses, \$1.95; a box of Alice in Wonderland picture soaps from London, \$2.95; a Winnie the Pooh calendar book with quotes and pictures from the A.A. Milne books, \$2.50. Their wide selection of gifts for under \$1 makes this an excellent store for low-budget shopping, old-fashioned paper dolls, 95¢; Jump Jack dolls, 95¢, spinning tops, 50¢, vegetable and fruits beauty baths, 35¢, small illustrated match boxes, 10¢ each. 3850-23rd St. every day, 11-8, except Sundays, 12-5.

Holiday Displays

Illuminated floral plaque and recorded Christmas music, Conservatory of Flowers, Golden Gate Park, Dec. 11-Jan. 1.

Carolling

"Christmas Carol Festival," City Hall Rotunda, 4 p.m., Dec. 14.

Tree Lighting and Christmas Carolling, in front of McLaren Lodge, Golden Gate Park, 5 p.m., Dec. 16.

Cable Car Carollers, principally on the Powell St. lines in early evening hours.

Holiday Services

Grace Cathedral, Midnight Mass, Christmas Eve.

First Unitarian Church, 1187 Franklin St., Candlelight Service, Christmas Eve, 11 p.m.

Mission Dolores, 3321-16th St. Midnight Service, Christmas Eve.

Congregation Emanuel, Arguello Blvd. & Lake. Family Chanukah Service, 8 p.m., Dec. 17.

Street artists

If you want inexpensive, handcrafted items, you can go to the streets and buy them directly from the craftsman who made them.

The Place: Street artists gather at noon and early afternoon around Union Square, Ghirardelli Square and the Cannery. The advantage: You can talk to the artist who designed the necklace that interests you, find out how it was put together, how long it will last, where he learned his craft. Without middleman, distributor, store costs, street artists can sell at lower prices than can a store. Most crafts are priced for under \$10 and have the distinctive non-commercial quality of the handmade.

If you have a particular item in mind, a ring, a belt, a mobile, call the Street Artists' Guild (864-1713) for the name and whereabouts of the appropriate craftsman.

If you make handcrafted things and want to sell them, call the Guild. A \$5 membership fee entitles you to, among other things, a newsletter with up-to-date listings of good selling spots—parks, shopping centers.

Some of the 300 street craftsmen listed with the Guild:

Jewelry, Carol Wlock, 752-3635

Dolls and Jewelry, Bill and Pat Clark, 261-4062

Welded metal flowers, Warren Garrick, 864-1713

Leather sandals, George DuBois, 731-1788

S.F. scenes in water colors and oils, Carl Gripenburg, 861-8461

Macrame and crochet, Michael Axelrod, 431-1511

Gourds, Michael Berkich, 454-8521, Kentfield

Stained glass, stoneware (pottery), small ceramics, Herman J. Berlandt, 868-0478

Leather art—belts, wallets, chair seats, purses, David Browda, 922-5318

Hanging and table sand candles and jewelry, George and Elaine Bundy, 285-2359

Inkle loom belts, Paul Caminiti, 843-4333, Berkeley

Coin jewelry, John Dobbs, 392-3506

Carved wood figures and heads, Allan M. Droygan, 665-2388

Leather purses, Larry D. Eliesman, 369-3910

Jewelry and wood plaques, Lois Lee, 863-7882

Jewelry in silver and gold settings and custom work, Tom Mantle, 431-9902

Metal sculpture mobiles, Melinda Montesclaros, 665-4644

Pottery, Bob Nichols, 843-9108, Berkeley

Brass and silver jewelry, Diane Raegan, 527-6912, Berkeley

Wood plaques, Barbara Warfield, 941-1141

Wood toys, Tumen Bayar, night-phone 525-4407, Berkeley

Holiday concerts

(Free unless specified)

San Francisco Boys Chorus Annual Christmas Concert, Calvary Presbyterian Church, Jackson and Fillmore, 5 p.m., Dec. 19 (Donation)

Chanukah Concert, violin solo, dramatic reading of the Book of Maccabees, Jewish Folk Chorus, S.F. Jewish Community Center, 3200 California, 8 p.m., Dec. 13

Christmas Concert, Old St. Mary's Church, 660 California, 3 p.m., Dec. 26

Carol Vespers, Grace Cathedral, 1051 Taylor, 4 p.m., Dec. 19

Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," presented by the Bach Choir, orchestra and soloists, St. Ignatius Church, Fulton and Parker, 7:30, Dec. 12 (Donation optional)

Renaissance Christmas Music with authentic instruments, presented by the Early Music Ensemble and Brass Ensemble of the S.F. Conservatory of Music, Rotunda, Legion of Honor, 8:30 p.m., Dec. 11

Bach's B Minor Mass, presented by The School of Orpheus performing ensemble, First Congregational Church, 2345 Channing Way, Berkeley, Dec. 15, 8 p.m., Standard Oil Building, Market, S.F., Dec. 16, noon; Temple Methodist Church, 1111 Junipero Serra Blvd., S.F., Dec. 19, 3 p.m.

"Amahl and the Night Visitors," presented by Opera Workshop, Community Music Center, 544 Capp, S.F., 2 p.m., Dec. 12

Holiday dinners



Mostly under \$5 (Open Christmas Day and New Year's Day)

Des Alpes, 732 Broadway, 986-9909, Holiday dinner, \$4.25

Elu's, 781 Broadway, 986-9646, Holiday Dinner, \$3.50

Plantation House, Ghirardelli Square, 776-6435, regular menu

The Bratskeller, Ghirardelli Square, 474-9502, regular menu

Le Chalet Basque, 405 N. San Pedro, San Rafael, 479-9898, regular menu

Pot Luck, San Pablo at Channing Way, Berkeley, 841-2894, traditional roast goose dinner, 5 courses, \$6

Dominic's, 507 San Francisco Blvd., San Rafael, 456-1383, 5 different holiday dinners, \$4.95-\$7.25, child's portion, \$1.50 less; also featuring special holiday brunch (9:30 a.m.-2 p.m.), \$2.25-\$4.25

Kezar Club, 770 Stanyan, 752-2236, holiday dinners including roast suckling pig, \$3.75-\$6.75

Little Old Vienna, 579 Geary, 885-3332, holiday dinners, \$2-\$4

The Minerva Cafe, 136 Eddy, 474-8143, regular menu

The Greek Taverna, 256 Columbus, 362-7260, regular menu

Little Sweden, 572 O'Farrell, 474-9767, Santa Lucia holiday buffet (Dec. 13-Jan 6), \$4.60

Veneto, Mason and Bay, 986-4553, holiday dinner, \$5.25; and regular menu

Taverna Athena, 200 Broadway, Oakland, 893-6000, regular menu
Bala Bosta, University and Sixth St., Berkeley, 548-0300, holiday dinners, \$3.95-\$6.95

Guide to gift exchanging

| | Normal return period | Christmas return period | Special Policies |
|-------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|---|
| F.A.O. Schwarz | a reasonable period | a reasonable period | Cash refunds only with receipt. Up to \$15 in cash available on items exchanged. Over \$15, credit voucher. |
| Brentano's | a reasonable period | a reasonable period | Will exchange their own books and those purchased elsewhere provided they are normal stock and salable. Items like 1972 calendar will not exchange after Jan. Cash refund with sales receipt. Exchange or merchandise credit. |
| Tower Records | within 5 days | 30 days | Cash refund or merchandise credit mailed from Sacramento business office. For exchange, record must still be sealed. |
| Macy's | no time limit | no time limit | Cash refund or exchange on most items. Considers itself "very liberal" and "generous" on returns. |
| Saks Fifth Avenue | 10 days | 10 days | Merchandise credit only. Gifts purchased from Saks have special store receipt attached. Up to \$4.99 in cash available for items exchanged. Sale merchandise can't be returned. |
| J. Magnin | flexible | flexible | Some cash refunds possible depending on dept. managers' judgments; usually give merchandise credit. Considers itself "very lenient." |
| Stacey's | 10 days | 10 days after Christmas | Exchanges or gift certificates, no cash refunds. Won't exchange sale books, except under extreme circumstances (if you already own book). Must exchange for item of same price. |
| I. Magnin | 30 days | 30 days | Cash refunds with receipt only. Up to \$9.99 in cash available on items exchanged. |
| Playthings | no set time | no set time | Refund with receipt only. Will exchange anything sold there, must be in its original package; merchandise credit available. |
| Emporium | a reasonable length of time | a reasonable length of time | Cash refund only with sales receipt; merchandise and gift exchange. |
| Gump's | a reasonable length of time | a reasonable length of time | Gift exchange and merchandise credit. No cash refunds. Considers itself "very helpful." |



December 22, 1971

Dear Guardian reader,

Perhaps you've already discovered, as many of our subscribers have, that the Bay Guardian makes an ideal Christmas and New Year's gift for friends who appreciate the joys of good journalism. With its award-winning, in-depth reportage of Bay Area political and cultural events, it's a gift you and your friends will appreciate throughout the year. (We'll be publishing every other week beginning February 15.)

This Christmas, we're making your gift especially attractive for both you and your friends:

- 1. We'll enter each subscription at a special Christmas rate of only \$4.25 for 24 issues. (Regular rate-\$5.00).
- 2. We'll send each friend a special Christmas card announcing your gift.
- 3. We'll add to each gift a delightful bonus of the new Ultimate Highrise poster. This 22" x 36" poster by Louis Dunn was introduced this fall as part of the campaign to halt Manhattanization in San Francisco.
- 4. And we'll give you a bonus—a free copy of The Guardian's new book, "The Ultimate Highrise"—if you order three or more gift subscriptions, enclose a check and save us (and you) the bother of billing.

For \$2.50 you can send the book to a friend as a gift. The paperback costs \$2.95 in the bookstores.

In this way, you can solve many of your Christmas and New Year's gift problems quickly and appropriately. You benefit from the special gift rate and your friends will appreciate your gift, not only at Christmas, but throughout the year ahead with each issue of the Bay Guardian.

All you need do is note the names of your friends on this page and send them to us. We'll do the rest.

Sincerely yours,

Bruce B. Brugmann

Bruce Brugmann, Editor

P.S. The Bay Guardian is a good gift for college students away from home for the school year. It's also ideal for friends, relatives or even politicians who are not as well-informed about Bay Area events as they should be.

Please enter the following Christmas gift subscriptions at special rate of only \$4.25 each. Each recipient will receive a card before Christmas in my name and a gift copy of the Guardian's Ultimate Highrise poster.

Please check one:
() Subscription () "The Ultimate Highrise" book
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please check one:
() Subscription () "The Ultimate Highrise" book
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please check one:
() Subscription () "The Ultimate Highrise" book
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please check one:
() \$ _____ enclosed for _____ sub-
scriptions and _____ copies of "The Ultimate
Highrise." (\$12.75 or more brings YOU a free copy of
"The Ultimate Highrise" for saving us bookkeeping and
billing costs. Thank you.)
() Bill me.
Gift card from _____

(Offer good through Jan. 6)
The Bay Guardian, 1070 Bryant St.
San Francisco, Ca. 94103

EDITORIALS

Judging the judges

Dick Hongisto's election as sheriff has already performed a major public service: to spotlight and then to jostle the judges and the San Francisco court structure in the interest of speedier trials and busier courtrooms.

Hongisto has maintained, as has Irving Reichert's Committee on Crime, that the city wouldn't need new courtroom buildings if a) the Superior and Municipal court judges worked harder, put in more hours and spent more time on the bench; b) if they worked a 9 to 4:30 day, with an hour and a half lunch, instead of the usual 10 to 12 and 2 to 4 day, with a two hour lunch; c) if they instituted night and weekend court sessions as other big cities do.

This heavier judicial workload would also do much to reduce the enormous backlog of cases: the Superior courts are so swamped with civil cases that three years now elapse between the filing of a case and the start of a trial by jury.

These suggestions strike responsive chords in the electorate (which in November wisely voted down the bond issue for new courtroom buildings), but they force the judges to huddle together protectively, rumps out, horns in, like rams in a snowstorm. Municipal Court Judges Gerald O'Gara and Leo Friedman blustered about Hongisto's "ignorant and fatuous" remarks on the courts.

Judge O'Gara, as presiding judge of the Municipal courts, had earlier responded by saying that "judges of courts in San Francisco work harder than lawyers of comparable experience and ability." The Guardian won't contest this point. As Reichert puts it, "some of these judges were third rate lawyers, and now they're working the same hours or less than when they were in practice. . . many lawyers look upon the bench as retirement."

Hongisto's opinions were based on the observations of the

Committee on Crime, which documented in June, 1970, the low, low level of activity in the Muni and Superior courts. On three successive Fridays, 19 Superior Court courtrooms were assigned to judges on duty; in the morning hours, an average of 13 of these were in actual use, an average of only seven in the afternoons.

"The observation confirmed common belief—a large number of civil courtrooms are not in use, particularly on Friday afternoons," the Committee said. (It noted that these vacancies weren't attributable to vacation schedules of judges, since a courtroom assigned to a judge on vacation was not counted as "assigned.")

This pattern of low, low Superior court activity, the Committee found, was confirmed again by the staff by checks during September, October and November, 1970. It added: Most Superior Courts at City Hall convene at 10:00 a.m. and rarely hold business in the courtroom past 4:00 p.m.—this with a two hour lunch and two 15-minute breaks along the way.

For Muni courts, the committee found on three successive Fridays in June, 1970, that eight courtrooms were assigned, but that only five were in use in the mornings and only two in the afternoons.

The Committee's conclusion: "This vacancy rate represents a dismally poor allocation of courtroom resources. A Friday afternoon comprises 1/10 of all available time during which a courtroom may be in use. Consequently, it appears that over one-half of San Francisco's courtroom resources at City Hall have not been used at all during 1/10 of all available time."

Question: why does San Francisco need more buildings with more courtrooms if the judges don't use the courts they've already got? Answer: San Francisco doesn't.

This point is put into bold relief by repeated Hongisto/Reichert suggestions for the judges to hold court sessions at night or on weekends. This would (1) make better use of the courtrooms; (2) take the pressure off for an expensive new building; (3) most important, allow working people to appear in court without having to take time from their jobs.

Quite obviously, the judges aren't interested in points one, two or three. To them, night/weekend court is anathema and they have put forth arguments against it so silly that you wonder how they get along on the bench. Example: Judge O'Gara argues that the Hall of Justice at night isn't safe enough for night court—"nearby Sixth Street is one of the most disorderly streets, with drunks and obnoxious characters, in the city."

The Hall of Justice houses the police department, but Judge O'Gara doesn't explain why people wouldn't be safe coming in and out of the police headquarters building. As an experienced court observer said of the judges' opposition, "Night court just interferes with their night, that's all."

What do we do with judges like this?

First, several sitting judges should be challenged in the June election (see box). Second, we can help the judges with two of their most socially significant assignments: choosing draft board members and choosing grand jurors (see box).

Indicting the grand jury

This year, as last, the San Francisco grand jury had no excuse for refusing to investigate the Hetch Hetchy scandal.

But the grand jury did and once again issued a leave-it-to-PG&E report on Hetch Hetchy:

"This agency, under the able guidance of Oral L. Moore, seems to have no problems, and Mr. Moore foresees none in the future providing too much money is not diverted from Hetch Hetchy and allocated to other agencies."

"In the far but foreseeable future, Hetch Hetchy will need capital improvements and as a well-run business it must of necessity maintain a surplus for just such purposes."

A. No, the Hetch Hetchy agency has "no problems." Its dams were built on public parkland with hundreds of millions of San Francisco dollars. Its electricity produced by these dams is required by federal law, the city charter and the U.S. Supreme Court to be transmitted to San Francisco residents as cheap public power.

Its cheap public power is kept out of San Francisco, by PG&E's illegal private power monopoly, which sells the city its expensive private power.

No, the city's Hetch Hetchy agency has no problems. It just allows PG&E to steal about \$40 million a year from us in private power profits.

If there were a "10 Most Wanted Corporations" list in San Francisco, PG&E would top the list each year. And the grand jury would be indicted for aiding and abetting a corporate criminal.

B. Oral Moore's guidance is not able; it is supine. He never makes a public peep about how

PG&E keeps his department, potentially the city's biggest money-maker, puny and bedraggled and safely in its hip pocket.

C. Hetch Hetchy a "well-run business?" We suggest the grand jury build us a stadium to laugh in.

D. Elsewhere in the report, the grand jury laments the big losses of the Muni Railroad and suggests the 25¢ fare may have to go up still again. Why? Why must this poor tax go up (from 15 to 20 to 25¢ to . . .) while the city makes no move against PG&E and its \$40 million a year annual profit windfall?

That's the point: these profits could go toward subsidizing the muni, sweetening the general fund, holding down the tax rate, lots of good things.

Jack Morrison suggested the next Alvin Duskin highrise petition ought to have a proposal to underground utilities in San Francisco. This would appeal to labor, he thinks.

It's a good suggestion (though, after labor's plastic pipe sort of blackjacking at City Hall, we aren't so interested in pitching conservation issues to labor). But the point is good: the Duskin highrise initiative lacked a concrete economic incentive.

That's why we recommend the next highrise initiative be coupled with a proposal to buy out PG&E in installments and start getting the utility's annual \$40 million windfall for the City.

Note: the Guardian is compiling a list of "The 10 Most Wanted Corporations in the Bay Area." Send us your recommendations, with arguments and supporting evidence.



REFORMING THE JUDICIARY

SUGGESTION: If you know an attorney who would make a good judge, get him to challenge a sitting Municipal or Superior Court Judge.

Eleven of 26 Superior Court Judges are up for re-election in June. It is necessary for a candidate to challenge a specific judge and, significantly, if a certain judge is not opposed, he won't have to stand for re-election and his name will not even go on the ballot. The judges, with their ages, are:

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Carl Allen, 65 (B) | Charles Peery, 55 (B) |
| Ira Brown, Jr., 41 (R) | Lee Vavuris, 59 (R) |
| Morton Colvin, 48 (R) | Alvin Weinberger, 66 (B) |
| Joseph Karesh, 64 in 1/72 (elected) | Frank Shaw, 47 (R) |
| Leland Lazarus, 66 in 1/72 (B) | Jay Pfofenauer, 66 (R) |
| Edward O'Day, 61 (B) | |

(B is appointed by Gov. Brown. R is appointed by Gov. Reagan)

As an indication of the rarity and difficulty of challenge, by election, the only one of these judges to win his office initially in an election was Joseph Karesh in 1960. The others were all appointed by Govs. Brown or Reagan.

In the Muni Courts, 6 of 18 are up in June:

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|
| George Maloney, 65 in 1/72 (B) | Harry W. Low, 40 (B) |
| Albert C. Wollenberg, Jr., (R) | Frank Hart, 46 (R) |
| John O'Kane, 65 (B) | Thomas Dandurand, 38 (R) |

New qualifications on filing requirements—including the necessary voter-signed petitions—will be available after Jan. 1 from the Registrar of Voters in City Hall, 558-6161.

In our next edition, we'll publish the qualifications, some recommendations for judges and some capsule critiques of the judges up for election and their work records.

REFORMING THE DRAFT BOARDS

SUGGESTION: If you know anyone who would be a good member for one of San Francisco's 10 draft boards, urge him to submit his name and qualifications to San Francisco's Presiding Superior Court Judge, Francis McCarty. He makes the recommendations for draft boards that are routinely accepted by the Governor for official nomination to the President.

New regulations, going into effect Jan. 1, stipulate that board members must be between 18 and 65 years old and that no member can have served for more than 20 years on the board. As many as one third of the San Francisco's draft board total may then open up and the Presiding Judge will be drawing up a large nomination list.

THE SAN FRANCISCO

BAY GUARDIAN

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell."
(Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861)

Editor and publisher: Bruce B. Brugmann

Managing editor: Roger Henkle

Associate editor: Jean Dibble

City editor: Greggar Sletteland

Utilities editor: Peter L. Petrakis

Environmental editor: Robert Jones

Poetry editor: Bill Anderson

Urban affairs editor: Chester Hartman

News staff: Leslie Waddell, Douglas Dibble, Julia Cheever, Marsha Berzon, Helene Lippincott, Katherine Reifenberg, William Ristow, Vicki Sufian

Art director: Marion Dibble

Artist at large: Louis Dunn

Production: Tom Dittman, Barbara Furrer, Dennis Linden, Ellinor Gordon, Ed Hansen

Editors at large: Creighton H. Churchill, Wilbur Wood, Alan Velie, Marvin Breslow, Jess Brownell, Wilbur Gaffney, William Kelsay, Theodore Rasmussen

Advertising: Eloise Wolff, Leroy Breslow

Circulation: Sylvia Terrill

Distribution: Robert Menendez

Business manager: Paul Sherlock

Promotion: Addie Ross

REFORMING THE GRAND JURY

FIRST SUGGESTION: Nominate yourself or urge good people to nominate themselves or urge your conservation/minority/civil rights/consumer/women's/public interest group to nominate a person for the 1972 grand jury.

Qualifications are basic: a person must be 21, a resident of San Francisco for the past year, able to speak English, of normal intelligence, in possession of normal faculties.

The 26 Superior Court judges are now in the process of drawing up their list of nominees and, according to Presiding Judge Francis McCarty, individuals or representatives of groups can apply by going to Room 480, City Hall, and telling Michael Tammany (558-5010) you want to serve on the grand jury and that Judge McCarty sent you. Judge McCarty set Dec. 17 for the deadline for consideration, but we suspect you can push it into the next week.

The major stumbling bloc for individuals, Judge McCarty says, is that the individual have time for Monday night meetings and for committee work and investigations. Once the judges have compiled their list, sometime in mid-January, it will be made public; then all the names will be thrown together and the county clerk will pick 30 at random. The jury will be impaneled at the end of January.

SECOND SUGGESTION: Nominate some public interest attorneys to the grand jury. Odd as it may seem, grand jury officials can't remember when an attorney last served on the grand jury. ("Attorneys have a legal exemption if they wish it because they're so busy," a grand jury spokesman said.)

This is nonsense. The grand jury could be greatly strengthened with its own juror attorneys: it must operate (significantly) without staff and it is in desperate need of its own legal advice when the district attorney comes in and asks for rubberstamp indictments (on Uno's grand jury, the d.a. got 135 of 136 indictments.)

THIRD SUGGESTION: Widen the pool of nominees from which the jurors are chosen.

Attorneys like Gary Near, Tom Carnes, Evan Hoorneman, Charles Cline Moore, John Riordan, Gerald Glass, Ramsay Fifield, Moses Lasky, Judy Corbett, Don Bailey, Tony Serra, Irving Reichert, Fred Furth, Quentin Breen, Hal Howard, Zaide Kirtley, Howard Nemerovski, Morris Lowenthal, Aubrey Grossman, Ed Stern, Thomas Stack, Art Brunwasser.

Political candidates like Noah Griffin, Fred Selinger, Mrs. Mary Rodgers, John Diamonte, Russell Miller, Scott Newhall.

Women like Ruth Jackson Chance, Diane Bull, Audrey Rodgers, Sophia D'Angelis, Blanche Streeter, Patricia Kleps, Pat Duffy, Sue Hestor, Rose Zelalich, Sylvia Bulin, Lynda Schmidt, Ann Bloomfield, Marilyn Baker, Eve Pell, Mary Huntington, Pat Leahy, Ruth Kalish, Nancy Dunn, Sharon Rufener, Laurel Glass, Jean Kortum, Irene Gotay, Sue Bierman.

Businessmen like Henrik Jorgenson, Jack Fitch, Danny Wenner, Bruce Smith, Jim Haas, Alan Becker, Gardiner Mein, Dave Fuller, Richard Goldman, Ray Grant, Victor Honig, Maxwell Myers, Mike Carella.

Conservationists like Henrik Bull, Gil Bailie, Mrs. Hans Klusmann, Mrs. Creighton Peet, Michael Doyle, Norman Rolfe, Bob Scrofani, Robert Tideman, Bob Ashford, Harry Miller, Mrs. Morse Erskine, Hans Feibusch.

Doctors & dentists like Walter Stanton, David Haskins, Dale McGhee, Martin Blinder, Ernst Wolff, Philip Shapiro, Eugene Shapiro, John Kaufmann, Roland Lowe, Donald Nakahata, Kazue Togasaki, Norman Reider.

Representatives of the minority community like Tony A.C. Ubalde Jr., Ida Rae Westbrook, Harold Yee, Mrs. Jule Johnson, Benjamin Tom, Steven Doi, Richard Wada, Robert Covington, J.K. Choy, Gordon Lau, John Dearman.

POLITICS

JACK MORRISON

Maybe only environmental disaster will make people forget their pocketbooks

In the closing days of the November election campaign, there was a spring of hope in the hearts of supporters of Proposition T, the building-height limitation measure.

Many thought it had better than an even chance, and that view gained some credibility from the rising note of hysteria in the advertisements of the well-financed opposition.

Early in the game it was hard to see how T could get more than 30% of the vote. Its final total of 37% was a triumph of sorts. It was clear from the beginning that the power potential of the opposition forces was overwhelming.

No doubt my pessimism stemmed in part from my own mixed feelings. I voted for T without believing in a uniform 72-foot limit, yet with the conviction that in the large context of our urban condition here in San Francisco the measure deserved support.

It may be that the best outcome would have been the defeat of T by three votes after two recounts and an extended lawsuit.

The point is that the land speculators who believe the unrestricted decisions of the marketplace ought to govern the future of San Francisco needed to suffer the severe check that success for T would have given them.

Then, there would be time for talking about reasonable alternatives. A chastened opposition would be of a mind to accept a strict but flexible set of development standards.

The present outlook is grim for those who want a livable city drawn to the human scale, and it is critically important that some planning be done to discover the conditions under which the environmental point of view would have a chance to prevail.

Alvin Duskin is preparing to crank up another initiative campaign. The next effort to clobber

the northern waterfront, or some other environmentally cherished area, cannot be too far in the future. The defeat of T is probably interpreted in some quarters as a warrant for irresponsibility.

How should the new T campaign be approached?

It is a problem of political reform, which in this country is always a problem of recruiting a coalition of power sufficient to command the votes on election day.

The entrenched interests behind overdevelopment have been identified often enough in the Guardian—certain power centers in real estate, finance, and labor, motivated by short-run economic values. Those interests took an even firmer hold on the reins of government last Nov. 2, and it is safe to say City Hall will not soon generate the wherewithal to counteract another U.S. Steel.

How, then, is an environmentalist coalition to strengthen itself in the community to bring 37% up to 50%?

Before venturing a final answer, one should study the precinct returns on T. Unless I miss my guess, support for the measure was pretty much of a white, middle-class phenomenon. As far as I could tell during the campaign, the proposition appealed not at all to the blue-collar class and the poor.

That may seem an obvious point, but it needs to be emphasized. To be successful, environmentalists must find a way around the very salable argument that they are pitting esthetics against jobs.

More than that, environmentalists must take a broader view of the social reality in which public policy decisions are made.

Admirable as they are, Telegraph Hill dwellers and their like too often treasure an illusive image of the city. It is as if we all lived in a Herb Caen type of fan-

tasy land—San Francisco in its gauzy golden age, where T could not possibly know defeat.

The social reality is that many people, when immediate interest is at stake, are quite willing to go on gambling on the future habitability of the earth. Somehow, a large part of that constituency must be reached.

Those strategies should aim at fostering broad-gauged support with programs that bring working class voters into the fold.

Otherwise, we shall remain the victims of that well-defined ecosystem—politicians who hunt for money at election time and rich interest groups who hunt for politicians' votes after election time.

In my view, a good way to start building the constituency would be to initiate a bond issue to finance the undergrounding of all utility wires in the city over the course of, say, ten years, instead of the 300 years it will take at the present rate. This ought to make sense to some building trades unions as well as environmentalists.

There are similar opportunities for a coalition in the fields of housing, parks, and mass transportation.

George Washington said: "The truth is, the people must feel before they will see."

To me, this is a shrewd insight, but it is not comforting.

Perhaps only a great many more environmental disasters—a forest of towers on Russian Hill, U.S. Steel on the waterfront, highrises sprouting up in residential neighborhoods—will create a constituency alive to the need for stricter height and density controls.

Perhaps too, an affirmative program touching pocketbooks as well as esthetic sensibilities would shorten our way to enlightenment.



JULIA CHEEVER

Must opera heroines always be sexual stereotypes?

Going to the opera is difficult if you're an opera fan and sensitive about women's liberation at the same time. Women are less liberated from romantic and sexual stereotypes in opera than in any other art.

Novels, movies and plays at least give us Joans of Arc as well as Scarlet O'Haras. But most operas (10 of 11 in this year's San Francisco opera season) are romances or sex dramas. The heroes may be anything from troubadours to newspaper publishers, but the heroines are generally limited to being faithful wives (Madama Butterfly), ingenues (Tatyana in "Eugene Onegin") or affairistes (Manon).

This season's ultimate sex object was Lulu, the heroine of Alban Berg's opera of the same name. Lulu embodies a primeval sexual force; at least 11 men, a boy and a lesbian countess attack or proposition her in the course of the opera. She causes the deaths of five of them and in the end she herself is killed by Jack the Ripper.

The romantic angle was particularly frustrating in "Maria Stuarda" because the drama would have been better without it. This opera—the coup of the season because it starred Joan Sutherland in its first fully staged American production, centers around the conflict between two great queens, Elizabeth I of England and her prisoner, Mary Queen of Scots.

Donizetti, the opera's composer, took the idea of a fictional meeting between the two from a play by Schiller. In reality the two queens never met, but Elizabeth did imprison her cousin Mary for 19 years and finally executed her because she feared Mary's claim to the throne, her Catholic support and her propensity to plot murders.

THE TWO queens' actual personal and political struggles provide the ingredients of great drama. But Donizetti reduced the conflict to sexual jealousy by grafting on the story an entirely fictional love interest: Mary and the Earl of Leicester are in love; Elizabeth loves Leicester, too, and is jealous. Thus, Elizabeth's jealousy becomes the main factor in the confrontation between the two queens and in her decision to execute Mary. I don't object to romance per se, but such a narrow view of women irritates me.

I decided the way to enjoy the opera this year was to put aside my grievance and accept the operas on their own terms, romances included. An admittedly silly plot, like that of "Il Trovatore," could be justified by the music. Other romances, like "Der Rosenkavalier," also provided psychologically interesting characters, even if they were limited to a world of amorous intrigue.

I found that I still couldn't accept Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," however. It has only two women of 17 major characters. One, Eva, is the prize in a medieval singing contest. The plot assigns her a small degree of character development; she learns wisdom from the poet Hans Sachs, a male authority figure. Her nurse, Magdalena, is characterized mainly by the cakes and sausages she provides her love. I finally decided that the heavy-handed treatment of women was merely a symptom of a generally ponderous opera.

In other operas, I found that I sympathized with the heroin but critics and directors sometimes didn't. An example was Massenet's "Manon," which opened the season starring Beverly Sills as Manon. The music and drama are light and charming: Manon, the heroine, gradually changes from an ingenuous girl into a worldly courtesan, but wins back our sympathy when she repents and dies in the end.

THE SAN Francisco production violated Massenet's conception of Manon as a character who is impetuous but innocent at the beginning of the story. In the first act, the words and music plainly show Manon to be an inexperienced girl, excited by her first trip from home, somewhat resigned to her future in the convent, not yet a conscious coquette. Sills made her into a shameless flirt.

The worst transgression of taste occurred in the second act, which shows Manon and her first lover in the simple apartment in Paris they have run away to. Here Sills and Nicolai Gedda rolled about in bed, but the emphasis of this scene is clearly more restrained and subtle than that, as evidenced in Manon's famous aria "Adieu notre petite table" in which she bids farewell to the apartment's little table "where we so often sat" and "needed but one glass."

"Lulu," written in 12-tone music, was the most difficult opera of the season to appreciate on its own terms. Some critics, especially male critics, have praised the music while dismissing the plot with a snicker.

But it is necessary to accept the plot to understand the music, because the composer took the plot seriously when he constructed the music.

Through his music, Berg also changed the emphasis of the two Lulu plays on which he based the opera. The author of those plays had used Lulu as a symbol of the male sex drive, but Berg turned her into a person by making her a musical entity and giving her some of the opera's most expressive music. However, the change in emphasis leaves some contradictions in the opera, such as the scenes where Lulu seems completely unconcerned about the deaths of her husbands.

The way out of the contradictions is to emphasize Berg's conception of Lulu as a person, making Lulu innocent rather than inhuman at those moments. Anja Silja, who sang Lulu here, generally interpreted the character this way.

But she occasionally made Lulu seem inappropriately wanton—for example, when Lulu wipes a speck of her dead husband's blood from another man's hand. Silja made her seem lascivious here, but a matter-of-fact gesture would have been more consistent with Berg's characterization.

With a sympathetic interpretation, Lulu even fits into a women's liberation analysis. The men who assault and proposition her don't have the slightest awareness of her real feelings. They have forced her into a world of non-communication, and her lack of concern about them and the way they use her body is understandable.

The opera season this year left me with my liking for opera and my convictions about women's liberation both undiminished. I'm going back next year, but I'm also hoping that some day the Superart will be put to the service of different kinds of heroines.



KENNETH REXROTH

Contemporary communes movement—'A succession of the elites'

As I've said in previous columns, I've been working for some time on a history of communalism, communist anarchism, and similar societies and movements. I have been doing it because I thought that the study of the past, especially the more remote past, (the literature on 19th century communes is already sufficiently large) that I might learn something of value about the contemporary movement.

Certainly communes today are proliferating, not just in the U.S., but all over the Western world. In fact the movement has become such a craze that it has penetrated the Communist countries, the last place in the world one would expect communism to appear, and the last few years have seen there a rebirth of scholarly studies of historical communes and most recently an as yet unsatisfied demand on the part of young intellectuals to be permitted to set up communes of the sort that now flourish from Finland to New Zealand.

China, of course, tried to reorganize its agriculture on the basis of communes rather than collective or state farms and to tie into these agricultural communes a certain amount of decentralized industrial production. This program seems to have been abandoned.

I think, surveying the long history of societies that could strictly be called communist, that is societies which practiced communism of consumption where all goods were held in common and those few societies which also practiced communism of production, certain facts stand out.

Marxists, who are in fact state capitalists, and in theory state socialists, have always said that the true communists, that is, communalists, or communist anarchists, wish to return to the most primitive forms of organized society—directly and immediately—rather than by way of the long process of the Socialist State.

This is true. The agricultural villages of the Neolithic Age were typical little communist societies, largely self contained, with both production and consumption, and probably even trade shared in common. It is only among preliterate people, so called primitives, who are still at that technological state of development, and who have not been subject to outside interference—conquest by nomads, contact with more developed civilizations, or similar factors—that the economically self-sustaining commune has survived into modern

times.

It is, however, true that all societies before the development of large cities, militarism, organized religion and slavery, were far more "communist" than any states we know in the world today.

As later societies break down or crumble at the edges, and as alienation and secession of elites become common, certain people withdraw and revert to the social forms that preceded the state—that is organized class exploitation. The similarity of these little societies is remarkable.

The Essene community that left the Dead Sea Scrolls may or may not have influenced early Christianity, but the social pattern runs direct from them to the Christian monks of the desert, to the communal Ismaili Islamic sects to the kibbutzim of Israel, the same social forms in the same places, and all are reflexive to breakdown in their dominant societies.

Communal movements in Western Europe on the eve of, and in the early years of, the Protestant Reformation similarly reflect loss of confidence in the dominant society. Since the dominant society, Catholic or Protes-

Continued on page 22

POLITICS

JAMES RIDGEWAY

For cigarettes: after the woman market and the gay market, now the marijuana market?

Richard Nixon says he doesn't care what the Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse finds out about grass because he won't permit it to be sold legally. But the commission drags along in its hearings anyway, collecting information from a variety of professors, police and doctors.

The National District Attorneys Association, for instance, wants stiffer penalties. Ed Reinecke, lieutenant governor of California, was vehemently opposed to legalization. So were Matthew O'Connor, Northern California Area Supervisor for the California Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement, who ran unsuccessfully for sheriff; Alfred Nelder, chief of the San Francisco police; and Rev. Robert Speltz, the fundamentalist evangelist.

Amorphia and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws both argued for legalization as did a long list of professors with books out on the subject. Ramsay Clark was supposed to testify for grass, but never showed up. No commercial interests were in evidence at the commission hearings.

But the most interesting aspect of the campaign to legalize or widen the grass trade is the role of the cigarette industry.

For years the tobacco industry was regarded as a sort of underground lobby for grass, variously rumored to have vast fields of the stuff in Mexico or Puerto Rico, meanwhile secretly machining for dominance of the trade by securing patents to Acapulco Gold and Panama Red.

In 1968, one trade paper ran a story, headlined "Needs No Ice," describing an unbelievable new product combining tobacco and marijuana. Recently the rumors circulated again when *Time* reported an unnamed company was experimenting with grass in Puerto Rico and was considering selling marijuana cigarettes for \$1 a pack (of four).

The tobacco industry formally denies any interest in grass. "Rumors about the cigarette industry's involvement with marijuana are as persistent as they are false," according to the Tobacco Institute, the industry trade group. "Because both tobacco and marijuana are so commonly

used in cigarette form, these rumors are plausible lies which appeal to people who have a strong wish to believe them, either because they are for marijuana or anti-tobacco or both."

The presidents of every major tobacco company disclaim involvement. In a typical statement Robert B. Walker, chairman of American Brands, formerly American Tobacco, declared, "We are a responsible corporate citizen and, as such, American Brands has no interest whatsoever in any illegal products, including marijuana."

Still, the rumors persist. Some come from the federal government itself. Officials at the Interagency Council on Smoking and Health say that cigarette companies obviously are angling in the grass market. As evidence, they point to a new rolling machine introduced by Brown & Williamson. And while it is hard to believe any tobacco companies actually would bother to grow fields of grass, or take out patents (none of those stories proved out), it may well be that grass is tobacco's best hope for future profitability, and in that sense it is in the cigarette industry's best interest to promote marijuana.

In certain obvious respects, the tobacco companies are involved in the grass trade. Brown & Williamson's rolling machine, called Laredo, enables one to make his own filter cigarettes at half the cost.

Brown & Williamson says it's not possible to roll joints on Laredo. And tobacco companies insist the boom in rolling machines is an indication of "austerity measures" employed by avid smokers who want to save money in the recession. When a head shop operator in Washington was asked whether the Brown & Williamson machine was used for rolling joints, he looked incredulous: "What else would you use it for?"

The U.S. Tobacco Co. has an edge in the paper business through its license for distribution of Zig-Zag papers, a big item. Last year cigarette papers sold at record highs: 240 million packets. Over half that number are estimated to have been used for rolling joints.

Within the tobacco industry

some argue that marijuana actually may have helped boost cigarette sales, which, despite the ban on TV advertising, have not declined. These marketing enthusiasts claim the two habits complement one another. Older smokers labored for years to quit smoking cigarettes. Then they started smoking marijuana, and now are back smoking cigarettes when not smoking grass.

Per capita consumption of cigarettes held steady during the past two years. Adult smokers have decreased in number. But teenagers, especially girls, are smoking cigarettes more than ever before. In 1968, 14.7 percent of all teenage girls were regular smokers. By 1970, 18.5 percent of all girls were smoking regularly.

This statistic delights the cigarette people. They hope it means a correlation between grass and tobacco, for surely many women were smoking grass as well. At any rate, the tobacco companies are hard after the woman market, with special cigarettes such as Virginia Slims and Eve.

(Recently the tobacco companies went after the gay market with Silva Thins, American Brand's new cigarette for men. L&M is test marketing another man's cigarette, this one to be called Adam, and wrapped in brown paper.)

Two companies most persistently rumored to be interested in the grass market are Phillip Morris and American Brands. Both deny it.

Tobacco Institute officials insist all this is nonsense, but curiously they really prove the reverse. They point out that grass is a cottage industry, so cheap to produce and manufacture that no sane tobacco company would bother getting into the business.

It would be impossible to control or manipulate the market in such a business. Even if it were possible, people wouldn't consume enough grass to make it economically interesting for the tobacco companies. It's more likely, they say, that grass's worst enemy is liquor, and that tobacco and grass really complement one another.

ALVIN DUSKIN

Like the Pentagon, our business leaders don't know when to stop

This spring, Alvin Duskin will shift gears: after five years of heading up the Alvin Duskin Company and waging conservation battles, he'll return, part-time, to the academic world at S.F. State. "I'll be teaching a course called 'political writing,'" Duskin told us. "I figure if I'm going to teach a course like that, I'd better actually do some political writing"—so, with this issue, Duskin becomes a regular *Guardian* columnist.

In 1942 the war in the Pacific was going badly for America and we weren't helping much here in the Bay Area. The problem was that everything seemed to be in the wrong place. The workers lived far from the shipyards and many spent hours every day getting to work. The materials for war came in to the wrong places and would get tied up on their way to the factories. Nothing moved as it did at, say, the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and the Defense Department was talking about not sending any more rush contracts into the Bay Area.

So the business men and the leaders of industry did a very sensible thing. They sat down together and tried to figure out a way to make some regional plans to speed things up, to organize the entire Bay Area in such a way that the people were in the right places, industry was where it should be and the services of the business community were centralized where everyone could get at them. And who could quarrel with that? If you are going to win a war, you need order, control, centralization. If you are going to beat the Axis Powers you don't bother to hold a public hearing to decide whether or not you are going to build a road, a building or a freight depot.

And of course they made it work just like the generals at the Pentagon made it work, and we can be very happy that they did. But the problem is that like the generals, our business leaders didn't want to stop. So they kept going with an organization called the Bay Area Council, a kind of super Chamber of Commerce to make decisions that no one else thought of making.

In the late 1940's the Bay Area Council started talking about a regional plan for transportation as the key to orderly growth in the Bay Area. There would have to be, it said, a freeway system that would link things up so that people and goods could move to all parts of the system with maximum speed and efficiency. Part of the freeway system would be new bridges across the Bay; one linking San Rafael and Richmond, another a southern crossing of the Bay that would connect San Francisco and Alameda.

By the early 1950's they were already talking about an electrically driven rapid transit system that would bring office workers to the high density core of the area.

The Bay Area Council commissioned a study in the early 1960's called BATS (Bay Area Transit Study) that was the largest planning study of its kind ever done anywhere. It cost about \$5,000,000 and in it you can see emerging the shape of tomorrow's Bay Area. The land of the Bay Area, the study said, should be developed in an increasingly orderly manner. Mixed zoning of land—housing and businesses and open space in the same neighborhood—was inefficient and would be phased out.

People would raise their families in the residential suburbs like Walnut Creek or Burlingame or Mill Valley. Industry should be outside of the city in places like Emeryville or the industrial parks of the Peninsula. Refineries in Richmond, some open space in Tilden Park, Tamalpais, etc., and the headquarters for all this, the place where pencils would be put to paper, would be San Francisco. All linked up by the new rapid transit system, the new freeways and the new bridges.

It all sounded good and in fact it is good if you want to win a war against a real enemy or an economic competition against some other region. If you are not thinking about winning, you might decide that you want open space in your own neighborhood as well as on the top of a mountain. You might want certain factories in the neighborhoods so that minorities will have a better chance of finding jobs.

You might want to have people living downtown next to the banks and the insurance companies so that when the offices close at five o'clock the neighborhoods will stay lively. You might not want to forge ahead because you might not want to give up whatever it takes to win the race to grow faster than anyone else is growing. Because you can't win without losing something.

To win a shooting war you have to lose a great many lives. The Bay Area Council was not preparing for another shooting war, but what they had in mind was to be the control center for the development of the Western United States and the furtherance of American economic power throughout the Pacific. You needed a Wall Street of the West to do what the Wall Street of the East had done to develop the Eastern United States and fashion our economic ties with Europe.

So San Francisco was going to become the headquarters city for the western states and for the Pacific. Winning that meant giving up what San Francisco was—a city of people who lived here, who raised their children here and who spent a lot of time playing, eating, walking, living in the city. And winning at headquarters city of the Pacific meant—because San Francisco is so much smaller in land area than New York—building an even more concentrated city: what the Bay Guardian has called the Ultimate Highrise.

As the Bay Area Council said many years ago, "San Francisco can surpass New York." Can it? Do a little homework and see. First, compare the rate of growth of the central business district with the rate of growth of New York. (New York is bigger, like an adult is bigger than a child, but we are growing and they have almost stopped.) Next, compare the total number of people, potential customers, on the Pacific side of the United States with the total number on the Atlantic side. (The news is that President Nixon is going to China, not Europe.) Then compare the available supplies of raw materials that are west of San Francisco with the stock east of New York.

The leaders of business and industry in the Bay Area have pondered these figures for a long time. Their answer has been to start the construction of the Ultimate Highrise in San Francisco. And perhaps the further expansion of American economic interests into Asia and

Continued on page 23

PROCION DYES
for craftsmen

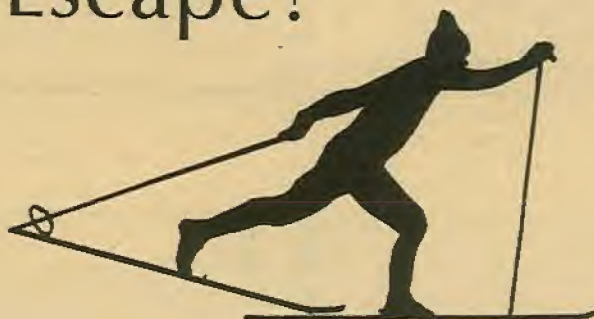
Permanent, washable, brilliant. Suitable for batik, printing, painting, tie dye. Nine colors available. Send for price list and instructions.

GLEN BLACK
HANDWOVEN TEXTILES
1414 Grant Ave., S.F.



for bread or barter
Film, Posters,
Newspaper, Book & Magazine
Illustration
MICK STEVENS 824-8059

Escape!



Try Ski Touring

The hiker's solution to winter's doldrums

West Portal Sport

can outfit you completely and inexpensively

BOTH SALES AND RENTALS

301 W. Portal

664-1040

BILL ANDERSON

Prickly Pear

Steve Vincent sets up this going away present for me, a little warmup reading at Richmond High School and we walk onto the school property and down corridors between buildings that look like cellblocks with no windows, which is appropriate because I'm going to talk about Ruchell Magee. The students turn out to be mainly sophomores, with some juniors and seniors, and they listen intently as I try to make impromptu poems, where I know the material but haven't written it down or frozen it but instead depend on the energy of the moment and the audience to precipitate the words this once only.

Ruchell Magee has chosen, or had chosen for him, what I call the prickly pear method of spiritual development—not only are there many little prickles on the outside of the fruit but even after you get inside, it's not all that great. Though there has to be some sweetness somewhere.

I'm telling the students about the case but also reacting strongly to the physical setting of the school—the windowless cubes, the half-walls around the classrooms. So that's my theme—break out, not so much from school as from the electric fence of fear, particularly fear in a situation where there's only a choice of bad things happening. I want to tap that little flower of energy that's always the same, no matter what's happening, though sometimes it's buried.

The night before I leave San Francisco I have this very violent dream, going into trader vics, being refused service, then being invited into a car by a smiling, upperclass white man, the car starting, and then realizing half a second before the knife appears that the smiling man is going to try to kill me, and I roll frantically out of the car and wake up before I hit the pavement flowing so dangerously by. I can't even remember the dream until afternoon and then I make a sudden gesture and it all comes back to me, like looking up and seeing a helicopter directly overhead, and that section of my dream comes back so heavy, like the rushing of the mind toward happiness, as if I have to dupli-

cate the action of the dream in order to really understand anything. Which is why I'm going to Ireland and Africa and possibly Pakistan.

Standing outside Arcata, California three other freaks and I get picked up by this *real* freak who immediately remarks that he's had several near accidents. One of the riders in the back shifts nervously and remarks that he has a California license, would be happy to drive and the driver says no, thank you, would we like some dope and starts feeling down by the floorboards for the lid of weed with the car skidding and all of us riders screaming at him 'that's all right, we can wait, we don't need the shit right now,' and him insisting 'no, I want it. When I want something I want it,' as we soar 70 miles an hour through the redwoods, their trunks all black in the rain.

Eventually I get to Seattle and catch a bus to go into Canada because everybody has been warning me not to

hitch across the border because the border guards are getting really uptight about Americans streaming into Canada, ripping off land, welfare, milk, jobs and so forth and besides that, naturally I'm holding. Only a few joints and 5 hits of really dynamite acid but still. So I get on the bus and when we approach the border I stash my shit under the headrest of the seat across the aisle and relax. But they make everybody get off the bus with their baggage at once and a surly looking guard glances at me and starts writing, perhaps because I'm wearing my oldest blue denim shirt with velvet patches, open almost to the navel: beautiful for San Francisco, but not so cool for Canada.

When he asks why I'm going to Canada I stupidly toss off that I may give a poetry reading. Oh. Do you get paid? Oh yes. How much? \$100 is what I usually get. Oh. Just be sure to mention that to the officer inside. So while the inside officer is grilling me, have I ever been refused admittance into Canada, have I ever

been busted, the bus driver steps inside and says another bus is right behind, catch that one, he's going on, he's late, and I watch through the window as the bus pulls off with my acid on it.

And I needed that acid. All the way up the coast people keep droning at me—don't hitch through Washington, the highway pigs really like to bust people; don't even *jay walk* in Seattle, it costs you ten dollars; be sure to have a round trip ticket when you get to England and at least \$500, otherwise they won't even let you in; and especially, *wait until you get to New York, you won't believe it, there's 250,000 junkies, you can't even walk down the streets*—and little by little I'm feeling like a light bulb flickering on and off with the off period coming more and more often and lasting longer and longer until finally the bulb is entirely dark. My poor dying country. As soon as you have it you say, 'I've got it,' and then you don't have it.

Yes, usually I pass out of the United States like a man coming up from pressure—the vision clears, the hands stop vibrating, the knot in the pit of the stomach loosens. And get on that Vancouver to Montreal Canadian Pacific train, somewhat like getting into a space capsule—a great rush at the beginning, through the clouds and the mountains, then a long slow stretch across the prairies almost like being in free fall—the waiter in a gravity defying slope across the table, Canadian couples dressed in his and her outfits, a mining engineer drifting into the club car, explaining why he didn't take the airplane. Then after three days, like a stop-action film, we pull into the suburban Montreal station and everything is blurring and fast again, mainly because just as I get off and start walking down the platform and the train begins to move I realize my case with all my poems in it is still on the train. I plunge toward the cars, yelling, the train stops, I get my case, and get off again laughing, high again, and start walking toward my brother's house, the snow creaking.

REXROTH

Continued from page 20

tant, was incomparably more morally or spiritually totalitarian than anything before it, these secessionists were persecuted with unparalleled virulence.

Only the Hutterites survive as a self-contained society of communism of both consumption and production. Today they are dependent upon the dominant society for the common manufactured goods of modern life, but could undoubtedly do without them. If civilization were obliterated tomorrow, they could survive. All other communal groups are to a greater or less degree parasitic and almost all of

them have no true communism of production.

Who is parasitic on capitalist production? Who are the eaters of surplus value? It is from the same classes and castes that the modern commune movement is recruited, and that it was recruited by and large in the 19th century. Employees, white collar workers, intellectuals, bohemians, eccentrics, inhabited Brook Farm, The Kaweah Cooperative Commonwealth in California, the Fourierist Phalanxes in the Middle West, just as they inhabit Morning Star and Wheeler's Ranch today.

There is nothing wrong with this, but such activities are very far indeed from being independent of the dominant society. They are in fact more dependent both on its affluence and its degeneration than is for instance the average working man with an old fashioned craft. A carpenter for instance has considerably more independence and mobility.

Changes in the dominant society eliminate communes even if they do not fail economically or break up in mutual quarreling. The communes which survive from the 19th century were extremely authoritarian, had powerful religious sanctions, strict internal discipline, strict qualifications for membership and were made up of hard headed

farmers, like Amana, or skilled craftsmen and businessmen as Oneida finally was.

But even the Hutterites are in the final analysis elitist. An elite exists, because it thinks it is elite. So a community of deeply religious farmers that considers itself a remnant saved out of a damned society is an elite, even if its members never read books.

Large scale communist societies, whole towns or small territories made up of all kinds of people have existed only in pre-Reformation Bohemia, Silesia and Poland and amongst heretical Muslims around the head of the Persian Gulf at the time of the Christian Crusades. Of course, even they considered themselves elites.

In both instances, the economies were not completely self-sustaining. In fact the Islamic communities have been called "brigandage": they lived by preying on the decaying Abbasid Caliphate—and held all things in common—that is—the loot.

There is nothing wrong with the "secession of the elites." It's usually what saves a deteriorating society, if it can be saved. The problem today is to evolve a worldwide communal movement that can change the dominant society rather than simply challenge it before it destroys us all. Such a movement would have to be self-sufficient, disciplined and possess universally acceptable sanctions.

TEENY NORA



COMIX

The Fabulous Furry Freak brothers, they're always wasted but they always win



Gilbert Shelton started out on the University of Texas "Ranger" which was, back in the days when the last assassinated President was William McKinley, the greatest college humor magazine in the land. It was for the "Ranger" that Shelton created mild-mannered Philbert Desenex who, upon retiring to a nearby cloistered area, turned into the most awesome super hero of them all—Wonder Wart Hog.

America was agog. The mighty pig retired following an overdose of strawberry rhubarb pie, and Shelton moved on, going through all those counter-culture changes and, because he was Shelton, keeping his eyes open. A few years later he broke water again with his new heroes, the greatest dopers of their generation, Those Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers. Fat Freddie, Phineas and Free-wheelin' Frank appeared irregularly in places like the "L.A. Free Press", "EVO", "Yellow Dog", "Gothic Blimp Works" and "ZAP Comics".

And now, (which is what prompts this gush of enthusiasm) their complete escapades have been published in one volume, "The Collected Adventures Of," which is available from Rip-Off Press (Box 14158, SF 94114) for a well-worth-it 50 cents. And, to my mind, (if I could just have a bit more time to set up my pre-

mise here), this collection establishes Shelton as the best underground cartoonist there is.

First of all, the Freak Brothers do great reporting. If someone ever wants to know what it was really like back in the golden days of hippiedom, point them in the direction of the Furry Freaks. Hollywood has been trying to put the Alienated Young on film for 10 years now and has not come even remotely close, compared to the milieu which Shelton creates so effortlessly. He has been paying attention.

Shelton's abilities as an observer are more than matched by his technical skills. He is, for instance, a superb plotter in the grand old style, constructing Byzantine dilemmas proceeding from the constants of a doper's life—paranoia about the law, inspired desperation in the face of drought, intricate plans for coping with some insane aspect of the straight world.

The Freaks are always wasted, but they always win—primarily because their criterion for victory is substantially different from that of their antagonists. For, as the Freaks themselves so often remark, "dope gets you through times of no money better than money gets you through times of no dope."

And the hits just keep on coming. Shelton is a good aural reporter—his dialogue is impeccable.

—and, even more important, he is always funny. But what I like best about him are the ice cream cones that he keeps leaving in hollow trees along the road. Fat Freddie's Cat roams the bottom of the strips, continuing his ceaseless battle against the Armed Forces of Roachdom.

Tricky Prickears, the fabulous deaf blind cop, turns up occasionally to snatch inadvertant victory from the jaws of well-earned defeat. And there, cheek by jowl with the furry Brothers themselves, is the totally unauthorized appearance of the Beagle Boys. What more could a man want from his comic strip?

Another publication I have become quite fond of (it is now in its second printing) is "The Sex Life of Jesus Christ." In a clear, easy-to-read manner, this small catechism answers all the questions you might have about this fascinating and little-known subject.

"The Sex Life of Jesus Christ" was written and printed by a Berkeley person named Ken Spiker, and the only way I know to get a copy is to ask Ken. He has light brown hair, a droopy moustache and usually wears jeans and boots and a shirt of some kind. He is somewhat shy and may deny he is Ken Spiker at first, but keep after him and demand your copy. He'll thank you for it, inside.

By Jon Carroll

IRENE OPPENHEIM

How revolutionary dances can be 'banal, trite and presumptuous'

Carlos Carvajal told the audience attending the choreography workshop of his San Francisco dance group, Dance Spectrum, that one of his latest ballets had been influenced by the recent visit of a Cambodian dance troupe. In Carvajal's case the results were rather pleasant.

What kind of inspiration I wondered, would the November Berkeley performances of Maurice Bejart's "Ballet of the 20th Century" leave with us?

Bejart, as sole choreographer for the Belgium-based group, has been able to attract enormous new young audiences to the ballet (25,000 for three consecutive nights in Mexico City during the Olympic Games, 12,000 for a performance of a ballet to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in Berlin, etc.). "The Ballet of the 20th Century" has been accruing, despite a very mixed critical reaction, a reputation the past few years as the most "revolutionary, radical, electric" company extant.

Here, a banner over Zellerbach proclaimed for the four days the group performed, "The revolution is here," and the Chronicle was lavish and loving in its praise. Bejart, it would seem, could not help but be the envy and model of his local choreographic compatriots. But I hope not. From the looks of the two performances I saw, the company's reputation is more dependent on the quality of its dancers than the strength of Bejart's creative imagination. For on the whole, the dances I saw were banal, trite and presumptuous—usually simultaneously.

What Bejart has done, much to his credit, is to free the male dancer from his traditionally supportive role. As often as not in Bejart's work, it is the male who dominates and does the more spectacular dancing. If I hadn't found the men (with the exceptions of Jorge Donn and Paolo Bortoluzzi) singularly unattractive, this tendency might have brought me more pleasure.

The ballets, tend to be more thematic than literal, making it impossible to identify particular characters except in a very general way. "HE" and "SHE" appear in two of his works, "Symphonie Pour Un Homme Seul" and "Le Sacre du Printemps," while in "Les Fleurs du Mal," based on five poems of Baudelaire, the seven dancers are identified solely as "beings." There is nothing intrinsically wrong in this, but it tends to produce characterless performers. On stage it may be easier to impersonate a Bluebird than a concept.

Even when Bejart made an attempt to be more explicit, as in "Bhakti" where the visions of Hindu deities appear to three hippy "adorers," I found it very difficult to square his description of the gods in the program notes with what was happening on stage. Shiva, "the Destroyer," looked and danced pretty much like Rama, who represented purity. The only thing that distinguished Krishna was that he played the flute and smiled more.

This propensity became particularly annoying in "The Firebird." The Firebird himself (already a departure since the role is usually taken by a woman) is presented as a "revolutionary" and as "The Bird of Life and Joy, immortal, whose splendor and strength remain indestructible" and finally as "The Poet, who like the revolutionary is a Firebird." Oh yes, the Firebird is also Russian (because Stravinsky, the composer, is Russian) so at last we have "The Firebird:" a Russian, Revolutionary Poet. It is all too much nonsense.

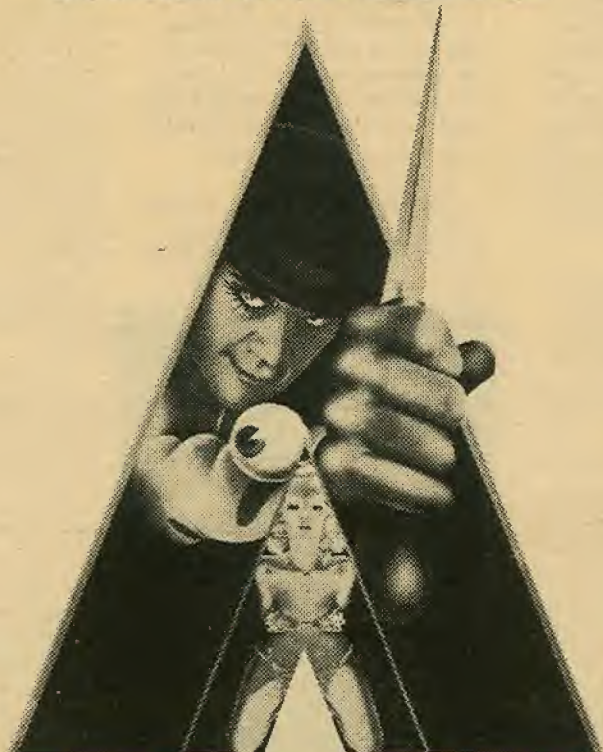
This ballet showed up both Bejart's strengths and weaknesses. His strength lies in his choreography for individual dancers, which in "The Firebird" used Mr. Bortoluzzi's skills as the bird to great effect. His weakness lies in his group work, which is repetitive and unimaginative, and in his puerile grasps for content. His use of the Pas de Deux is embarrassing.

I can only deduce the contorted lifts he put his dancers through were his effort to be original, but what emerged was simply bad.

In the end all of these flaws could be forgiven if I had felt that Bejart was really after something important. He says, he feels ballet should "reflect the image of the world, the young, the rich, the poor, the blacks, the whites—everybody." It sounds good, and his desire perhaps explains the propensity toward generality in his work. I do think, however, that he seriously underestimates the capacity of his audience to make their own generalizations. Moreover, I think he attempts naively to give everyone his cup of tea. For the classic lover there's "Choreographic offering;" for the revolutionary, "Firebird;" for the homosexual, "Fleurs du Mal;" and so on. Rather than creating new visions for the audience to ponder, he is merely exploiting their concerns. Too often he couches an explicitly sexual or virtuostic display in a very dubious philosophic wrapping, hinting at a depth and meaning I simply couldn't locate.



Being the adventures of a young man
whose principal interests are rape,
ultra-violence and Beethoven.



STANLEY KUBRICK'S

CLOCKWORK
ORANGE

A Stanley Kubrick Production "A CLOCKWORK ORANGE" Starring Malcolm McDowell • Patrick Magee • Adrienne Corri and Miriam Karlin • Screenplay by Stanley Kubrick • Based on the novel by Anthony Burgess • Produced and Directed by Stanley Kubrick • Executive Producers Max L. Raab and S. L. Levitt • From Warner Bros. A Kinney Company

EXCITING ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK AVAILABLE ON WARNER BROS. RECORDS

PREMIERE ENGAGEMENT STARTS SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19th.
METRO THEATRE — SAN FRANCISCO

DUSKIN

Continued from page 21

the continued industrial growth of the western United States is a good thing. But if it is, we should at least know what it is costing. Will it make us happier to live in a World Headquarters City? Will it cost us less to live here? Would we rather raise our children in San Francisco as we know it or in the Ultimate Highrise? Where would we rather have lunch? Walk? Work? Can we do anything to change direction?

I think the answer is that environmentalists and urban conservationists have to confront the master plan for the growth and development of Northern California in its entirety. We have spent our time stopping a building here and saving a few choice acres there while Northern California as a whole has become a less and less healthy and happy place to live. If we can win on key regional issues like the Baldwin Channel (without losing on the Peripheral Canal) and if we can win the next time around on a vote against highrise (and there will be a next time), then we will have moved a good part of the way towards the time when the people of this area, rather than self-appointed "leaders" such as the Bay Area Council, will be ready to make a basic decision on where it's all going.



MUSIC

JON CARROLL

The new Joy of Cooking—a just plain wonderful album

The new Band album, which is called "Cahoots," is a major disappointment—a literal, plodding album from a group known for its subtlety and lyricism—but I think the Band will be back, next album, stronger and clearer than ever. The album after "Sergeant Pepper," after all, was "Magical Mystery Tour"

Or, to look at it another way, the album after "Street Choir" was "Tupelo Honey." Van Morrison, whose first two albums ("Astral Weeks" and "Moondance") were among the most stunning and lovely ever made, fell down badly on number three, the muddled and uninspired "Street Choir." But his new release combines the emotional intensity of his first album and the skill of his second, and it belongs right up there with them in the rock stratosphere. Morrison's great strength is still his singing, not his songs, but here (especially on the title tune and on "Like A Cannonball" and "Moonshine Whiskey") his voice is as fluid and, well, intelligent as it ever was. It's a real good Christmas album.

Speaking of just plain wonderful albums, the new Joy of Cooking LP, "Closer To The Ground," is well worth your attention. I have a great sentimental attachment to this album—Joy of Cooking is a Berkeley group and I live in Berkeley and I first heard the album in New York and at the end of the first side, which closes with a song called "A Thousand Miles," I fell to wondering what I was doing on an island next to the Atlantic Ocean instead of back in the warm shadow of the East Bay hills. But even without the involvement, it's a very enjoyable record. Joy of Cooking is led by two women, Toni Brown and Terry Garthwaite, and they have succeeded in infusing a feminine sensibility into rock and roll for the first time since the Ace of Cups fell apart, but that's not even as important as the music, which is straight ahead and tight as a drum. You couldn't do better, and you could do a lot worse.

I was waiting for the new Doug Sahm album to come out so I could write something fulsome about him, and now it has ("The Return of Doug Saldana") and I find I'm not as enthusiastic about it as I'd like to be. I love the idea—Doug goes back to Texas and makes an album with unknown red-dirt rock and roll geniuses, ultimate funk—but the album doesn't match the flash. Not that it's bad—some of it, like "Oh Lord, Please Let It Rain In Texas" and "Wasted Days, Wasted Nights" and what may be the last great dope song, "Stoned Faces Don't Lie," is very good—but it still doesn't match up to the LPs he cut with the Quintet, especially "Together After Five" and "Honky Blues." And much as I'd like to like a sax player named Rocky Morales, I just can't whip up the excitement. It should be said, nevertheless, that this is still better than 90 per cent of the albums released this year.

Mitch Ryder has achieved another incarnation, this time as leader of a high-energy group called Detroit, and they've made an album on Paramount called, with all due modesty, "Detroit." Now, I've tried and tried to like this kind of music, because all the R&R heavies who pass through my life assure me that this is what everybody will be listening to a year from now (maybe it has something to do with booze replacing grass), but I'm set in my ways and when the lights are out and the moon is high I'd still rather put on "Workingman's Dead." But this is certainly the best of the genre that I've heard in quite a while, and on that basis I recommend this album. I guess.

Gary Burton has a new album called "Alone At Last," and if you like Gary Burton you'll probably like this album, although it is neither his best nor his worst. I don't really have anything to say about it, but I thought I should put it in because Gary Burton is one of those people worth following, and here's where he is at the moment. Okay?

Finally, a hearty "good going" to Atlantic Records for their Greatest Recordings series. There are six records in the set at the moment—we can only hope for more—and they're all good, and some of them are very good. Featured are LaVern Baker (remember "Jim Dandy" and "Tweedlee Dee," which was covered by—my God, the memories!—Georgia Gibbs), Joe Turner, Chuck Willis, The Clovers (including "Love Potion Number Nine"), The Drifters (mostly from their Clyde McPhatter days, but including the incredible "There Goes My Baby" with Ben E. King as lead singer) and, best of all, The Coasters. The Coasters album is something of a revelation—I had not realized quite how consistently good they were until I heard all their hits strung together. This record includes "Poison Ivy," "Along Came Jones," "Searchin'," "Yakety Yak," "Little Egypt," "Charlie Brown," "Down In Mexico," "Riot In Cell Block Number Nine" and "Young Blood." Wow! If The Coasters had been a basketball team, they would have gone undefeated.

ED WARD

Not just the rise of Elvis, but the birth of white American rock and roll

ELVIS: A BIOGRAPHY
by Jerry Hopkins, 448 pages,
Simon and Schuster \$7.95

Book review time again for the Bay Guardian. The house is littered with the results of a month's reading. Dozens of books dealing with the new lifestyles, drugs, politics, music and so on, and I can't make up my mind which one to review. Something with a kind of socio-cultural-political bent, I think. So I ask my roommate—"What should I review for the Guardian?" He gives me a funny look. "The Elvis book, of course."

Of course. Because with all the confessions-of-an-ex-Berkeley-radical books, with the novels about the young revolutionary bombers, with the history of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic around the house, still no book speaks so directly and so importantly to the issues those other books deal with than Jerry Hopkins' biography of the Tupelo Mississippi Flash, Elvis Adron Presley.

In fact, the book's epigraph is from *Soul On Ice*: "So Elvis Presley came, strumming a weird guitar and wagging his tail across the continent, ripping off fame and fortune as he scrunched his way, and, like a latter-day Johnny Appleseed, sowing seeds of a new rhythm and style in the white soul of the white youth of America. . ."

Jerry Hopkins has attempted a noble task—invading the incredible security-net around America's Number One Entertainer, then trying to come out with a book that is complete, accurate and detailed, all the while working without help from Elvis, his manager, the redoubtable Colonel Tom Parker, and his tightly-knit circle of intimates. The main reason for this non-cooperation with Hopkins was simple—if something having to do with Elvis is going to happen, Colonel Tom Parker is gonna get a (big) cut. If he doesn't get it, he's gonna make things as hard as possible for whoever is doing it. Hopkins spent two years on this project and, toward the end, the Colonel sent a message along the grapevine: he didn't agree with Jerry, but he sure did admire his tenacity.

Elvis has come under fire for its incredible wealth of detail—the minutiae, say its detractors, obscure the subject. In fact, nothing could be further from the truth. Let me digress a moment here.

Elvis Presley came up from a would-be country and western singing Dean Martin (really, Dino was his idol in the early days) to the spearhead of the rock and roll furor of the fifties, but, seeing that that was not enough, secured himself a position as a motion-picture attraction second to none and even managed to stage a remunerative comeback when everybody'd given him up for good.

In doing all this, he created a myth for himself, but he also attracted an almost Byzantine coterie of hangers-on, business people and, perhaps most important, fans quite unlike any fans popular history has known. Anybody who is slightly cognizant of this can only have one question: How? And that's the question *Elvis* tries to answer. The fact that it's such a big question didn't deter Hopkins for a moment, and the fact that he came to grips with it so well makes the book invaluable for anyone who's wondered about Elvis.



The portrait of Elvis's world that emerges from all this is a strange one. Faithful to his old buddies almost to a fault, he has surrounded himself with about a dozen of them, all of whom are on salary, and who are known collectively as the "Memphis Mafia."

The story of Elvis's return to the public eye after a few years of seclusion, and his subsequent return to superstardom, is handled well, and it has all the drama of his original rise to fame. It may be hard to conceive of a person of Elvis's stature afflicted with stage fright after all those years, but it happened.

Of course, no book about Elvis could concern itself exclusively with Mr. Presley, because where Elvis is, there also is the crafty (and profitable) buffoonery of Col. Tom Parker, who has managed him almost since the beginning. Parker worked his way up in the entertainment business the hard way, from penny-ante carnivals to medicine shows to country and western revues.

Just how much of an influence Parker has been in Elvis's affairs has remained a point of speculation among Elvis observers, and the detailed picture Hopkins gives us, even with its holes, will raise eyebrows for sure.

The book does have its weak moments, especially at the beginning, but they are forgivable when the whole thing is con-



sidered. I found the laborious account of Vern and Gladys Presley's ins and outs with the Welfare department something I could have done without, for instance, but from the moment Elvis enters high school, the story acquires all the trappings of classic drama.

The picture of Elvis in his very earliest days as a professional entertainer, given by Marion Keisker, the secretary of Sam Phillips's Sun Records (Elvis's first label, as well as Jerry Lee Lewis's, Johnny Cash's, and dozens of others') is a revealing one, as she recounts Phillips' efforts to get Elvis to be Elvis and not Dean Martin. The early days on the road before national recognition hit are recounted by guitarist Scotty Moore, who was in large part responsible for the "Elvis sound" on records and on stage.

And the long chapter entitled "Hysteria" is as much a mini-pageant of the birth of rock and roll in the consciousness of America's white teenagers as it is a documentation of Elvis's rise to national fame, and as such is one of the most important examinations of that particular phenomenon ever to be printed.

Elvis's "lost years," the horrible series of movies (which nonetheless continue to gross incredible amounts far disproportionate to their quality) and his spell in the Army, his marriage and his gradual disappearance from the sight of all but the most dedicated fans are chronicled here, and the discerning reader may well read in a subtle change in Elvis' approach to his life and fame, his growing ennui materializing more and more grotesquely until the only thing to do: put his neck on the block and attempt a comeback. The scene where Elvis walks out onto the Sunset Strip with a couple of friends and realizes to his astonishment that nobody recognizes him is a moving one.

At the end of the book, Hopkins recalls a conversation between Scotty Moore, D.J. Fontana (his drummer in that early band) and Neal Matthews, one of the Jordanaires back-up group Elvis uses extensively. Moore says, "I don't see how he could have had any inkling he was gonna be as big a star as he was. . . . It happened so fast. I don't think even today he realizes what he's done."

Whether or not he realizes it, one is aware by the end of Hopkins's book that he is probably capable of repeating his success to a large degree. The enigma that is Elvis's essence remains, and one is left with the realization that the decisions don't seem to be in anybody's hands, and that the product that Elvis now is could go any way, any time. Has he kept his humanity through all this? Nobody knows, probably least of all anyone close to him. And that's what *Elvis* is all about.

Good Karma Cafe

San Francisco's oldest natural foods restaurant,
serving organic fruits, vegetables and
herbal teas prepared with love.

Lunches from noon to 5 p.m. daily
Dinner: 6-11 p.m. Tuesday to Sat.
5-10 p.m. Sunday
501 Dolores Street at 18th St.
Closed Monday 621-4112

LAKESHORE HI FI

McINTOSH
JBL
REVOX
TEAC

ALTEC
SONY
SANSUI
THORENS

FISHER
SCOTT
CROWN
DUAL

GARRARD
KLH
RECTILINEAR
BARZILAY

ALL OTHER MAJOR BRANDS

SALES - SERVICE

Prof. Equip - Recording - Broadcasting - Video

Custom
Installations

661-2525

Terms
Discount
Prices

222 WEST PORTAL AVE.

SAN FRANCISCO

West of the Twin Peaks Tunnel

MIME TROUPE

The Dragon Lady's revenge



American humor isn't known for its delicacy or its wit. Rather, at best, it's broad, sneaky, absurd and outrageous. And when it's good, it can be devastating and fantastically effective.

That is the essence of the San Francisco Mime Troupe's new big play, "The Dragon Lady's Revenge." Basically, it's an adult descendant of an early Mad Magazine farce. It takes place in a thinly disguised Southeast Asian dictatorship and deals with heroin.

It has a stock list of Eastern Port of Intrigue characters—a Dragon Lady, a sly old subservient Oriental gentleman, a clean-cut American soldier. That far, it even resembles an old Mad strip lampooning Terry and the Pirates.

But it goes a good deal beyond that. It's a genuine satire, a serious indictment of U.S. complicity in the heroin plague among enlisted men of the expeditionary force in Southeast Asia. It cloaks a serious point in enough farce and intrigue to make it bearable. Done by people less talented than the Mime Troupe, it might have become a heavy-handed morality play.

The plot centers on young Clyde Dillsworth Junker III, a lieutenant in the U.S. Army. He is also the son of Clyde Dillsworth Junker II, U.S. Ambassador to Cochín, the semi-mythical country.

Junker, the ambassador, is stationed in the capital, Long Pinh. There he is instructed to offer General Rong Q the Presidency for Life, which, by economic leverage, the U.S. can provide, if Rong Q will help clean up the heroin trade demoralizing the army.

Rong Q (played, incidentally, by a woman) is in love with the mysterious Dragon Lady, owner of an infamous off-limits bar in downtown Long Pinh. Young Clyde Junker III comes to the bar on a mission and meets an army buddy who dies in his arms of an overdose. He croaks before he can name the kingpin of the heroin business. Clyde vows to uncover the whole thing.

The play is a mystery, and the vital question is, "Who is Mr. Big in the heroin trade?" Labyrinthine plot twists and the great number of characters complicate matters nicely. (I'm still puzzled over the role of the seemingly inexplicable, amorphous Tim Drooley, a guru priest of C.I.A. denomination.) I won't give away who Mr. Big is, but the point of it all is, of course, that the U.S. is poisoning its own army. Imperialism must fail because of its built-in contradictions.

The San Francisco Mime Troupe was the first and is prob-

ably still the best guerrilla theatre group in the country. From their radical-cheap headquarters on Alabama Street, they make brave and pointed forays into America. They exist on what they make from college tours and from the hats passed at park performances and therefore owe no allegiance to anyone but their own artistic and revolutionary vision.

Part of that vision can be explained by this quote from Brecht: "All art is political. The artist who claims to be apolitical has merely chosen the side of the ruling class."

I talked to various members of the Mime Troupe about the creation of "Dragon Lady." They feel, as do many movement people, that you cannot tell someone else to become revolutionary unless you yourself are revolutionary. Consequently, communism cannot be justifiably advocated unless it is practiced to the best of one's ability. The Mime Troupe, like other organizations, is, therefore, attempting to collectivize as much as possible. Five people conceived and wrote "Dragon Lady."

The impetus for "Dragon Lady" was provided by a Ramparts cover story last spring on U.S. involvement in the dope trade in Southeast Asia. It dealt with control of the heroin industry by high ranking South Vietnamese, Laotians, Thai and Kuomintang generals, diplomats and other lackeys of the U.S. "Dragon Lady" makes a somewhat risky assumption that the audience is willing to believe, wholesale, what Ramparts said. The risk seems to have been well taken, in terms of audience reaction. The play itself doesn't make any attempt to present

empirical evidence to substantiate Ramparts' claims. But, that is not the function of a play.

After thoroughly reading the Ramparts piece and discussing it with the author, they began. In a month and a half, they came up with a list of characters. The writers engaged in much criticism/self-criticism and a good many points were thrashed over before the play took form. It is still in a state of flux and they plan to add and alter whenever a better way seems to present itself.

I saw "Dragon Lady" in Berkeley's Ho Chi Minh Park (a fairly appropriate setting) and it was wildly received. People hung on every change, booed the villains and cheered the heroes. But, that was Berkeley. "It feels like we're home whenever we play in Berkeley," one player announced after the performance. What about in other places, though? The play has several outstanding points that could backfire, even among people of radical persuasion.

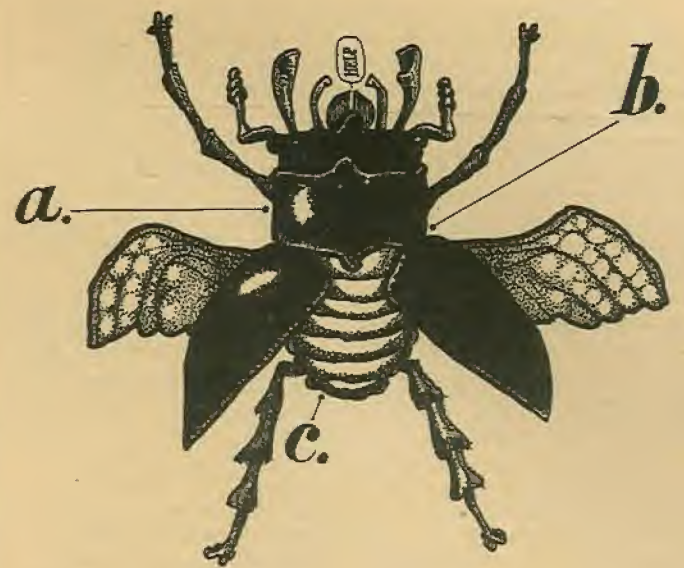
"Aren't your pictures of Asians just perpetuating the hideous stereotypes that are already a cause of the war?"

"Well, we showed 'Dragon Lady' to some Asian radicals and they found no objection on that account. The entire play is so obviously a caricature that everyone, Caucasian and Asian, is exaggerated. But, it was something we thought about and criticized before putting it in."

In California, "Dragon Lady" has gotten overwhelming responses. At performances, audience members are asked to fill out a questionnaire. It reads: "What this play says is: True—Likely—Extreme—Not true." According to the Mime Troupe, "Trues" have outnumbered "Likelys" 50 to 1 and no "Not Trues" have come in.

By Alec Dubro

BEETLETALE



"My friend works in the Biology Laboratory at the University and recently they had a project which called for the dissection of beetles. Now my friend (Christy by name) is no weirdo dooper crazy—but a very straight shy hard-working graduate student who is looking towards getting a PhD in Biology, and, ultimately, she wants to teach at some college. She loves Biology.

"So she was in the lab getting ready to dissect this beetle which was still alive and clamped down so its little beetle legs were waving around. Christy has her cutting edge poised over the beetle's tiny throat, and as she paused for a second, the beetle opened its little beetle's beak and let out a little beetle scream. Now my friend Christy, as I tell you, is as straight as can be, and she is not given to delusion. But she heard that beetle scream.

"And she lay down her little beetle knife and left the lab and we don't know yet whether she will ever go back to finish her doctorate."

By Lorenzo Milam



PRO-AUDIO ELECTRONICS

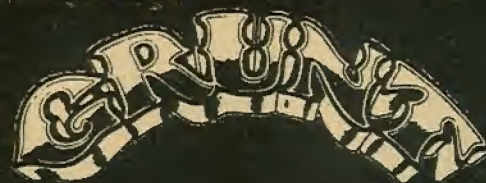
FACTORY AUTHORIZED SERVICE FOR:

Akai, Ampex, Roberts, Fisher, Sony, Sansui, Marantz, Bogen, Magnecord, Viking, Concertone
Other Brands serviced such as: Garrard, Dual, Miracord, Kenwood, Pioneer, etc.

383 - 40th St, Oakland
Nr. McArthur Freeway
654-6632

8:30 - 5:30, Sat. 9-4

CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS WITH A



Grunt FTR-1002

- ☐ Jefferson Airplane: Bark FTR-1001
- ☐ Papa John Creach FTR-1003

PLUS THESE RCA RELEASES

- ☐ The Kinks: Muswell Hillbillies LSP-4644
- ☐ Hot Tuna: Electric & Live LSP-4550
- ☐ Nilsson: Schmilsson LSP-4515
- ☐ The Guess Who: So Long Bannatyne LSP-4574

All these releases are also available on 8 track and cassette tape



Available now
at all SEVEN
Bay Area
stores

SAN FRANCISCO 262 SUTTER
SAN FRANCISCO 656 MARKET
SAN MATEO 3555 EL CAMINO REAL
MENLO PARK 915 EL CAMINO REAL
BERKELEY 2309 TELEGRAPH
SAN JOSE 99c NORTH REDWOOD
SAN JOSE EASTRIDGE MALL ON TULLY
ROAD-VISCONT RECORDS



Cut Your Sounds
at

ROYAL ASHBURY

ROYAL ASHBURY +
YOUR VIBES =
GOOD SOUND

Ampex 2, 4, 8 tracks

Dolby

(Audio noise reducing system)

ROYAL ASHBURY
STUDIO, INC.

1601-A Page Street, S.F.
621-3196

LORENZO MILAM

A Guardian columnist is born

To the editor:

I almost fell off the bus when I saw that you had put my article on page one. (Eds. note: "How to terrorize your local broadcaster for fun and profit," which sent broadcast executives into the skylights along Van Ness, in New York, at the FCC and at Broadcasting Magazine.) And it is already having its effect: Bill Wade went to KFRC because we've been trying to get some donations of equipment for Poor Peoples Radio, and Mr. Burd or Furd or Gurd—whatever his name is—almost strangled him for that article before he calmed down. "Do you realize that this is a ten million dollar license?" he kept saying, thus proving our point exactly.

I would like to write some more for you, and I thought I would include a list of areas I feel competent to write about, so that you can call on me for any of these. In addition, I love covering funky events (morticians conventions, DAR meetings, the like) because I appear to be straight and earnest, and I always spot things that drive people up the wall when they read them in print.

Broadcasting...the history of radio...Middle English literature...real estate speculation and FHA housing laws...music of India, Japan, Indonesia and Central Europe...contemporary Spanish history...English and American journalism...contemporary existentialist literature...American writers of the 20s and 30s...contemporary poetry; Edwardian and WWI poets...the growth of Nazism; Nazi bureaucracy...the myth of executive power in America (bureaucratic dilution)...American blues artists...Tyler, Hoover, Coolidge, Grant and Harding: 'Pataphysical Presidency'...the corruption of the depression generation by the pot generation...and the history of listener supported radio in the U.S.

Sherwood Anderson and Theo Dreiser...the sexual symbolism of the common pentode...RNA, DNA, the magic spot and ecoli...Atahualpa Yupanqui...new journalist economics: the Herald-World-Tribune vs. the LA Free Press...ghetto radio: the Watts corner-drop-in CATV system...the welfare-food stamp prosperity and volunteerism.

The other day Laura and I went out to eat. It was evening, and the usual greasy spoons of our daytime life were closed. We had heard of a fancy place in Santa Clara named "Lorenzo's" (it was terrible). Any restaurant with the name "Lorenzo's" has to be good, I told her.

For those of you who have never driven through the dreadful complex called San Jose—it's not all called San Jose. There are indistinguishable extensions called Campbell, Santa Clara, Sunnyvale, Mountain View.

The single great underlying characteristic of all these nurdville places is their close resemblance to Burbank, or Silver Spring, Md., or Bellevue, Washington, or San Jose, or each other. That is—they are a contractor's dream: big black six- and eight-lane streets, built to destroy the pedestrian by their football-field width; apartments, thousands of square-limbed apartment buildings, with scenic names like "El Rancho" and "El Patio" and "El Gaucho." All pulp produced by the same contractors with the same singular desire: to make a thousand thousand dollars, and to get rid of those goddamn boring orchards that once littered this valley.

The Los Angeles of the Bay Area. The Real Estate magnates always, traditionally, run the city councils of San Jose and Sunnyvale and Mountain View—and this is our own just reward. Those same endless house faces: the same miserable black wrought-iron staircase pulp-produced homes. And they wonder why their 15-year-old reads those awful Zap Comix, why their 16-year-old comes home with pockets-full of baggies, why their 17-year-olds hide cruddy spoons-cotton-disposable-needles and that funny white powder underneath the socks.

Poor suburbia. Poor America. Poor us. We don't know the miracles we have wrought in the minds of our own children. Poor us.

It is the American Dream! It is the land of the Free and the home of the Brave! There, in Santa Clara, California, USA, at the corner of El Camino Real and Los Padres Boulevard, I was able to view the flowering of the hopes of a thousand thousand real estate speculators, with the careful dream assistance of San Jose Channel 11, and the ever-watchful, ever-friendly Dream Giver called The San Jose Mercury-News.

All these forces had worked together to produce that vision of revolving lights, and shiny black streets, and shiny black parking lots, and colorful wrought-iron apartments: I was there, at the moment of fruition of the hopes and aspirations of hundreds of our forebears: asking for the simple God-given right to make a million bucks on the wondrous arts of speculation, and capital gains, and tax-write-off. Arriba, Cupertino! Lord Love The Contractors and Builders of Our Lives!

When the Second Coming is at hand—assuming, of course, that he who runs the whole bag-of-pickles feels impelled to give us a re-run of the whole merry show—when The Second Coming is at hand, I am convinced that It will not take place in some drafty stable in The Old Country nor, indeed, on some drab communal farm in Calaveras County. ("Hail Emmanuel! Hail Calavaras!")

No, assuming that the Divine Renewal of Our Faith is now at the edge of our dusky and smog-filled horizon, it will have to happen in some Asphalt Wonderland such as this. Our Lady of The Shopping Center will feel the pangs of Sainly Deliver as she is about to consume a Jack-In-The-Box Hamburger. A chorus of angels will spirit her away in the El Dorado to the Kaiser Memorial Hospital. A helicopter filled with The Three Wise Newsmen will descend—and the marriage of the Godhead and the media will ensue. Divinity and Suburbia will be forever conjoined as the Prince of Peace is delivered in a haze of Empricodeine, to the ticking of nearby Pacemakers. "He is Come," sings the Headnurse in her starch-white gown, "He is Come," echoes the blackface orderly—so recently white-eyed by the unexpected angelic glow down the tiled hallways of Kaiser Memorial...

Two thousand years from now, our worried followers will gather—annually—around a tiny replica of the delivery room of the Kaiser Memorial Hospital. Our Lady of the Shopping Center will be immortalized in burnished plastic (with burnished stirrups).

Continued on page 28

ELISABETH COLEMAN

"The Murmur of the Heart"—intelligent, simple, human

Louis Malle's "Le Souffle Au Coeur," ("The Murmur of the Heart") is the sort of film you'd like to go to bed with. It is strong without being pushy, tender without being sentimental. It is intelligent but its messages are simple and human, not foiled in intellectual claptrap. It has infinite variety and a sense of humor; it leaves you with a spring in your stop and a smile on your lips.

I suppose "Murmur of the Heart" should be called a comedy and, if so, it should be called a family comedy—or a comedy about an almost lovable family in Dijon, France, during the early fifties. There is a father—a busy, austere gynecologist who knocked up a pretty Italian refugee when she was 16 and then married her (the implication being that he wanted to. Who would know better than a gynecologist how to get out of an unwanted pregnancy?)

There is a mother,—the young girl now grown into a wonderful, lusty woman in her mid-thirties (played to the hilt by Lea Massari, whose messy auburn locks, slightly crooked features and full, expressive lips remind one of Karen Black). And there are three sons. The two oldest ones are about 20, arrogant, cruel, not too bright but sophisticated in the standard manner of precocious young rich kids. And sometimes terribly funny practical jokers to boot.

But it is the youngest, 15-year-old Laurent, who gets all the attention as the chosen son. His father dislikes him, sees him as a rival for the mother's affections ("A pain in the neck," he mutters). His lively but uneducated mother adores him, for he is not only the smart one, the feeling one ("But he's so sensitive," is her usual dinner table lament to the father), but also the youngest one.

As a child, he is her link to her own youth; as he becomes a man, she must face the fact that she, too, is aging. Consequently she showers him with embraces, fondlings, kisses—lavish affections usually reserved for a much younger child.

But Laurent is more to her than just a reminder of youth. Short sighted, totally fallible, she is in many ways a lonely woman. Her sexy flirtatious manner drives other women away. She and her husband have drifted apart into other affairs, and her two oldest sons come round

mostly to tease or to filch money for drinking or womanizing. Laurent, on the other hand, is a friend.

"Don't worry," he counsels her when she returns in tears after a fight with her lover. "Some day you'll find someone who will love you as you are. He just didn't understand you."

And Laurent, young as he is, is a genuinely captivating character. Malle has cast the part well. Benoit Ferreux, who plays Laurent, looks like a younger, finer-boned Michael York; they both have that same sort of smoky sensuality. Laurent has the early presence of a leader; and those around him sense it and are drawn to it. Not only his schoolmates, his mother and adolescent girls, but even his teacher-priest who has trouble keeping his hands off the boy's developing thigh muscles.

But Malle won't let us see Laurent only as a super-child, remove ourselves, justify the rest of the movie as a freak. He draws us in, forces us to squirm at the boy's awkwardness, his bewilderment. And to laugh, almost in relief, at some of his antics.

For like his brothers, Laurent is a zesty little bastard, not above shoplifting a record while collecting money for the Red Cross and then shaming the shop owner into donating, nor above smashing a bottle of milk on the floor for the maid to clean up. He has a heart murmur which resulted from a childhood bout with scarlet fever—hence the title of the movie.

Some will say this movie is about incest. True, mother and son do make love before the movie is over (and, incidentally, in one of the most delicately

erotic, unfleshy love scenes I've seen). And some who could accept the splendid innocence of "Summer of '42," a lovely movie but so American in its puritanism (it happens on a remote island; she's a removed, distant goddess; they make it only in the midst of her desperate sorrow over losing a husband; he never sees her again) will decry "Murmur of the Heart" with its un-American amorality. (How could they laugh afterwards?)

But this is a movie about a boy coming of age. Young and confused, the examples he sees around him—two decadent brothers, a homosexual priest, a cold father and an over-attentive mother—don't offer much inspiration.

Malle gives us a quick lesson in the origins of abnormal adult behavior when he shows Laurent, smitten when his mother leaves him for several days to be with her lover, drunk, putting on her clothes, wiping on her mascara with a toothbrush (even in such desperate moments, Malle won't take himself too seriously). His anger at his mother grows into hatred for all womankind—he storms into an elegant tea dance, calls the young thing who has been shunting his advances a lesbian and insults her mother.

It is his mother who rescues Laurent from this misogyny. Finally, they seduce each other, almost as if by mistake, having subconsciously driven themselves to the one act that could be their salvation. She is liberated to go back to her family, to laugh again with her husband. Laurent, his chains severed, the specter exorcised, is able to begin to take life—and women—on his own terms.

Give Instant Luxury!

LEGENDARY GIFT OF THE GODS
Most Versatile and Unique Home
Furnishing Unit. Hand Woven for
HAMMOCK MASTER by Maya Indians.
Finest Cotton in All Color
Combinations—No Two Identical
A Major Experience in the Realm
of Comfort and Pleasure

Small \$15
Medium \$30
Large \$60

HAMMOCK MASTER
1331 Columbus Ave.
San Francisco, Calif. 94133 441-6458



"Fiercely funny!!"
Eichelbaum/Examiner



The Committee
THE ALL NEW IMPROVED SATIRICAL REVUE

622 Broadway, S.F. / 392-0807
Student Discount/Minors Welcome. Weeknights 8:30, 10:30
Sat. 8:30, 10:30, 12:30, Dec. 19th
& 26th 8:30, 10:30. Closed
Christmas Day. Improvisations 10:30

THE PLACE TO MEET FRIENDS

LARRY BLAKE'S
RESTAURANT/RATHSKELLER
848-0866 848-0888
2367 TELEGRAPH NEAR DURANT BERKELEY
HOURS 7 A.M.-1:30 A.M.
YOU'LL GROOVE ON BREAKFAST AND GOURMET FOODS WITH FINEST WINES SELECTION

MICHAEL GOODWIN

Zappa's videotape film shows tremendous potential but misses being a masterpiece

200 Motels; (Playing at the Bridge, SF); Characterizations directed by Frank Zappa; Visuals directed by Tony Palmer; Story and screenplay by Frank Zappa; Music composed and arranged by Frank Zappa; Music performed by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the Mothers; Starring Theodore Bikel, Ringo Starr, the Mothers, and any number of other freaks; Color; Released by United Artists.

There are people who run screaming at the very mention of Frank Zappa. These people will not like "200 Motels."

On the other hand...

Several years ago, Zappa and the Mothers took over the Garrick Theater on Bleecker Street in New York City. They were there for five or six months. This was an earlier incarnation of the Mothers and, for my money, a stronger group: Ray Collins on vocals, Bunk Gardner on reeds, double-drumming by Jimmy Carl Black and Billy Mundi, plus Zappa, Roy Estrada and a couple of other fine musicians.

During the Garrick Theater period, Zappa evolved a music/theater/encounter group form that was the most exciting theater happening anywhere in New York. Eventually, Zappa began advertising it as a show—which it certainly was. It started off simply as a series of "nightclub" musical sets, but gradually the madness in between the numbers took over.

Props began to accrete—a headless mama doll, a "finger machine" (the pedal mechanism from a high-hat cymbal, with a glove replacing the cymbal, so when Zappa pumped the pedal the glove went up and down, giving "the finger" to the universe at large), a gigantic picture of then-President LBJ, piles of vegetables (sometimes the Mothers threw them at the audience; sometimes the process was reversed), endlessly etc.

Then, when the theater of the absurd had reached some kind of built-in limitation, Zappa expanded the concept to include the audience as actors. One night he had a couple of marines (who had wandered in by accident) come up on stage and bayonet the mama doll, screaming, "Kill! Kill!" while the Mothers played John Cage background music. Real marines, real bayonets. A regular event was the "Drug of the Night" routine, wherein Zappa would offer a mysterious liquid to any member of the audience who would drink it; he always got a taker.

There was a ballet one night—a really excellent one. And a

series of oratorios that began as improvisations and ended up with fairly solid scripts. One such oratorio starred a girl from the audience as "the teen-ager," a group of older audience members as "her parents" and the Mothers as a kind of Greek chorus.

Which brings us by a roundabout fashion to "200 Motels," which is, in actuality, another Zappa oratorio—the Motel Oratorio. Much of the film is actually set in a studio, where the Mothers, assorted actors and the Royal Philharmonic perform the piece under Zappa's direction. Other sequences are shot on sets, but music runs through most of the film, tying it together.

I've never been particularly impressed with Zappa's classical music (it seems overly imitative), but it certainly is rigorously "modern," and quite serious. My main objection to Zappa's recent direction, in fact, has to do with whether rock and roll or classical music serves as a more appropriate vehicle for the kind of free-form theater that seems to be his forte. My vote goes to rock; Zappa, apparently, favors classical.

Early on in the movie, Zappa comments through a narrator: "Touring can make you crazy, ladies and gentlemen, and that is precisely what '200 Motels' is about." With this disclaimer to cover him, Zappa promptly dispenses with continuity, anything but the barest bones of a plot, and even consistent characterizations. In their place, he substitutes a stream-of-consciousness structure that does, in fact, hang together pretty well.

Although individual characters metamorphose, their ideological functions in the film remain consistent. Theodore Bikel (Theodore Bikel?) remains a symbol of the ineffable, slightly sinister Mystery of the Universe, and Ringo Starr can be counted on to be Frank Zappa.

Zappa himself hardly appears in the film at all; he can be seen in a few shots of the Mothers in performance, and directing the ensemble in the studio, but in most of the "plot" sequences Ringo stands in for him. Certain symbolic props retain their identities too—a magic lamp, for instance, seems to stand for "getting stoned" with reassuring consistency.

But despite certain running gags and the above-mentioned unities, the film is basically an assemblage of episodic sequences revolving around various aspects of touring. This is its strength as well as its weakness—some episodes are great, others are

terrible.

My favorite is an animated cartoon titled, "Dental Hygiene Dilemma," wherein one of the Mothers must decide whether or not to steal a towel from his motel room. Various propaganda by his Good Conscience (Donovan, on TV, wearing love beads and a peace medallion) and his Bad Conscience (a small animated devil), he ends up stealing not only the towel, but the motel room and the cartoon itself.

Were the film, as a whole, less episodic and haphazard, it might have achieved the unity it so narrowly misses—and hence, emerged as the masterpiece Zappa is certainly capable of making. Rumor has it that "200 Motels" was shot in only eight or nine days, which, if true, explains a lot.

I've saved the most interesting thing about the film for last: "200 Motels" is, to my knowledge, the first feature film to be completely shot with videotape. The process of transferring the video image to motion picture film is not yet perfect, and there are a few flaws: an occasional metallic cast to the color, and visible scan lines in bright picture areas. But these are mere cavils.

The optical effects made possible by videotape processing are stunning. Colors melt, solarize, drop in and out. Images are selectively superimposed, distorted or intensified. In one incredible shot a shimmering moiré pattern is mixed with a live action scene, taking precedence over all the white areas and flesh tones in the shot, but dropping out everywhere else.

Psychedelic? I hate to use the phrase, but it's the only one that comes close. Zappa has emphasized the videotape pyrotechnics by using very fast cutting. Three- and four-frame shots (about 1/8 of a second) are scattered throughout the film, and make up nearly all of the final sequence. If you're familiar with the underground films of Gregory Markopoulos, you'll have some idea what this looks like.

The long-range implications of the use of videotape in "200 Motels" are tremendously important. For a couple of years now, the word has been out that tape was going to make movies obsolete. Although that stage is not yet upon us, it appears that the symbiotic (or peaceful coexistence) stage has arrived. If "200 Motels" is any example, it's going to be a very fruitful stage too.

MARGO SKINNER

"Sunday, Bloody Sunday"—the most literate script of the year

*"Smic, Smac, Smoc" (Cannery)
"The Go-Between" (Ghirardelli Square)
"Sunday, Bloody Sunday" (Cinema 21)
"Fiddler on the Roof" (Golden Gate)
"The French Connection" (Alexandria)
"Something Big" (Loew's, Coliseum, El Rey)*

"Smic, Smac, Smoc," a French heart-warmer, was made in only eight days by Claude LeLouch ("A Man and a Woman"). This playful account of a shipyard worker's honeymoon has the nostalgic sparkle of Clair or Tati. After Smoc marries a pretty bakery worker, his two buddies celebrate with them, romping through Southern France.

Joining in their adventures is a blind musician, played by composer Francis Lai, who pokes fun at the super-sweet music he's composed for earlier LeLouch films. The vagrants "borrow" a car, picnic and dance on the grass, play tricks on the squares and drink red wine aplenty in this joyous salute to life, the best LeLouch yet.

"The Go-Between," directed by Joseph Losey, is more sombre, though it has its picnics too, stately Edwardian affairs at which girls in white dresses play croquet and the hampers are packed by servants.

An innocent boy (Dominic Guard) is invited by a school chum to vacation at his aristocratic country home. Languid, formal summer days become magic when the lovely eldest daughter (Julie Christie) befriends him. Slowly he is drawn into the web of her illicit love affair, and the summer turns into a nightmare which traumatizes him for life.

The contrast of exquisite, ordered settings and intense emotional undercurrents is masterly. Among the excellent performances, stand-outs are those of Margaret Leighton as the handsome dowager who changes into a Greek Fury at the boy's birthday party, and Michael Redgrave as the sad, sterile hero grown up, encountered in almost subliminal flash-forwards.

"Sunday, Bloody Sunday" is also about the amatory problems of the English, this time a contemporary bisexual triangle. With the most literate script of the year by New Yorker's Penelope Gilliatt, and compassionate direction by John Schlesinger ("Midnight Cowboy"), it's sure to hit "best ten" lists.

The characters, a middle-aged homosexual Jewish doctor (Peter Finch), a divorcee, dissatisfied with her job (Glenda Jackson), and the selfish, charming artist whom they both love (Murray Head) are completely convincing, as are the milieus in which they move. The gracious Bar Mitzvah party, the professionalism of the doctor's office, the heroin's Bohemian friends with their undisciplined, delightful children—I've met these kids, but never on film before.

All this is so believable and consummately well acted (Finch gives the performance of his life) that it's only later one wonders if it isn't fantasy. Would people this mature and attractive really be engaged in such a self-destructive triangular relationship?

All three fine films came into commercial release direct from the San Francisco Film Festival.

I didn't really expect to like "Fiddler on the Roof." Didn't see the "longest running musical in history" on the stage, and I'm very wary of big productions, particularly when they're moved onto the super-screen and directed by Norman Jewison, who has some real bombs among his credits.

Tevye the milkman and his fellow villagers from the pages of Sholom Aleichem's folk stories won me over completely. Their hardships, their loves, their chutzpah in a poor Jewish village in Czarist Russia are life made larger, not musical comedy clichés. And the lively singing and dancing, never mere trimming, flow naturally from the story. Color is muted and rich with the shades of the earth.

The Israeli actor Topol plays patriarchal, earthy Terge magnificently, as both archetype and complete human. Norma Crane as his hard-bitten wife, Leonard Frey (the pimply homosexual of "The Boys in the Band") as the shy tailor, Molly Picon as the matchmaker—all have the realism of true folk figures. I was much taken by Tevye's three daughters—Rosalind Harris, Michele March and Neva Small. They could have been cast as mutually indistinguishable Hollywood blondes. Instead, they're beautiful, individual Jewish women.

The Fiddler, a delightful spectre, plays great violin (actually it's Isaac Stern) and symbolizes the warm imperishability of a great people. L'chayim!

"The French Connection's" producer, Philip D'Antone, also made "Bullitt," and I got just as car-sick over the big chase scenes in this one. An auto (actually driven by star Gene Hackman) races an elevated train in a nerve-frazzling sequence, high point of the picture.

Hackman, a narcotics detective modeled on real-life Eddie Egan, is out to crack a \$32-million heroin case, pursuing culprits through both seamy and elegant New York locations.

"The French Connection" is where the action's at—but not the people. Hackman tries hard, though director William Friedkin told me he left much of the character on the cutting room floor. Crude, sadistic and relentless the detective is—but not complex. The distinguished Spanish actor Fernando Rey does more with even less as an aristocratic French super-pusher. Other good performers—Roy Schneider, Tony Lo-Bianco and Marcel Bozzuffi—are just lost.

"Something Big," the latest Dean Martin fiasco, hasn't even got much action. Martin rides about sleepily right up to the finale, a massacre of a Mexican village for treasure. (He's supposed to be the good guy, though.) Also present are Brian Keith playing John Wayne playing an aging cavalry colonel, Honor Blackman as his frozen lady, and Albert Salmi, best as a scroungy murderer. Director Andrew McLaglen, despite the promise of "Fool's Parade," still doesn't know how to do it.

CHILDREN'S WORLD



Dance Classes-Acting Classes

next semester starts Jan. 3
register now by appointment
Also...full compliment of classes
for adults

San Francisco Dance Theater
2226A Fillmore St., S.F. 94115
921-4424

CHRIS' FOGHORN

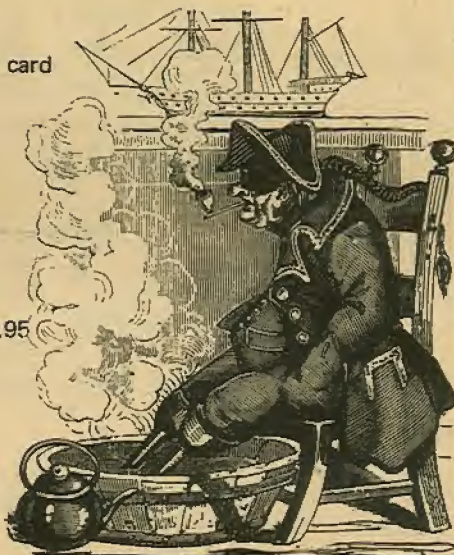
We specialize in seafood, fun & goodliving

Drinks are .50 if you:

- (1) Sign up for a courtesy card
- (2) Bring in this ad

Our food is delicious
and reasonable

1. Shrimp cocktail — .65
2. Shrimp or crab louis — 1.95
3. Prawns — 2.00
salad, bread & butter
4. Scallops — 1.95
salad, bread & butter
5. Char-Burger — 1.75



453 Bush betw. Grant & Kearny

phone: 433-7483

FOOD

SHARON RUFENER

Your Money's Wurst

(or)

How To Feed The German Army For 50 Pfennigs A Troop

(or)

The Wurst Way To Feed A Crowd

(or)

Rootin-Teuton Beerhall Fest

In any event...

There's bratwurst and blutwurst and hockwurst and knackwurst and franks, keilbasa, smokie links, bangers, and even Louisiana hot sausage. All fresh dinner sausages, regardless of their nationality, taste great with sauerkraut and potato salad.

The price of sausage ranges from 70¢ per lb. for packaged supermarket doggies to \$1.70 per lb. for European-style delicatessen specialties. If you have wholesale connections or buy in bulk, you can beat the high price of gourmet taste by going directly to the sausage-makers. Excellent bratwurst and hockwurst, for instance, can be purchased directly from Schwarz Sausage Co., 1789 Mission, 621-9830, or Evergood Sausage Co., 1389 Underwood, 822-4660, for about 75¢ per lb. (about half the retail price, and it's sure to be fresh). Note: These places sell only in large quantities—Evergood no less than 30 lbs., Schwarz no less than 10 lbs.

For sausage, sauerkraut and potato salad to feed a crowd, use this formula:

- 2 lbs. sausage feeds 5 - 6
- 2 lbs. sauerkraut feeds 5 - 6
- 2 lbs. potatoes feeds 5 - 6

Sausage and Sauerkraut

Sauerkraut, cooked mild and tender, the German way, will convert anyone who thinks he hates the stuff. The secret is to rinse it well and cook it slow.

Put sauerkraut in a colander and rinse under running water. Press out the excess water and put into a cooking pot.

Add:

- 1 or 2 bay leaves
- 1/2 teaspoon peppercorns per lb. of sauerkraut
- 1/2 teaspoon caraway seed per lb. of sauerkraut
- liquid—(2 parts bouillon and 1 part white wine, apple wine, or cider) enough to almost cover

Simmer slowly for an hour or longer. Dump the sausages on top of the sauerkraut and continue simmering for a few more minutes until the sausages are hot.

Hot Potato Salad (serves 6)

2 lbs. boiling potatoes (use smooth-skinned potatoes—brown, crinkly-skinned Idaho potatoes are for baking and are too mushy for salad)

1/4 cup bacon or ham fat

(if you haven't been saving bacon fat and need to fry some bacon to get this, add the crumbled bacon to the salad)

2 tablespoons flour

1 onion, chopped

1-1/2 tablespoons sugar

1-1/2 teaspoons salt

1/6 teaspoon pepper

3/4 cup bouillon

1/3 cup cider vinegar (or white wine vinegar)

chopped parsley (optional)

Boil the potatoes until done (about 20 minutes). When cool enough to handle, peel them, slice in half lengthwise (or quarter them if they are large) and then slice crosswise in 1/4" thick slices.

Heat the fat in a frying pan and add the onion. Cook until the onion is limp and transparent. Mix together all the other ingredients, add to the pan and cook until thickened. Pour over the potatoes, and stir to coat the potato slices. The potato salad may be served hot or at room temperature.

MILAM

Continued from page 26

Annual pilgrimages will be made in traditional modes of transportation—fume-spewing monster Chryslers and Coronados—following the path from the Tico Taco to Kaiser.

There will be the tale of the meeting of the Strumpet of Santa Clara. The famous Visitation of Agnews State Hospital, where he came to drive out the devils, and was almost committed to Ward Three by the over-zealous staff Psychiatrist. The Stoning of Eastridge Shopping Center (where the Burns Guard threatened Him and His Long Haired Disciples with the Santa Clara County Sheriff's Department.)

And the Miracle of the Two McDonald Hamburgers and The Single Vanilla Milkshake—transformed into enough to feed The Multitudes spread out over the Vallco Village Parking Lot. The unexpected walk on the waters of the Santa Clara International Swim Center Pool; and the Final Passion in the yards of Action Auto Wreckers, where—impaled on a Barracuda Crankshaft, the sainted flesh was dropped from a 100 foot high electro-magnet, providing several important Divine Symbols for followers throughout the world, through fifty generations.

JUDY MAZIA

An under-ground and above-ground guide to fine cookware

Not many years ago, a group of Peninsula culinary enthusiasts seized upon the novel idea, pioneered by New York's Bazaar Francaise, of importing French cookware under its own label—et voila, Cordon Bleu was born. The name has nothing whatever to do with the Parisian cooking school, but the added mystique had proven to be an ingenious sales pitch to prospective gourmets.

Cost-Plus (2552 Taylor, S.F., 2516 Durant, Berkeley) has jumped on the cookware bandwagon, and at prices astoundingly low. Heavy-gauge aluminum French *sauteuses* and saucepans are identical to those sold in the posher cookware shops at double the price. French *au gratin* pans (the correct oval shape for baking a stuffed fish) cost less than in Parisian marketplaces. French gadgetry goes the gamut from vegetable steamers to snail tongs. For casserole cooking, Cost-Plus offers a striking line of Finnish heavy enamelware in brilliant scarlet or shiny black. German *cottage* dishes, sometimes known as Etruscan pots, impart a fine earthenware flavor to whatever is cooked inside (traditionally chicken or squab), much like the Vallauris casserole dishes that are kilned in the same workshop as Picasso's pottery. Baking aficionados will delight over the extensive array of quiche and madeleine pans, the British cake decorating paraphernalia and the cookie-cutters.

The Kitchen, 2213 Shattuck, Berkeley, has all the makings and recipes for do-it-yourself culinary gift-giving. French canning jars are excellent for home-made preserves, brandied cherries and the like. Don't forget a layer of paraffin to keep

the goods from spoiling—an unnecessary step with those prosaic, vacuum-tight Mason jars. Multicolor cannisters from Denmark give baking and confections a handsome (yet utilitarian) wrapping, ideal for sending in the mail.

The best underground sources for cookware are restaurant supply houses. For unknown reasons the supply houses in Oakland offer more than the ones of the 900 block of Mission in the City. Professional cooks know their stuff, of course, so it's no surprise the quality is so good. Heavy aluminum saucepans, stockpots and skillets; maple butcher blocks, carving boards and salad bowls (from Canada or Vermont); crepe and omelet pans selling for just a dollar or two: all are excellent buys. Do-it-yourself ice cream freaks will love the old-fashioned banana split dishes and milk-shake mixers.

Forays into another part of the professional world, the butcher supply houses are also well worthwhile. Home sausage-makers can find all the stuffing gadgetry as well as a cornucopia of spices. Butchers are finicky about their knives, and you should should be, too. Predictably, the one line of cutlery sold in the cookware shops, Sabatier, is priced way out of line with the equally fine Swiss and German lines. Debate has raged for years over the differences between carbon steel and the newer type of stainless steel. Carbon steel undeniably makes for a sharper cutting edge, but is a hassle to maintain; without careful drying it rusts. The really good knives have a guard between the blade and handle to prevent accumulations of bacteria; in fact the meatpack-

ing laws are clamping down on wooden handles for sanitary reasons—resulting, of course, in more slippery fingers and accidents on the job from the "improved" plastic substitutes. Steve Carey, 23870 Odom Drive, Hayward (783-0781) sells the top-brand Forschner Victorinox cutlery at, of all places, the Alameda Flea Market (through the Oakland-Alameda tube, left off Webster Ave. in the Alameda Drive-in parking lot) and is ready to strike a bargain.

The mark of a good cook is an extensive cookbook collection. City of Paris's Normandy Lane and the European Book Shop at 925 Larkin carry the French classics in original or facsimile version: Larousse Gastronomique, Mapie, Pelleprat, Tante Marie, Raymond Olivier. Some ingredients are unavailable in this country (creme fraiche, belon oysters, poulet au Bresse), but local equivalents will suffice. For easy kitchen reference the plastic cookbook holder at Thomas Cara, Ltd. (517 Pacific, S.F.) will prevent most stains and water-marks.

For Chinese cookware, Ginn Wall, 1016 Grant St., SF, does a whopping business, both retail and mail order. Nowhere else could you find an electric *Shabu Shabu* pot ("steam boat"), carved hardwood moon cake molds, bamboo steamers (stacked in a wok for making deem sum and the like), or a stainless steel copper-clad wok. Soko Hardware, 1698 Post St., SF carries two items that can't be overlooked, their terracotta teapots (the best way to drink tea, say the experts) and their Japanese vegetable seeds (mustard greens, daikon, etc).



2466 SHATTUCK AVENUE · BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA 94704 · (415) 848-0510

**WHOLE EARTH
ACCESS COMPANY**

An open letter to all people ~

We at Whole Earth Access want to let you know about some of the things that have been going on here.

1) We have a store that has Whole Earth Catalog items in stock, for your perusal and purchase.

2) Probably most important for day to day reality ~ we have a service that allows a 10-40 percent discount on all types of unbelievable items. ~ Hammers, nails, saws, holsts, ropes, drills, heaters, lamps, cherry pitters, juicers, radio, stoves, teapots, canners, frying pans, stew pots, dishes, glasses, knives, bicycles, toys, sleeping bags etc. & etc.

Hopefully, these services can help things become just a little easier, a little more reachable.

Please come by and see us, share a smile with us.

W. E. A. C.

Open Monday thru Saturday 11:00 am. ~ 6:00 pm

BOOKS

ALEC DUBRO

A survey of small presses in the Bay Area

80 Bay Area Poets
MARK IN TIME
PORTRAITS & POETRY / SAN FRANCISCO
Cloth, 9 1/2 x 9 in. \$10.95 pp.
Glide Publications, 771 - 6300
330 Ellis Street, S.F., Ca. 94102

THE POLITICS OF REVOLUTION

HARVEY WHEELER
co-author of FAILSAFE

If we are to gain control of our cybernating age, we must join the revolutionary forces of politics with those of technology and science. Harvey Wheeler shows that such a coalition could create a truly democratic "intentional" society—one based on ecology and human justice rather than on simple material growth. 308 pages 1971

List price \$6.95
special price \$5.95

Send \$5.95 plus 33¢ tax for each copy of

THE POLITICS OF REVOLUTION
to: THE GLENDESSARY PRESS
2512 Grove
Berkeley, Calif. 94704

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____

Ramparts Press

P.O.W. TWO YEARS WITH THE VIETCONG

George E. Smith

"In the end I regretted not knowing more about our captors," writes George Smith, who spent two years as a prisoner of the Vietcong and already knows them better than any other American. His decision to "join the peace movement" after his release earned him another six months captivity—at the hands of the U.S. Army. *P.O.W.* is a story of evolving commitment, told with humor and directness. 304 pages. Photos. Maps. \$5.95.

POWER ON THE RIGHT

William W. Turner

Spooky but true. The right-wing resurgence of the sixties has penetrated the nation's police departments and mobilized an army of well-connected Washington lobbyists—replacing the Minutemen and Birchers in the leadership of the right. Turner's frightening vignettes range from Klan stompings to the high-pressure politics of the Liberty Lobby and the American Security Council. "Good reporting."—*New York Times Book Review Section*. 272 pages. Index. \$5.95.

At local bookstores.
Support your local publisher.

Ramparts Press
2512 Grove St.
Berkeley, Ca. 94704

Print culture dead? Marshall McLuhan ought to wire on out to the First Annual San Francisco International Book Fair. It gets going this week at the Hall of Flowers in Golden Gate Park (off Ninth and Lincoln), and it will demonstrate a truth that's been gradually dawning on even super-big New York publishing houses: San Francisco's where the best new books are.

The Bay Area has always been a center for fine press books, those beautiful hand-set and hand-bound masterpieces only connoisseurs can afford. In the late 50's, with the arrival of the Beat generation, a literary small press also began to flourish, churning out little magazines, poetry broadsides and slim volumes of mostly esoteric poetry, occasionally launching a Ginsberg or Ferlinghetti.

But it's only recently, as radicals, mystics, calligraphers, hip photographers and others crowded into the Bay Area, that the small press has taken off. All those people really do comprise a counter-culture, here at least, and like all cultures they demand printed matter that reflects their interests. What New York mass-produces for supermarket paperback stands scarcely measures up. So the counter-culture tools up (with modern printing equipment it's relatively easy) and produces their own.

These are the books, and makers of books, that will be presented to the public for the first time as a group at the Hall of Flowers Book Fair (Dec. 16 and 17, 11 a.m.-11 p.m.). Glide Publications' Ruth Gottstein, one of the organizers, pictures the Fair as a "Renaissance Convention," with live music, printing workshops, puppet shows, belly dancers, clowns—and free admission.

"What we've got that New York lacks," says Gottstein, "is the people. We're not just machines cranking out plastic best-sellers, and the Fair won't be high-powered slick book-peddling. We're all in it because we love making books."

Through Serendipity and Book People, two Berkeley-based local distributors of small presses, and also through hints and tips from everywhere, the Guardian has compiled a listing of Bay Area small presses, with recent works and prices. We tried not to miss anyone, but getting a complete listing of the small press is a little like canvassing a large commune/crash-pad: by the time you've reached the back room, half the people in the front have moved on. In the future issues, we'll be looking back into that front room.

SMALL PRESS LISTINGS

GLIDE PUBLICATIONS, 330 Ellis St., San Francisco
Part of the Glide Foundation. Its catalog is important and diversified. Seeks to launch new talent and cultural movements. Quarterbacked by Ruth Gottstein

"A Mark In Time—Portraits and Poetry/San Francisco," photos by Christa Fleischmann with poems by the poets, edited by Nick Harvey, \$10.95, hard-bound
"Odd Bodkins—Hear The Sound of My Feet Walking/Drown The Sound Of My Voice Talking," by Dan O'Neill \$3.95, paper

SCRIMSHAW PRESS, 149 9th St., San Francisco
Fred Mitchell's Scrimshaw considers itself to be a general trade publisher. But its material is more small press. Stresses handsome design and typography.

"Bullock," photographs by Wynn Bullock, \$25.00, hard-bound
"Jeffers Country—The Seed Plots of Robinson Jeffers' Poetry," selections of poetry, photos by Horace Cyar, \$5.00, paper

RAMPARTS PRESS, 2512 Grove St., Berkeley
From the magazine of the same name. Writing from the far left. All political in nature. No art or poetry.

"Out of Their League," by Dave Maggsey, \$4.95, hard-bound
"Free Huey!," by Edward M. Keating, \$6.95, hard-bound

FREE HUEY!

The true story of the trial of Huey P. Newton for murder.



by Edward M. Keating
Introduction by Charles R. Garry

JOHN HOWELL BOOKS, 434 Post, San Francisco
Now run by Warren Howell, they have been doing two or three titles a year on the West and California since 1912.

"First Spanish Entry into San Francisco Bay—1775," ed. John Galvin, \$15.00, cloth
"Through the Country of the Comanche Indians in the Fall of 1885," by Lieutenant James W. Abert, \$7.50, cloth

KOUROS BOOKS, 665-4545, San Francisco
A co-partnership of three men quite knowledgeable in the book trade—Bill Barich, Pat Gigliotti, and Henry Poirot. They have just one title but more are on the way, hopefully 4 per year. They began because no New York publisher would handle something that drugstores don't like—homoeopathy.

"Homoeopathy," by George Vithoulkas, \$1.95, paper

101 PRODUCTIONS, 79 Liberty St., San Francisco

Started by Roy and Jacqueline Kil-teen who published their own book "101 Nights in California" three and a half years ago and have continued to publish from their offices in an old railroad Victorian on Liberty Street. They now have 12 titles in print which are mainly concerned with cooking, eating and drinking. They also do those historic cardboard building models.

"Vegetarian Gourmet Cookery," by Alan Hooker, \$3.95
"The Wine-Bibber's Bible," by James Norwood Pratt & Jacques de Caso, \$3.95

STRAIGHT ARROW PRESS, 625 Third St., San Francisco

Trendy data and fiction from the same organization that puts Rolling Stone together. Imaginative and mercantile and geared to big national circulation.

"Lennon Remembers," by John Lennon and Jann Wenner, \$4.95, hardbound
"Rolling Stone Interviews," by the editors of Rolling Stone, \$1.50, paper

GRABHORN-HOYEM PRESS, 566 Commercial, San Francisco

Formerly Grabhorn Press, now partnership of the aged wisdom of Robert Grabhorn and the youthful enthusiasm of Andrew Hoyem they are geared to handset type on handmade paper, handsewn and handbound. Rarely do more than 400 copies of an edition.

"Howl," by Allen Ginsberg, signed, limited to 275 copies, \$60.00, cloth
"Write It Right," by Ambrose Pierce, \$17.50, cloth

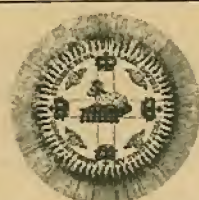
PARNASSUS PRESS, 2721 Park-er, Berkeley

Herman Schein's small press publisher of children's books. Far better than Golden Books.

"Theodore's Rival," by Edward Ormondroyd, illus. by John Larrecq, \$3.95, hardbound
"Talesin and King Arthur," written and illustrated by Ruth Robbins, \$3.75, hardbound

SHAMBALA, 2012 7th St., Berkeley

"The Cipher of Genesis—The Original Code of the Qabala as Applied to the Scriptures," by Carlos Soares, \$5.95, cloth
"The Tassajara Bread Book," Edward Espe Brown, \$2.95, paper



THE CIPHER OF GENESIS

The Original Code of The Qabala as applied to The Scriptures

CARLO SOARES

BOOK WORKS, 1409 5th St., Berkeley

Started as an off-shoot of Book People, Book Works is now quite successful under Don Gerrard. They are in the unique position of having all

the advantage of a New York distributor (Random House) with the integrity and control of an independent West Coast publisher. Now have 12 titles out.

"Grow Your Own," by Jeannie Darlington, \$1.75, paper
"Vagabonding in Europe and North Africa," by Ed Bury, \$3.95, paper

MUDRA, Berkeley

Mystical, too. Gnostics, Sufis, vajrayanas and all sorts of stuff. Poetry, too.

"1234567890," by Robert Creeley, drawings by Arthur Okamura, \$2.95, paper
"Spaces Wild and Tame," by Richard Grossinger, \$2.95, paper

LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES CO., 320 10th St., San Francisco

Ron Turner runs this. Comics are both poetry and graphics. If some of the new comics are too graphic for you, stick to poetry.

"Mr. Natural," Robert Crumb, \$5.50
"Slow Death Funnies," Osborn, Mendes, et. al. \$5.50

THE SAN FRANCISCO COMIC BOOKS CO., 3339 23rd St., San Francisco

More of the same.

THE PRINT MINT, San Francisco

Ditto

REAL PEOPLE PRESS, Lafayette

John Stevens, a psychology teacher at Diablo Valley College entered publishing 4 years ago when his mother Barry and Carl Rogers couldn't find a publisher for their book, "Person to Person." A fairly successful outfit that handles psych books. Six titles in print.

"Gestalt Therapy Verbatim," by Frederick S. Perls, \$3.50, paper, \$7.00, cloth
"Don't Push the River," by Barry Stevens, \$3.50, paper, \$7.00, cloth

BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN, Menlo Park

An outgrowth of Portola Institute and the Whole Earth Catalog, it now has a small list of previously unpublished authors. Mainly fiction, but they also do a catalog of "Education & Classroom Materials."

"Booming the Doom," by Baine Kerr, \$2.95, paper
"Famous People I Have Known," by Ed McClanahan, \$2.95, paper

MAINLY POETRY

CITY LIGHTS, 1652 Grant St., San Francisco

One of the first, but no longer really a small press with six people working full time under poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti. But, with runs of 3,000 to 5,000 (and 10,000 for their main man, Allen Ginsberg) it isn't a big press either. A medium press. Probably the best known San Francisco publisher. This year, it accepted no unsolicited MSS.

"Planet News," by Allen Ginsberg, \$2.00, paper
"The First Third," by Neal Cassidy, \$3.00, paper

THE FOUR SEASONS FOUNDATION, 1815 Jones St., San Francisco

A non-profit house run by Don Allen. For the last eight years or so, they have been publishing the poets

close to the center of the San Francisco scene. Olson, Snyder, Whalen, Brautigan.

"The Charm," early and uncollected poems by Robert Creeley, \$2.50, paper
"Ghost Tantras," by Michael McClure, \$2.25, paper

Robert Creeley
The Charm



CRANIUM PRESS, 243 Collins St., San Francisco

Clifford Burke is thoroughly immersed in the small press. He designs and prints books for other small presses as well as publishing about three of his own a year. He is very involved with the book as a finished product—the type faces, the paper, as well as the verbal content. Will be doing books of woodcuts and linoleum block prints, too:

"Oxherding," poems by Joel Wershaus, prints by Arthur Okamura, \$7.50, portfolio in hard cover

TWO WINDOWS, San Francisco
A creative and innovative press. Don Gray, who is Two Windows, specializes in folios and collections in imaginative formats. One poem he published was simply a moebius band in a box.

"The Coffee Must Be Warm By Now," by Mary Rexroth, \$1.75, paper
"Biafra Goodbye," by Herb Gold, \$3.25

EIZO PRESS, Berkeley

One book of poetry and photos "Canticle of the Waterbirds," by Brother Antoninus, photos by Allen Say, \$30.00, 200 copies signed

MAYA PRESS, Berkeley

Presently inactive. David Meltzer publisher. Still available.

"The Electric Iron Translation of Mayakovsky," by Jack Hirschman & Victor Erlich, \$2.00 paper

NOH DIRECTIONS PRESS, Berkeley

Published by John Simon, the people's prices publisher.

OYEZ, Berkeley

Largest small press around. Only poetry. Catalog of about 50 titles.

"Kerhonkson Journal," by Diane DiPrima, \$2.00, paper
"Earth Poetry," by William Everson, \$3.50, paper

SAND DOLLAR, Berkeley

The product of Jack Shoemaker of Serendipity. About five titles of poetry.

"The Country of Our Consciousness," by Theodore Enslin, \$3.50, paper
"Gnomonology—Notes Toward a Poetic of the Lyric Mind," Howard McCord, \$1.50, paper

THEATRE

FREDERIC STOUT

The Bay Area is ignoring a tremendous amount of creative theater

Congress of Wonders

I went recently to see the Congress of Wonders at the Encore Theatre on Mason Street, and I was the first person to show up. As the minutes ticked by, nightmare became reality: I was the only person to show up. Naturally, the show was cancelled, and my estimate of the Congress' work remains based on the often brilliant satirical skits that they recorded for Fantasy on an album called "Revolting." On record at least, they are very funny.

But that's not the point I wanted to make. On the night I was the only person to show up to see the Congress of Wonders, the Curran Theatre just a block away had people standing three deep to get into "Company," a ho-hum piece of innocuous Broadway fluff. To someone who likes to think of San Francisco as a sophisticated and talented community, this is embarrassing, outrageous and stupid.

Though admittedly an extreme case, the empty house at the Encore is not an isolated incident. If my experience is any guide, the best and most imaginative theatrical offerings in San Francisco are at best undersold and often insultingly ill-attended. Meanwhile, the conventional travelling shows from New York, the formula comedies and the indistinguishable musicals draw the crowds.

Why is this? Why is it, for example, that the Julian Theatre, whose productions of the modern classics are always well-produced and thought-provoking, often plays to audiences of 20 and 30? Why is it that the night I saw the Stoneage Theatre's "Atlantis" at Project Artaud (in my opinion, one of the most innovative and emotionally engaging productions presented in the Bay Area this year) I was one of perhaps a dozen people in the audience? For whatever reason, two things are clear: The Bay Area theatre-going public is missing a tremendous amount of creative talent, and several worthy young actors, actresses and directors are artistically starving to death for lack of a good audience.

Julian Theatre

From now until the 18th of December (and hopefully much longer) the Julian Theatre (950 De Haro St., San Francisco, 647-8098) is presenting two one-act plays, Eugene Ionesco's "The Lesson" (1951) and Dennis Jasudowicz' "A Storyteller from Flea Street" (1965). The Ionesco piece is well-known, a "standard" of little theatre groups throughout the nation. Directed by Brenda Reineccius and featuring Sherry Rader-Zahn (student), Janet Yellin (maid), and Richard Reineccius (professor), the work is amusing, but the real excitement of the evening is Jasudowicz' "Storyteller."

Jasudowicz' work concerns a vagabond Storyteller who nightly enralls a hall full of Good People with his yarns. One night a Nasty Man (Nazi Man?) joins the group and challenges the Storyteller. Tension mounts and moral confusion reigns. In the end, a madhouse claims them all. The play (a West Coast premiere, incidentally) is extremely powerful, and the Julian company gives it a fine performance. Richard Reineccius' direction is excellent, and Timothy Doody is especially effective as the Nasty Man. Unfortunately, Douglas Ohmans as the Storyteller does not quite live up to the possibilities of the role. The part demands a cunning spell-binder, a glib con-man. One dreams of a Jason Robards in the role, or perhaps a Lee J. Cobb. Be that as it may, "A Storyteller from Flea Street" is well worth seeing, if only to acquaint yourself with the work of an American playwright whose work is too little known in his own country.

Berkeley Repertory Theatre

The current offering of the Berkeley Repertory Theatre (2980 College Ave., Berkeley, 845-4700) is "Angel Street," a Victorian thriller known to late-night TV movie fans as "Gaslight." By all means, see the movie. Perhaps one of these days, the BRT will favor us with a really first-rate production of "Charlie's Aunt" or maybe "Cheaper by the Dozen."

Stoneage Theatre

The poverty of theatrical criticism in San Francisco may be illustrated by Anita Earle's description of the Stoneage Theatre's "The Cubicle" as "a pleasant evening." This is like calling "Moby Dick" a fish story.

"The Cubicle," like "Atlantis" before it, is primarily the creation of Dennis Coleman, director of the Stoneage Theatre. Coleman is unquestionably the most innovative theatrical artist in the Bay Area today. Although few San Franciscans have seen his work, the future of theatre in San Francisco may well ride with his success or failure. "The Cubicle" is a powerful work of rare genius (no other term will suffice), and anyone interested in the possibilities of the theatre as a form of artistic expression must see this production.

"The Cubicle" is theatre at its purest and most elemental, yet it is so unlike conventional theatre that it defies description or analysis in the terms of conventional criticism. The play, if it can be called that, suggests a symphonic structure, a kind of visual music. Since much of the action is wordless, it is impossible to imagine a written script (and, therefore, easy replication by other companies). Throughout, dialogue is minimal, movement is all important. What Coleman attempts is no less than the re-integration of theatre, dance and music. It is heady, intoxicating stuff.

The action begins with the lobotomized, mechanical ritual-movements of a pair of figures dressed in orange hospital pajamas. Perhaps they once knew each other, although now each is totally alienated from the other's existence. A third figure is introduced, and slowly a form of communication develops. Contact is established, and something like play commences. Then the play becomes grim, and the third figure is symbolically, then really murdered. Death re-establishes alienation.

"The Cubicle" plays Saturday and Sunday nights at midnight at the Firehouse, 1572 California St., San Francisco, 441-2936. It is an astonishing piece of theatre.

ROLFE PETERSON

Perhaps Bill Ball should stage half-time exhibitions at football games

Caesar & Cleopatra (ACT)
Antony & Cleopatra (ACT)
The Tavern (ACT)
The Trial of the Catonsville Nine (Committee)
The Gingerbread Lady (Curran)
Company (Civic Light Opera)

The ACT has opened its new season by pulling off a commendable stunt, alternating performances of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" and Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra." This juxtaposition of over-lapping plays (the ACT did it a couple of seasons back with "Hamlet" and "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead") offers comparisons and enhancements that only the audience of a good repertory company is privileged to enjoy.

It pains me to report, then, that, although both Cleopatra plays are handsomely, expensively and elaborately mounted, neither gave me much pleasure.

Part of the disappointment is in the plays themselves, neither seeming as good as classics are supposed to be. Shaw's teen-age Cleopatra is more silly than funny, and his study of Caesar as an archetypal Great Man is more whimsical than penetrating.

Yet, remembering Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh in the roles, I expected more pleasure from this play. Surely the charm and skill of the performers can compensate for the fallibilities of great playwrights. Whether Shaw's Caesar is the real Caesar or not, his wit and urbanity and cynical wisdom make him a fascinating and entertaining character. And Cleopatra's metamorphosis from girl to woman, caricature though it may be, is an interesting theatrical process and can even be electrifying when incarnated by a magnetic actress.

Peter Donat is probably the best actor in the ACT, but as Caesar he seems to be working against Shaw all the way. In the opening scene he enters slowly, in silhouette, talking to the sphinx like a burnt-out blind soothsayer. Then, as he is revealed as the mighty Caesar, he begins to pep his eyes and expostulate and bleat (if Donat has any serious fault as an actor, it is a tendency to project from the nasal passages), and I wonder what happened to that cool, sardonic, confident character that Shaw wrote.

(By the time this appears, Donat will have been replaced by William Paterson, who as Brittanus got the only good Shavian laughs in this production. I hope the change will do more good for Caesar than ill for Brittanus.)

William Ball's direction once again shows his affinity for pageantry rather than drama. When he should have been working out the problems of Shaw's words and characters with Donat and McCain, he was fussily choreographing the entrance of the Roman soldiers or the high-dive from the battlements. A director who confuses the icing with the cake might well turn his talents to half-time exhibitions at football games.

Ball's taste at its worst is the casting of a large man, Marc Singer, as the maid Ftatateeta, and then trying to make slapstick comedy out of his fight with a Roman soldier. Singer is allowed to overact to the point where I had to look away. Any varsity show with football players in drag is funnier than this professional charade.

Or take the irritatingly gravelly voice affected by E. Kerrigan Prescott as Rufie. Whatever

a director or actor might argue in defense of a rasping, guttural voice as a theatrical symbol of gruff militarism or masculinity or forthrightness or something, it's simply a pain to listen to. The ever-riding objective ought to be to make Shaw delightful to an audience, not to demonstrate classroom theories of acting.

Allen Fletcher has directed Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" with more care for the words than the trappings, but the production still seems physically heavy, as if perhaps Ann Roth's excellent costuming is too impressive, putting these ordinary actors into bucklers and breast-plates and plumes and diadems beyond their stature, dwarfing them in monumental regalia that only an Olivier could act up to.

Anyway, the poetic lines come through, but beneath the lyrical words there is a pretty shoddy, self-indulgent and unreasonable pair of lovers. Shakespeare's Cleopatra is relentlessly petulant with messengers, attendants and Antony himself, and I longed to kick her in the pants.

Without managing to make her a likable heroine, Michael Learned at least acts her with authority and intensity, and of the four characterizations in the two plays, I think hers is the best.

The third ACT production of the season was a revival of last year's hit, "The Tavern." It is still a highly entertaining spoof of melodrama, the new director, Peter Donat, having stayed with the broad style and fast pace of Ellis Rabb's staging last year. Donat's own part in last year's version was a gem of comic stuffiness, and this year Paul Shenar gets less laughter out of it.

The Vagabond role, a juicy part that George M. Cohan wrote for himself, became a bravura triumph last year for Ed Flanders,

an importation who did not tarry here. He is replaced by Ray Reinhardt, a good actor but not as deft or easy in comedy as Flanders was. But Martin Berman, who in turn replaces Reinhardt as the hired man, does better than he has ever done for the ACT.

In justice to Reinhardt, be it noted that he spent a few weeks prior to "The Tavern" performing remarkably well as Father Daniel Berrigan in Berrigan's "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine," at the Committee Theatre. It is less a play than a series of court-room monologues by nine war-protestors. Restrained direction and underplayed acting make the words come through with good effect. It is a compassionate, moving and thought-provoking theatre piece, and it is still running with Jerry Walter playing the Reinhardt role.

"The Gingerbread Lady" visited briefly at the Curran and did nothing to enhance the reputation of Neil Simon. His comedies, superficial though they are, have always provided me with welcome laughter, and I think his success is well deserved. But in "The Gingerbread Lady" he makes the mistake of treating a thoroughly unfunny situation with his one-line gags, and the result is painful.

The Civic Light Opera's "Company" was a good show but hardly the Broadway bombshell its numerous Tony Awards would lead you to expect. The performers, largely from the original cast, were uniformly excellent, singing and dancing and acting with great style and verve.


The weakness was George Chakiris, who dances well but hardly conveys the boy-next-door quality that the central role demands. If George Chakiris, with that hair-do, were the boy next door, I'd worry about the old neighborhood.

For a joyous Christmas—
ragdolls and clowndolls
made by grandmas
wooden trains and villages
beanbags, blocks, puzzles, tops
stocking gifts, candle pyramids
decorations, cards, wraps, crèches
herbal baths, lotions, incenses
fairytale and color books, games

— FOR VERY SPECIAL PRESENTS —
coral, amber, turquoise and
silver antique jewelry—
handembroidered hangings,
Indian baskets and rugs, masks
beautiful things of
museum quality

EAST OF THE SUN
3850 23rd St. SF

WEST OF THE MOON
3464 Sacramento SF
922-4650
for our hours





Classified Advertising

\$2 MINIMUM PER ISSUE

| | | | |
|--------------|----------------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 - 16 words | 1 to 3 times | 4 to 7 times | 8 times |
| 17 - 30 wds. | \$2 per issue | 10 cents per wd. per issue | 8 cents per wd. per issue |
| 31 plus wds. | 12 cents per wd. per issue | | |
| | 10 cents per wd. per issue | | |

1070 Bryant St., San Francisco 94103 UN 1-9600 ENCLOSE PAYMENT WITH AD.

BUSINESS PERSONALS

CASH for your books. Home libraries bought. Will remove promptly. 776-7994.

PIANO TUNING: Action repair and regulating. John Hammett. S.F. 282-3170.

BRAINWAVES-BIOFEED-back products. Free catalog Write Interspace: Electronics. Box 3198G, Fairfax, Ca. 94930

EMPLOYMENT

Sell Guardian subscriptions by phone. Good lists furnished Commission on subs sold. SF Bay Guardian, UN 1-9600

FIGHT POLLUTION with SHAKLEE ORGANIC cleaner & food supplements. Jobs available. 564-3944

HAULING done cheap. We are cheap. Let us haul away your junk, clean out your basement, whatever. House cleaning & gardening too. Fast & dependable. 731-5865.

INSTRUCTION

TUTORING, guidance for elementary grades. Exper. teacher. M.A. Stanford. S.F. 922-0876.

FOLKDANCING San Francisco. Greek, Israeli, Balkan Intl. 427 Van Ness, 431-6200.

LEARN COLOR PRINTING basic course & adv. course dealing with separation negatives & masking. \$65 each includes materials - call 751-6020.

MISC. FOR SALE

TRAFFIC LIGHTS-authentic red, yellow, green signal lights. Work on 110-120 volt 3376 Sacramento St., 563-5234

1965 VOLKSWAGEN. \$600 Recently rebuilt engine. Stereo tape plus AM-FM radio. Body needs some repair. Call Leroy, 841-1231.

FIDDLE for sale; Frits-Monig, "nice," \$36; Call Alston at VA 4-7909

TREE FARMS for good of Earth and People start your Christmas with gay hearts! At Castro Valley or Moraga Christmas Tree Farms tramp in crisp air thru 31 acres of quiet country, 80,000 Christmas trees bordering creeks, lake, pond, hills shared by Canada geese, foxes, herons, deer. Cut tree, leave lowest branches so roots can grow a new tree, or dig (small trees best) for transplant. Cut, \$8; dig, \$11. Farms are leased from water company. Trees stop erosion, slow fires, give us tons of oxygen, increase wildlife. At lease end 100 trees per acre remain for announced parks. Bring ad for a baby Sierra redwood. Tours for children, adults give ecology and forest facts. Write the Gildens, 28 Vallejo, Berkeley 94707, or call 524-4517, 848-3993. Castro Valley Farm, Redwood Rd; Moraga Farm, end of Camino Pablo. Follow tree farm signs.

CANDLE SLINGS, pipes, belts, lots of goodies. Interesting gift ideas for Christmas or just for being groovy all year round. Universal Post. 101 Carl St. 664-1736

CLASSICAL Guitar and Lute Lessons. Robert Strizich. 849-1870.

CHARTER 28' trimaran in the Caribbean. \$25 per person per week. Write for details: Paul Chase c/o U.S. Consulate, Belize, British Honduras.

BIO-DEGRADABLE, non-pollutant home care products. 861-1141.

NO BOILING 4¢ a pint. No need to buy a yogurt maker. Convert milk into yogurt. \$1 for instructions. Davis P.O. Box 2528 S.F., Ca. 94123

MUSIC

KOPY KAT Brand name guitars, conga amps, piano stroke organ and other musical accessories. Dey Music 222 W. Portal 585-7148.

JAZZ PIANIST, experienced, seeks party gigs, etc. 564-1386

CLASSICAL GUITAR Instruction; Student of Karl Scheit, Vienna Musikakademie. M. Stanis 848-0444. Best Mon. or Thurs.

PERSONALS

I'M RICHARD. I write books—publish myself—samplers \$1. Want one? Richard Liebow, Box 99444, San Francisco 94109

PAST issues of the S.F. Bay Guardian available - call circulation at UN 1-9600.

GESTALT & BODY approaches. For information send self-addressed stamped envelope to "group" 1601-A Bonita, Berk. 94709.

PROF. SERVICES

AUTHORS SEEKING editor (9 years experience) for non-fiction mss. Write Marshall, 290 A Page, S.F. Fee negotiable—returning to publishing after study.

Visions for the new world
Natural Arts Cinema

Complete production 16 mm motion pictures. 355 Molino, Mill Valley 94941 383-4925

PUBLICATIONS

WOMENS HISTORY RESEARCH CENTER, INC.

A research, lending, corresponding & selling library of women's literature; books, periodicals, pamphlets, bibliographies, articles, clippings, tapes & pictures. For more info send stamped return envelope 2325 Oak, Berkeley, Ca. 94708 524-7772.

SEX AND BROADCASTING; how to start your own radio station by Lorenzo W. Milam of KTAO; send \$1 to 5 University Ave., Los Gatos 95030.

SOCIALIST TRIBUNE - provocative monthly paper in Debsian spirit issued by Socialist Party of Wisconsin. For \$2.50 a year sub. or sample copy write P.O. Box 1116 S.F. 94101.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES AVAILABLE Automobile (critical references)

2 pages - .20
Electric Auto - 4 pages - .10
Noise - 10 pages - .50
Total Energy (on site power generation) - 4 pages - .40
Public Power - 4 pages - .10
Raker Act - 3 pages - .30
Ombudsman - 10 pages - .15
Police Review Boards - 4 pages - .30
Halfway Houses - 8 pages - .15
160 Acre Water Law - 8 pages - .50

ADD 2 cents tax & mail requests to: Charles L. Smith, 61 San Mateo Rd., Berkeley, Ca. 94707.

SF's MOVEMENT BOOK-store. Books on Women's Lib., La Raza, Ecol, Black hist. Malcolm X, Che, Marx, Lenin PIONEER BOOKS, 2338 Market St., SF 94114, 626-9958

PUBLICATIONS

A MODEST PROPOSAL--for public equity and to abolish taxation -- by James L. Shepard-Forsees. PO Box 40422, San Francisco 94140.

WRITERS: 'Unsalable' book-length manuscript? Try Author Aid Associates, Dept. D., 340 E. 52nd Street, N.Y.C. 10022.

ARE YOU relating to your sexual environment? Explore your sexuality through the quarterly publication of the Sexual Freedom League. Subscriptions: \$3.00 for 6 issues & \$1.00 for 2. Sexual Freedom League, Box 14034 - BG, SF 94114.

REAL ESTATE

SPECIALIZING IN the unusual. Central Realty. Arlene Slaughter 6436 Telegraph Ave., Oakland. OL 8-2177 - TH 9-2976 Eve.

TAHOE PARADISE At Lake Tahoe

The Indian word for Tahoe means "Big Water." And big water it is! Snow-fed Lake Tahoe is 21.6 miles long and 12.5 miles wide. Tahoe Paradise, a recreational land development, is 5 miles from the magnificent Lake Tahoe and 6 miles from the resplendent stateline casino-resort area. Fish for Rainbow, Brown, Brook and Cutthroat trout plus Mackinaw and Kokanee Salmon. Ski Heavenly Valley, 3 miles away. Tahoe Paradise lots are from \$4,995, plus improvement bonds, and many lots are 1/4-ac. or larger, with pine trees and splendid views. Call Collect: 415-329-8010 or write
TAHOE PARADISE A Development of Cal-Pacific Resources, Inc. Suite 200 550 California Ave. Palo Alto, Calif. 94306

GOV'T. LAND \$5 an acre. Write: Riley Land Grant, Box 5341, San Bernardino, California

REAL ESTATE SALES

REALTORS MLS
Florence Negherbon
3069 Sacramento St.
S.F. 346-0904

RENTALS

RENTALS WANTED: Desperate girl needs house or apt. to share in friendly straight atmosphere, near transportation. Box 52, 1070 Bryant St., S.F. 94103

SHOPS

AGAPE NATURAL FOODS, 599 Castro, S.F. 10AM-8PM Daily, 626-3788

WALK/WAIT

Billboards, neon beer signs, mannequins, supergraphics, Chevron and Flying A gas station trademarks. 3376 Sacramento St. 563-5234

AQUARIUS RECORDS, Buy, sell, trade L.P.'s 19th & Castro, S.F., 863-6467

THE BOOKMARK, 5270 Diamond Heights Shopping Center, S.F.

DANDLION 3381 Sacramento St., S.F. 563-8747

DEKEMA, 864-8205 Ext. 78 rightecus rags made to YOUR visions

ECOLOGY BOOKSTORE 2179 Allston Way, Berkeley 548-2220

GOLDEN ROAD NATURAL FOODS, 1310 9th Ave., S.F. 664-3866

NATURALLY HIGH FOODS 1058 Hyde St., S.F. 441-3250

NEW PHOENIX 566 Castro St., S.F. A Head Shop

PACIFIC HEIGHTS BOOK STORE, 2290 Fillmore at Clay. 11-8 Mon.-Sat.

PHOENIX, 1377 Haight St., S.F. World's Oldest Head Shop, 621-9202

THE SMITHY HANDCRAFTS 2011 Fillmore, S.F. 922-5528 Hrs. 12-8, seven days

TOBAC SHOP, 1399 Haight St., S.F., 7-10, 7 days 863-5145

ARTICLE-WRITING WORKSHOP

By Bruce B. Brugmann: M.S. (Columbia University); Editor/Publisher - San Francisco Bay Guardian Lecturer in journalism, Cal State College, Hayward

Every phase of newspaper and magazine writing: originating the idea, submitting queries to editors, investigative reporting, interviewing techniques, developing the article, use of photos and artwork, writing, editing, and selling the finished product. (Emphasis on local markets.) For beginning writers and those working in journalism, public relations, publicity, or related fields. Guest speakers.

TWO WINTER SESSIONS

Sat., 9:30-12:30 p.m. Feb. 12 to Apr. 22
Wed., 3:30-6:30 p.m. Feb. 9 to Apr. 19
For further information contact S.F. Extension Center, 861-6833

University of California Extension, San Francisco



SUPPORT THE WOMEN'S LOBBY

A Legislative office to be established for WOMEN'S RIGHTS in Washington D.C. National goal \$100,000.

PLEASE DO YOUR SHARE
Mail contributions to:

National Organization for Women (NOW) Box 1267 San Francisco 94101

MERRY CHRISTMAS
&
HAPPY NEW YEAR
from

Colonial Realty & Investment Co.

2323 Irving St.
564-1100

ON GUARD

The \$1 million story

It isn't every day that a small newspaper like the Guardian can make at least a million dollars a year every year for the duration of the City of San Francisco.

The Guardian didn't do it alone, of course, but its investigative story on City Treasurer John J. Goodwin's investment policies set the machinery in motion for the Guardian, a citizen's group and a union to force elementary fiscal reform in the treasurer's office.

The story, by economist Martin Gellen with research aid from accountant Victor Honig (June 7, 1971 Guardian), laid out three major ways the treasurer violated sound municipal investment policy: by placing 100% of the city's \$200-\$300 million of inactive deposits in short-term, interest-bearing accounts in local banks (instead of diversifying its portfolio as other cities do); by receiving, in some cases, less than the best interest rates from these banks; and by failing to generate any interest at all on short-term active accounts. We found that Los Angeles, San Jose, Oakland, lots of California cities, were doing far better with their investment money than San Francisco.

The City Employees Union reprinted 50,000 copies of the Gellen article to distribute to their members and other Service Employee Unions. An editorial with the reprint demanded an "immediate and detailed response" from city officials. The San Francisco Council on Race and Religion joined in the demand.

The supervisors' finance committee hastily acceded to the request (an election was coming up), and things started happening. For openers, the committee instructed Harvey M. Rose, the city's new budget analyst, to confer with Gellen, then to look into the accuracy of the Guardian's charges.

As Rose's investigation was about to get underway, Treasurer Goodwin abruptly decided to resign, citing personal reasons and his long service to the city. Goodwin shrugged off the Guardian story as he cleaned his office. "I've never misused a single penny of the taxpayer's money," he told our reporter.

In early November, Rose came in with his report showing the treasurer's investment policy had indeed been costing the city a great deal of money—a minimum of \$1 million per year and possibly as much as \$2 million, depending on the vagaries of the interest market. Rose's report confirmed all three of the Guardian's charges.

"The report was greeted with joy by the supervisors," wrote Jerry Burns in the Nov. 9 Chronicle. Supervisor Dorothy von Beroldingen called the report a "tremendous job," according to Burns. "It shows an unconscionable waste of taxpayers' money."

In an interview with the Guardian, I Rose said he found only one serious matter of disagreement between his report and Gellen's article. Gellen estimated the city's loss at \$5 million per year, Rose said it was no more than \$2 million.

Assuming the supervisors implement Rose's recommendations, time will tell who's right. Gellen worked under a handicap familiar to all investigative reporters: the treasurer provided him no help whatsoever in penetrating the mists and fogs of his operations.

In fact, the treasurer told the Guardian his investment policy was "in my head." He wouldn't provide a full accounting of or even a yearly percentage figure for the amount of interest the city's \$225 million investment portfolio produced. Gellen had to work from sketchy, one-day only investment figures in the Controller's Annual Report.

Which brings us to our major complaint with Rose's report. While the recommendations it makes are sound enough as far as they go, it fails to deal significantly with the fundamental problem which caused Gellen difficulties.

One reason the treasurer's mismanagement of funds remained hidden from view for so long, costing the city untold millions over the years, was that taxpayers and even supervisors had no way to know what the treasurer was up to, or to compare his performance with those of treasurers in other cities. Like Gellen, they had to depend on the Controller's Annual Report, which doesn't even provide yearly totals or the overall interest rate earned by the Treasurer's investments.

It took an heroic effort by Gellen, more than a month's work, to wrest some sense out of the Controller's Report. Neither citizens nor supervisors can be expected to make this sort of effort every year to check up on the treasurer. But since Rose fails to recommend that the treasurer be required to submit a full annual report of his operations, we'll have to continue depending on heroic efforts.

The Guardian has two other quibbles with Rose's report:

*It fails to name names and pin down responsibilities. Rose told the Guardian he's just interested in the facts, in showing how government could operate more efficiently. But so long as city officials like Goodwin can vanish in a cloud of dust and ceremonial tribute without a word of chastisement from superiors or the daily press, outrageous management practices will be extremely difficult

to detect and root out from city government. Rose should be instructed to point out management failures and deficiencies.

*It fails to deal with the problem of political pay-offs to local banks. Rose found that in nearly all cases 21 local banks offered the city identical interest rates for deposits—yet, 73% of the city's money went into the 3 banks that dominate the city's skyline (Bank of America, Crocker National, Wells Fargo). None of Rose's recommendations will prevent the treasurer from continuing to funnel city money into these banks, possibly for political reasons as Gellen's article suggests.

By and large, though, we're pleased with Rose's investigation. We're even happier that Rose plans similar excursions into other city departments. He's looking into Purchasing now. After that, we suggest two areas ripe for the investigator's knife: the Assessor's Office and the fattest target of all, the Public Utilities.

Of course, the Guardian plans to continue its own independent investigations—including, in time, a look at the operations of the budget analyst himself. He insists he would have it no other way.

—Greggar Sletteland

Thumbs down

Deck the halls with boughs of holly:

Item: Bernard Orsi, 28, Alioto's campaign manager in the last election and driver of the Alioto-for-Mayor cable car in the previous election, gets to be civil service chief at \$34,000 annually. Orsi, former high school English teacher and coach, presents no qualifications whatsoever for handling this most fouled-up of city departments—beyond his football tackle's physique. Which, come to think of it, may have become a prerequisite for the job.

Item: The man primarily responsible for fouling up the civil services department, George Grubb, gets to be an Alioto budget-watcher. Technically speaking, that's a demotion, but Grubb keeps his old civil service chief salary by a device which Dick Nolan aptly dubs "Grubb's Law." (Nolan's persnickety Examiner columns have been the sole source of criticism in the daily press of Alioto's pay-off shufflings.) "Grubb's Law" provides that, no matter how poorly he performs or how far he's demoted, a City Hall man keeps receiving the highest salary he's attained.

Item: James Finn, another Alioto man, gets a brand new city job worth \$32,000 a year: he's to be the Transportation Coordinator. Supposedly, that job was to go to an enormously qualified man after a nationwide talent search, but, well, let's just say Finn had already risen to his level of incompetence as City PUC Secretary. Here, the Guardian knew him well as the booker of Grand Jury and City Hall junkets to Hetch-Hetchy at the taxpayers' expense.

Asked to produce a list of city-paid guests and a breakdown of expenses at Hetch-Hetchy, Finn told the Guardian he didn't have one. "The less I know about the party and the politics of it," he said, "the better off I am." Perfect qualification for Transportation Coordinator in the PUC.

Item: Thomas Mellon, Alioto's faithful Chief Administrative Officer, gets another five years on the job, even though he's reached the compulsory retirement age of 65 and has demonstrated by inept management of the departments under his charge, including Grubb's, that he should have been cycled back to the Chamber of Commerce about five years ago.

Mellon in action: The same day a supervisors' committee met to extend Mellon's tenure, the finance committee met to review a report that the tax collector under the CAO lost \$300,000 a year in interest by delaying delivery of the money to the treasurer. More MIA: the ground-breaking for the SF Hospital under the CAO occurred six years after the bonds were passed in 1965. Without even considering such typical Mellon performances, Mellon was pushed by Alioto and approved by the Supervisors. The vote: 11-0.

Item: The ILWU's Dave Jenkins got \$5,500 from Alioto's and Mellon's friends at Citizens for San Francisco, the Chamber of Commerce front group that spent a listed \$165,000 to defeat Proposition T. Jenkins already receives about \$1,575 a month as an Alioto-appointed consultant and pacification man at Redevelopment.

Item: Joe Mazzola's Plumbers Union and his labor allies got what they wanted from the Board of Supervisors: a 7-4 vote against changing building codes to allow the use of plastic pipe and plastic-sheathed electrical cable. HUD wanted the code changes and said it would cut off \$38 million in federal renewal funds to San Francisco if it didn't get them. For: Roger Boas, Michael Driscoll, Terry Francois, Robert Gonzales, Robert "Fighting Bob" Mendelsohn, Ronald Pelosi and Dorothy von Beroldingen.

And how about poor old Jack Shelley wasting away up in Sacramento as the city lobbyist at \$29,000 a year? Can't Alioto raise his entertainment allowance? 'Tis the season to be jolly.

Smogging the issues

The Bay Area Air Pollution Control District is coming to a critical showdown on smog control policy.

The immediate issue: whether Matthew Walker, the agency's attorney of 15 years, should be fired for trying to prosecute vigorously industries that violate pollution regulations.

The long range issue: whether the BAAPCD will continue to allow its Chief Administrative Officer, Jud Callaghan, to sack Walker and continue to promote blatantly Callaghan's pro-industry pollution policies.

It's about that simple. For Callaghan, the Tom Mellon of air pollution, has laid down a tough pro-industry, toss-a-bone-to-the-conservationists-line on industrial air pollution, and the board of BAAPCD (two supervisors from each of nine Bay Area counties) has until recently swallowed it without gulping.

Specifically, under Callaghan, the BAAPCD has either delayed or ignored these major pollution priorities:

- Establishing new regulations on fluorides and nitrous oxides.
- Writing regulations on orders as required by state law.
- Enforcing stricter controls on sulfur dioxides, hydrogen sulfides and particulate matter established in Nov. 1970. (Industries were given a year to meet the new regulations, but 55 of them, including major industries, have requested variances and are still arrogantly violating the rules. These variances—in effect, licenses to pollute—are granted in hearings that cost taxpayers as much as \$1,000 a hearing. BAAPCD should have forced industries to meet the regulations before the Nov. deadline; it should make them pay through the nose for variance hearings.)
- Penalizing industries for "accidental" breakdowns as well as deliberate violations, as the Water Quality Control Board does, and requiring backup equipment for breakdowns. Industries now get off scotfree for breakdowns, as did Standard Oil last March when its equipment broke down and released 340 tons of carbon monoxide into the air every day for two weeks.



(Example of Callaghan at work: Shell is now the target of a \$51,000 damage suit by Viano Winery, which claims its grape crops were ruined in 1967-69 by Shell's sulfur dioxide emissions. BAAPCD was monitoring Shell during this period, but it refuses to make its information available to Viano on the grounds it is necessary to protect Shell's "trade secrets." The point: Shell is not only using the public air as a sewer, rent-free, but it is protected stoutly from resulting damages by Callaghan's smog control policies.)

Callaghan tried to get rid of Walker by engineering the appointment of a weak personnel committee of board members and getting them to do the dirty work, but he unintentionally went too far. Callaghan's plan backfired at the Nov. meeting when some board members, including SF Sup. Diane Feinstein and citizen's groups, were outraged at the idea of firing Walker without formal charges of misconduct.

Walker demanded a public hearing and charged that Callaghan had given preferential treatment to several big companies, notably Shell Oil in Martinez and Fiberboard Corp. in Antioch. Walker lives in Martinez and has the added evidence of his own eyes and nose.

All the publicity has placed BAAPCD in an awkward position. After all, how do you fire a veteran smog control attorney for seeking to prosecute polluters? How do you do so without completing the public discrediting of Callaghan's agency?

We suggest, if Callaghan wants to toady up to private industrial polluters, then he ought to get off the public payroll and go back where he came from: the real estate department of PG&E.

Meanwhile, the board should fire Callaghan, tell Walker to keep putting pressure on big polluters, hire a new tough CAO and get on with the belated business of fighting Shell, Standard Oil, PG&E and others responsible for a disproportionate amount of our smog.